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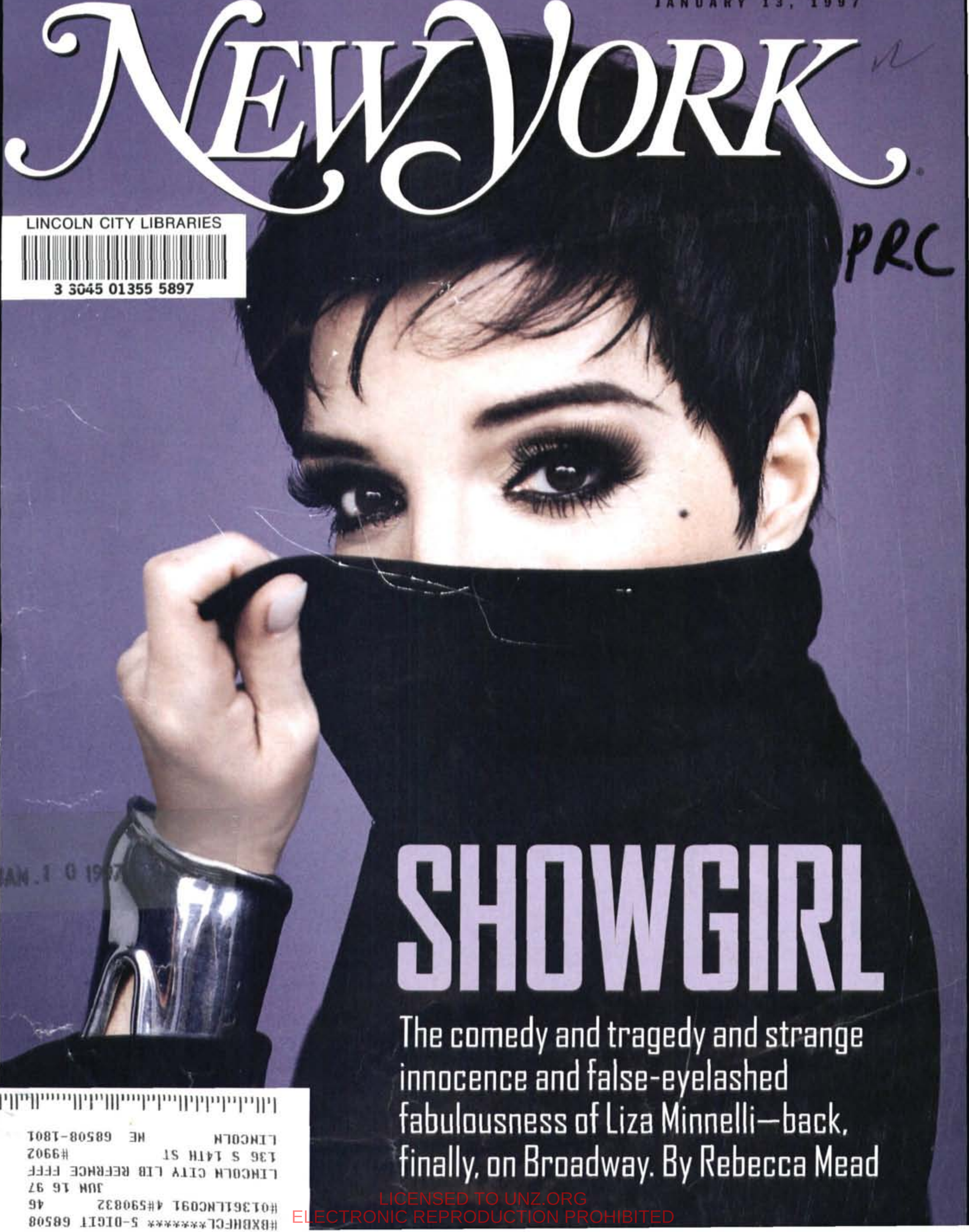

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SHOWGIRL

The comedy and tragedy and strange innocence and false-eyelashed fabulousness of Liza Minnelli—back, finally, on Broadway. By Rebecca Mead

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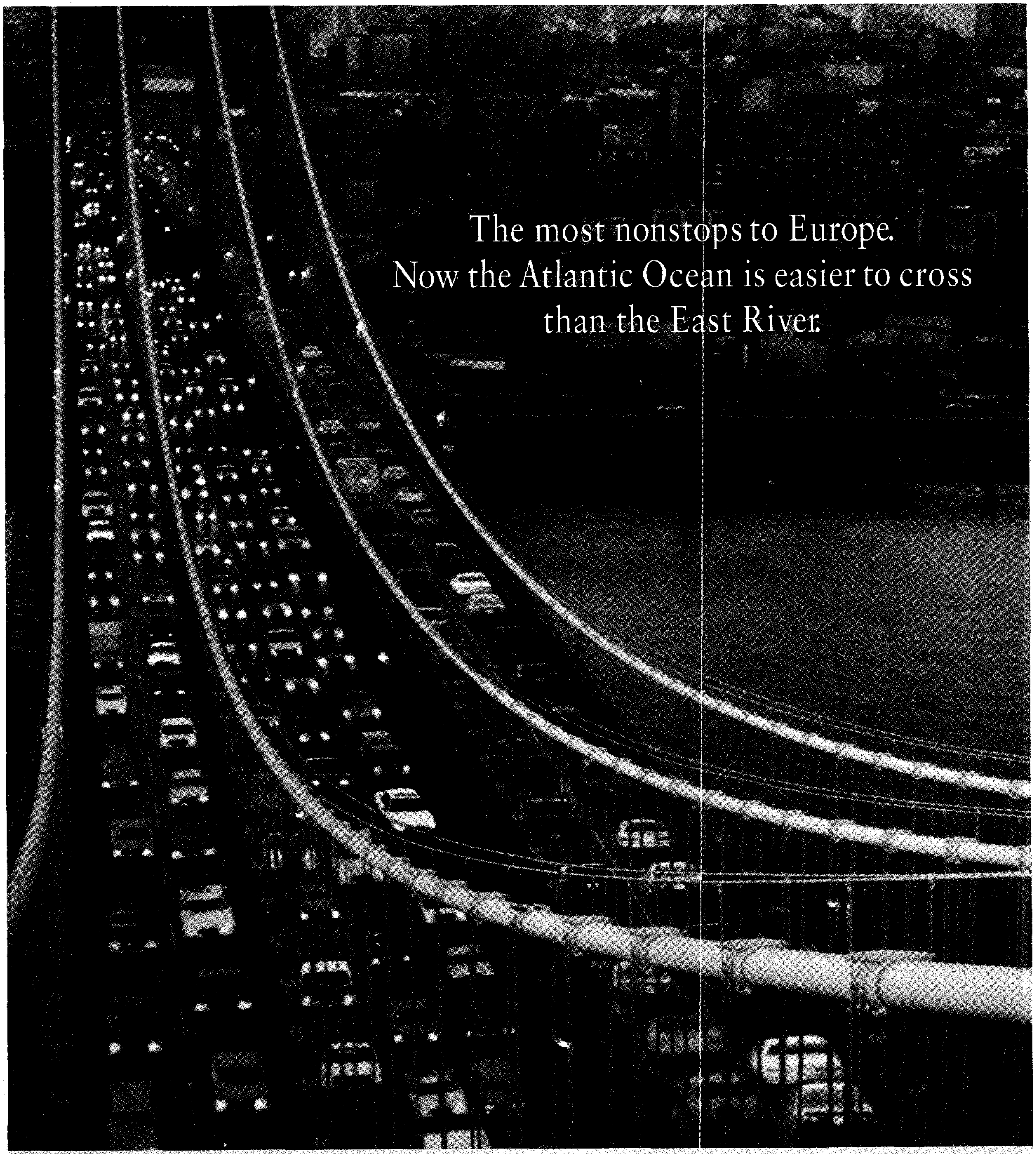
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I wonder if I am doing okay."
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By Rebecca Mead

Through good movies and bad, drugs and booze and rehab, serial marriages and family crises, Liza Minnelli has performed. Her return to Broadway this month, replacing Julie Andrews in *Victor/Victoria,* is shaping up as yet one more comeback. Fabulous and fragile, tough and yet peculiarly innocent, Minnelli has that child-of-legends vulnerability. A visit with the most in-your-face waif you'll ever see.

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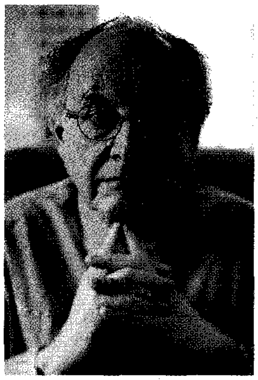
By David France



A large majority of Americans think doctor-assisted suicide should be legal. Three New York doctors are going before the Supreme Court this week on behalf of both terminal patients and the physicians who are already helping them die comfortably. But even those who champion the cause—and are prescribing drugs to ease the exit—have doubts, especially as medical breakthroughs offer suddenly lengthened lives. Is legalization of medical suicide moving too fast?

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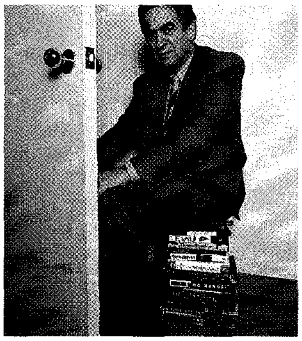

As other publishers downsize and synergize, Henry Holt's new head, Michael Naumann, is trying his own strategy. He's publishing literate books—*good* books, the kind that don't usually make their advances back—and making it pay. Suddenly, Holt is competing with Knopf and Farrar, Straus for authors. Can anyone make book on his success?

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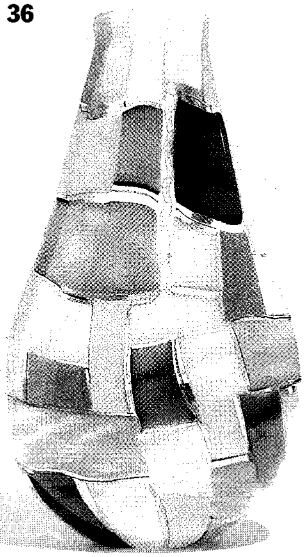

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LETTERS JANUARY 13, 1997

Home for the Holidays

Readers critique our take on their neighborhoods, and offer road maps; historical perspective on bad behavior; mad about horses.

IT WAS GRATIFYING TO LEARN YOU FInally recognize that Staten Island really belongs to the city of New York ["Portraits of the City 1996," December 23–30, 1996]. Once again, however, your article "That Other Island" shows that Staten Island is New York's forgotten borough. You entitled one of the photographs "Man, Woman, and Dog on Middle Beach," when in reality it should have been Midland Beach. Maybe if our publications and politicians spent a little more time learning the qualities of Staten Island and its people, we would be known for more than just having the world's largest garbage dump.

Ralph Casella
STATEN ISLAND

FEELING SOMEWHAT HOMESICK, I PICKED up the end-of-the-year issue and was quite pleased to discover a photo spread of Christmas lights in my old neighborhood. But wait a minute—"Electric Sunset"? Seventy-first Street, 84th Street, Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues? This is Bay Ridge or Dyker Heights—depending upon whom you ask—but it is most definitely not Sunset Park, and I wouldn't advise you to refer to it as such in the company of someone who lives there (as I did for 23 years).

Sunset Park is the area north of 65th Street, alongside the Gowanus Expressway. Bay Ridge is generally considered to be bordered by 65th Street to the north and Fourteenth Avenue to the east, with the area between Tenth and Fourteenth Avenues often called Dyker Heights by the natives. I expect *New York* to be Manhattan-centric, but does anyone there have even a passing familiarity with Brooklyn beyond Park Slope?

Joe Maccarrone
SEATTLE, WASH.

WHICH PARK SLOPE WAS MARK JACOBSON talking about in "Family Values"? Could it be the neighborhood in which most landlords below 10th Street will not rent to me, a Hispanic woman? The neighborhood in which my friend, a "European"-looking Dominican, gets threatened with eviction as soon as his black roommate shows up? The one in which the multicultural public school fills its special-ed class with minority boys?

I'm glad the Chamber of Commerce now sees fit to decorate the lampposts all the way up to 11th Street. I live on 16th.

Amina Muñoz-Ali
BROOKLYN

UNFORTUNATELY, PHOTOGRAPHER RONNIE Andren didn't realize that there is more to Jackson Heights than Roosevelt Avenue. Photographs of our landmark buildings and gardens would have given your readers a fuller portrait of one of New York's most diverse communities. Sensitively restored storefronts, our new Renaissance School, and the recently installed parking median down 34th Avenue all would have made excellent subjects for your photo essay. However, I guess the simple fact that Jackson Heights made it into your issue was a vote of confidence in the community.

Daniel Karatzas
QUEENS

JOHN WEIR IS FORGETTING A BIG CHUNK OF types who rocked the East Village in the eighties and even earlier: the professional and creative families who chose not to bail out and move to the Upper West Side or to Darien ["Low Rent Allure"]. The moms, dads, and kids who jam Tompkins Square playground on weekends attest to that. These families stayed and worked hard to create a group of progressive schools, like the Children's Workshop on 12th Street and Avenue B, so their children could have a solid education right here in the Lower East Side. There's more stability to the neighborhood than he gives it credit for.

Catherine Stine
MANHATTAN

Bad Boys

EVERY GENERATION HAS TO WARN ITS CHILdren about associating with bad elements ["Teenage Gangland," by Nancy Jo Sales, December 16]. That scion of the Victorian power elite Lord Byron was dubbed "mad, bad, and dangerous to know" for activities little different from those portrayed in your article.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan is right: When parents are absent from their children's lives, the effects are just as disastrous whether the absence is caused by extreme wealth or by extreme poverty.

Peter Sealy
MANHATTAN

Horse Sense

ONE OF THE MOST ENDEARING ASPECTS OF New York City is the many family-owned and family-loved businesses ["Intelligencer: Jockeying for Position at Claremont," December 16]. So when my daughter and I decided to take riding lessons, we turned to Claremont. When you walk in, you immediately feel welcome and feel a part of a long family tradition that loves horses. Thus, I was dismayed, as was my daughter, when we read that the city was considering selling the property and stables, not to the Novograd family, but to another individual. Selling to anyone else is shortsighted and fails to reward a family that has invested not only time and money but also love into Claremont for 67 years.

Leslie and Jessica Krasner
MANHATTAN

RIDING HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PART OF MY life, and Claremont and the Novograd family have always been synonymous with riding. I got on my first horse at Claremont at the age of 4½ in the early fifties; started the riding club at Marymount High School, with the help of Irwin Novograd, Paul's father, in the sixties; returned to New York after college, marriage, and the birth of my son in the early seventies; and began riding at Claremont with my son when he turned 6 in 1975 and have never stopped.

The fact that Claremont under the Novograd family has survived successfully for more than six decades should stand as a testament to the fine relationship the family and their staff have with the men, women, and children who ride and who are learning to ride at Claremont.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Wattenberg
MANHATTAN

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

CURIOUS GEORGE LOOKS FOR GHOSTS

George: Author

Now that the almost–$3 million book deal's been signed, the hunt is on to find a collaborator for **George Stephanopoulos.** Since the project was announced, dozens of experienced writers have contacted Stephanopoulos's attorney, **Robert Barnett,** offering their services. The plan is to finish a rough draft before Stephanopoulos begins teaching at Columbia this fall, so the author and his Little, Brown editors were making lists of writers last year and are planning to meet soon to start discussing the candidates. Among those being considered are such heavy hitters as **William Novak** (*Iacocca)* and **Peter Knobler** (**James Carville** and **Mary Matalin**'s *All's Fair*). But one contender has already taken himself out of the running: **Eric Alterman,** the *Nation* writer who is Stephanopoulos's publicly acknowledged best friend. According to a source close to both men, the two of them have already talked privately about whether Alterman should do the book but decided not to strain their friendship by working together. Says Little, Brown publisher **Sarah Crichton:** "Whatever happens is going to happen very fast, because George is really rarin' to go and so are we."

BRIAN MCNALLY'S NEWEST SHORE THING

The already tense relationship between **Ian Schrager** and **Brian McNally** has weathered yet another chill. Though McNally has had a high-profile stint running the tony 44 restaurant in Schrager's Royalton hotel, last fall Schrager tapped **Pino Luongo** instead of McNally to head his restaurants in the Paramount and at the Mondrian in L.A. Soon after, McNally left the Blue Door restaurant in Schrager's chic South Beach mecca, the Delano. Now, sources say, McNally has decided to try his hand at the hotel business, going head-to-head with Schrager. It seems that while McNally was simultaneously negotiating to extricate himself from the Delano and to renew his contract to run 44, he was planning to open a Miami hotel to compete with Schrager's. To further complicate matters, McNally's partner in the new venture is **Philip Pilevsky**—Schrager's partner in the Royalton and the Paramount. The pair just signed a lease to take over two adjoining hotels situated just blocks up Collins Avenue from the Delano. As for the trendy South Beach clientele, "There will be overlaps, of course," admits McNally, who is talking to several well-known operators about running the hotel's restaurant. But Schrager says he's not peeved at either of his eloping partners: "I've been with Phil since 1982. I was aware that he was looking in Miami, but . . . I've *done* my hotel in Miami. I'm glad everything is resolved so I can resume my friendship with Brian. I'm sure they'll do well."

Brian McNally: Inns and outs

Sigourney Weaver: Holly didn't go lightly

SIGOURNEY'S SALTY SILVER

It seems that at Tiffany's, the customer isn't always right —not even if that customer is **Sigourney Weaver**. When the sassy actress, who brought to life the nymphomaniac Lulu in **Christopher Durang's** *Sex and Longing* last autumn, was looking for gifts to give to the cast and crew, she popped into Tiffany's and selected several silver picture frames. To personalize the trinkets, the actress asked that Lulu's showstopping line from the play, "Fuck me, fuck me," be inscribed on each *objet.* But sticking to the store's straitlaced policy, Tiffany's refused to oblige, despite Weaver's vocal protests. Though Tiffany's would not discuss the incident, a spokesman for the store defended its longstanding policy. "We do not engrave profanity, and four-letter words definitely fall into that category," he said. "No exceptions." A spokesperson for Weaver was unaware of the incident.

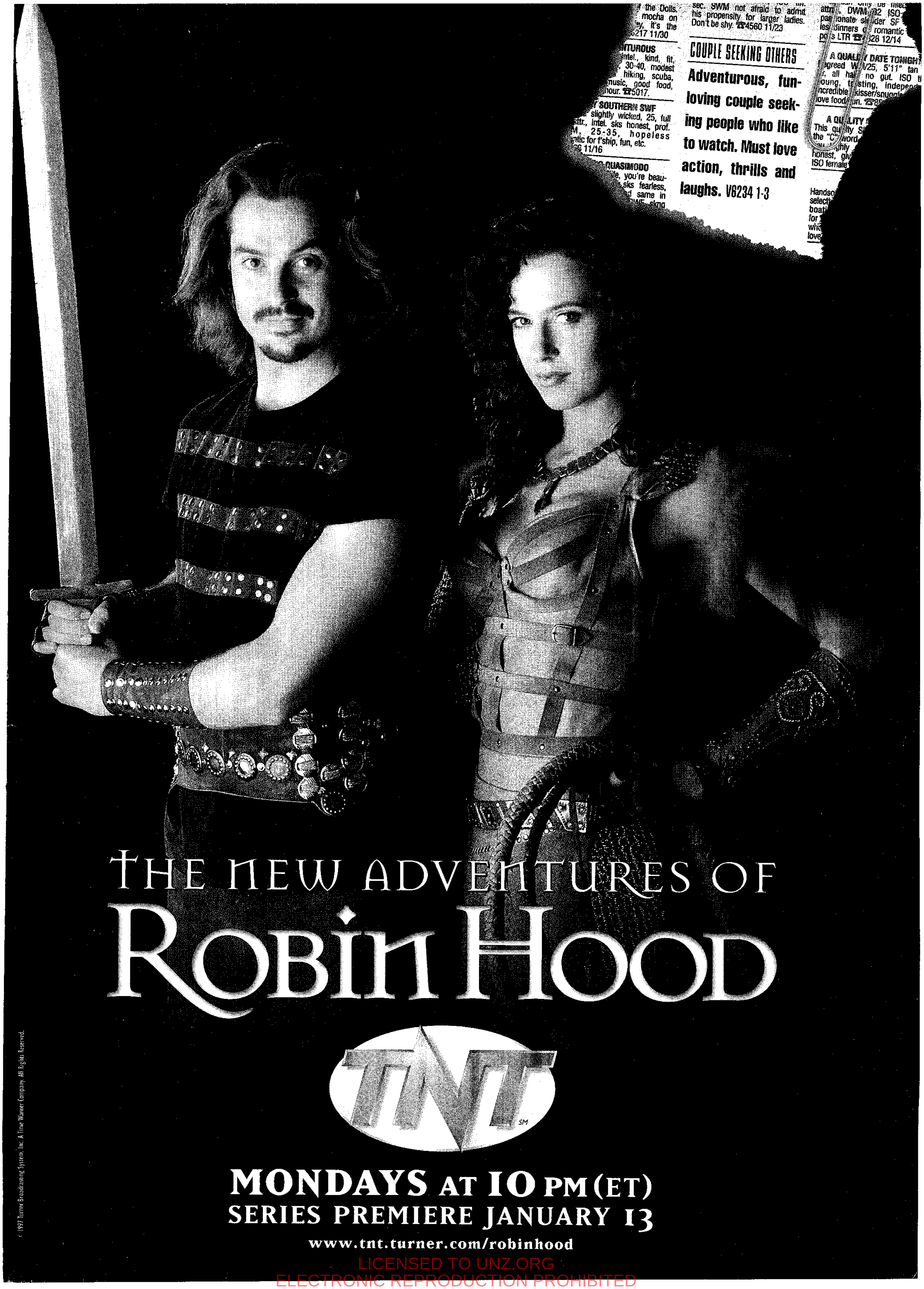
MADONNA DINES; MORRIS WHINES

TRUE BLUE: When **Madonna** pals **Rosie O'Donnell** and **Alek Keshishian** failed to show at the much-hyped L.A. premiere of *Evita* last month, rumors flew that the Material Mom had fallen out with her longtime friends. Sources say that Rosie was particularly miffed because Madonna had chosen to grant her first post-partum interview to talk-show rival **Oprah Winfrey.** All that seems to be in the past. The Saturday after Christmas, as Oprah hosted a dinner at Miami's Blue Door, Madonna was just minutes away at the Mercury restaurant, sharing an intimate holiday feast with O'Donnell, Keshishian, and **Carlos Leon,** during which Rosie taught Madonna the lyrics to a new lullaby.

DICK'S PICKS: Dick Morris, the disgraced political adviser, is beating **Bill Clinton** to the punch. Morris's Random House book, *Behind the Oval Office,* will be published on January 15—five days before Clinton's second Inaugural.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, James Leynse/Saba; Adam Scull/Globe Photos; Gerardo Somoza/Outlin



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GOTHAM

It makes sense only as a mechanical intelligence—***Peter Conrad***

Cyber City

SILENCE OF THE RAMS: THE CRASH OF 1999 WON'T TAKE PLACE ON WALL STREET

AS IF THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH TO worry about before the new millennium (Will Rudy be reelected? The New Jersey Yankees?), it turns out that on January 1, 2000, New Yorkers may have to contend with an actual disaster: The moment the calendar switches from 1999 to 2000, some of the computers that service the city could go haywire. That's because when the city installed its first mainframe computers back in the seventies, most programs were written to accept two digits to indicate a year (e.g., 89 for 1989). When we reach 2000, the computers will read 00 as 1900—and that could wreak havoc.

"Nobody thought these systems would still be up and running in 2000," says City Councilman Andrew S. Eristoff, who is heading up the Task Force on Technology in Government. "And until recently, everybody has been focusing on how the year 2000 would affect banks and businesses. It's going to cost the city over $100 million in the next three years, and even then, we may not be able to fix it."

Every city agency, from the police to the Parks Department, has a computer system that will be affected by the transition from the twentieth century to the twenty-first. One decades-old NYPD application, for example, tracks 350,000-plus arrests made in the city each year. A suspect's name, date of birth, and date of arrest are entered into the computer. The program, in turn, calculates date-related functions such as the number of years since a previous arrest and the suspect's age. When these systems begin calculating using 00, they will either crash or, more insidiously, produce incorrect information.

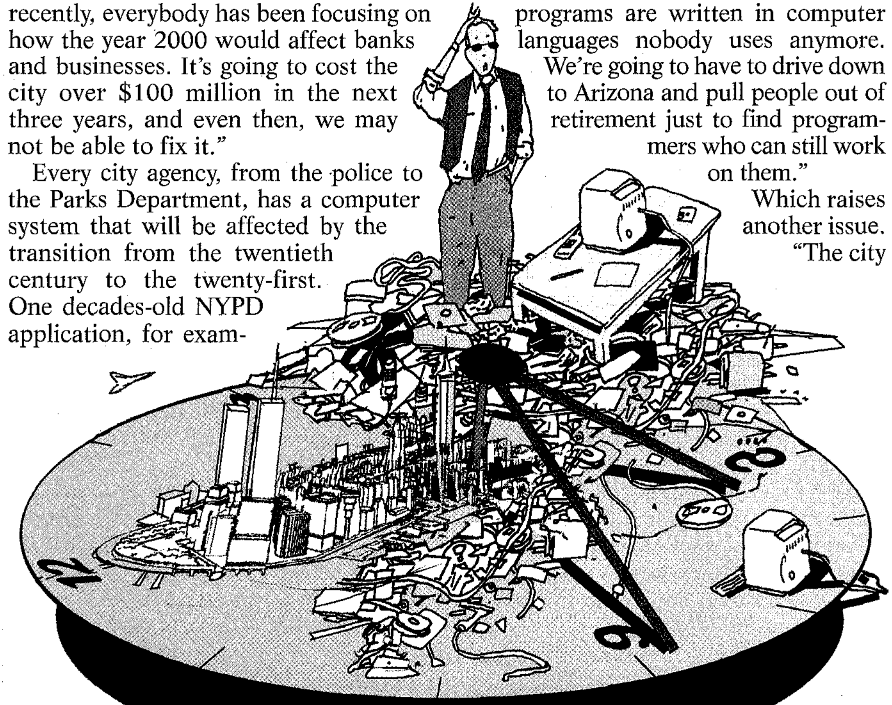
"It's not just computers that sit on your desk," says Donna Lynne of the Mayor's Office of Operations. "It is anything operated by a computer that New Yorkers experience every day." That includes everything from traffic lights (Department of Transportation computers stagger 6,000 signals across the city according to time of day and day of week) to elevators in high-rise buildings. "Each application is going to have to be reprogrammed or replaced."

That, according to Eristoff, promises to be a logistical nightmare: "Many of the programs are written in computer languages nobody uses anymore. We're going to have to drive down to Arizona and pull people out of retirement just to find programmers who can still work on them."

Which raises another issue. "The city can't keep computer people on staff," says Eristoff. "Banks keep hiring them away at triple salary to solve their own year 2000 problem."

In November, the mayor's office released a report and a preliminary plan to deal with the situation. "First, we're going to do a basic inventory," says Lynne. "Then we'll decide which systems are critical. Then we'll decide whether we're going to rewrite all the codes or trash a program. Finally, we're going to consolidate systems." (New York has been centralizing its computers, now through the Department of Information Technology and Telecommunications [DOITT], since 1990.)

"New York is farther ahead in planning for this problem than a lot of other cities," Eristoff concedes. "But a couple of things worry me. The mayor's report suggests that some city computers may already be pumping out incorrect data. And it also comes right out and admits that the city will not be able to fix all the computers by 2000." NORMAN VANAMEE



Manhattan Ink

TEUTONIC TOURISTS ANGLE FOR CITY'S AGING ÉMIGRÉS

ABOVE BROADWAY ON THE UPPER WEST Side, in the dusty, sun-streaked editorial offices of *Aufbau,* Peter Herkenhoff is wrestling with his 31-year-old soul: Should he, a German Catholic from a tiny village near Osnabrück, become a Jew? As he struggles to describe his confusion, the spiritual leaders of *Aufbau*—Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, and FDR—frown down on him from larger-than-life portraits, betraying precious little sympathy for his plight.

After 62 years, the German-language paper finds itself in a strange limbo, serving a dying local readership even as Teutonic tourists have made its musty, cramped offices over the Fairway market

Grand Teuton: *Aufbau* publisher Lisa Schwarz.

a regular stop on their American travels. Lately, a resurgence of interest in refugees from Hitler's Europe has brought a wave of tourists and TV crews.

"I couldn't count how many have been filming in here," shrugs Lisa Schwarz, the 75-year-old director of the New World Club, the social organization that publishes *Aufbau*. "I've been interviewed so many times, I'm sick of hearing myself."

The attention is welcome, she quickly adds, but it all gets to be too much at times. New York's exile community—mostly Jewish Germans, Austrians, and Czechs who came to the city fleeing the Nazis—is deeply in vogue.

"It's like putting an animal in a cage and exhibiting it in a zoo," says Schwarz with a weary smile. "All of a sudden, we're something special."

At the same time the aging survivors are being celebrated in Europe, however, the community is fading away almost without notice here in New York, and its institutions are foundering. Éclair, for example, the West 72nd Street café that during the forties and fifties was the Monkey Bar of the German-speaking émigré set, now sits vacant, a tattered auction announcement taped in a dirty window.

THE SKINNY

NYPD BLUES It's good for life expectancy, but this new low murder rate is just *killing* the city's big security firms. "Back in the early eighties—when crime was up and business was booming—we were seeing double-digit growth in the number of guards we hired out. Nowadays, with Giuliani talking about how safe New York is, companies are scaling back a little and our growth is down to single digits," Mark Lerner, president and CEO of EPIC Security, a private security firm, told *New York*.

And then there's *Aufbau*, whose contributors once included Einstein, Hannah Arendt, and Mann. With its articles on Austrian presidential politics and columns such as "What Judaism Says About It," the tabloid-size journal is currently waging a grim battle against flagging circulation. At its peak, *Aufbau* boasted some 65,000 readers; nowadays, paid circulation is well under half that. And there is no small irony in the fact that a paper that documented the horrors of the Third Reich now counts the German government as a major subscriber and depends on a generation of readers drawn by the exoticism of a culture largely wiped out in their own countries half a century ago.

The newspaper (its name means "reconstruction") first hit its stride in the mid-thirties, when a cadre of exiled newspapermen from German publishing firms like Ullstein and Mosse descended on what had been basically a club newsletter. They recruited big-name writers and experienced journalists who had themselves fled the Nazis and were hungry for work. They wrote about Nazi persecution of French Jews and about Jewish hotels in Saratoga Springs, "the Carlsbad of America."

In *Aufbau*, readers learned the fate of relatives in Brno and the next scheduled performance of the Theater in Exile's "Carnival in Old Vienna Revue" and where to buy Münzenmaier's pumpernickel. After the war's end, *Aufbau* ran the names of concentration-camp survivors, so relatives could be reunited, and reported on reparations to be paid to those who had suffered under the Nazi regime.

Peter Herkenhoff came to New York on a spiritual quest that began when he saw the television mini-series *Holocaust* at age 18. In college, he felt increasingly attracted to Judaism, though he didn't know any Jews. Finally, seeking a way to come into closer contact with Jews, he signed on for a stint at *Aufbau*, which could not survive without such volunteer workers on staff. Most of them have come as part of a program of study in history or journalism.

The paper still covers issues of interest to refugees—the recent revelations that Swiss banks have been withholding money from the relatives of Holocaust survivors, for example—but clearly, its glory days are long over. The back pages are filled with death announcements.

"We make some money on an obituary," says Lisa Schwarz ruefully, "but we lose the reader. It's a Catch-22."

DEBRA JO IMMERGUT

HDTV-NYC

AND THAT'S ME IN FRONT OF VIRTUAL MISS LIBERTY

"WE'RE ONLY HERE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, so it's better than taking a six-hour tour," said a woman huddling inside the doors of the old Plaza Theater on East 58th Street one Saturday just before Christmas. She and her friend, both from Georgia, were waiting with about twenty others to get into "Show Me New York," a high-definition-TV show and harbinger of tourism's next big trend: virtual visiting. Suddenly, the group started to move forward. "Can we take pictures?" the other woman asked an usher, forgetting momentarily that—like the tourist in Paris looking at postcards while Notre Dame soars behind him—she won't actually be looking at real monuments, just their images.

Inside, the group stood around wondering what to do until four statues looking suspiciously like mimes suddenly began speaking loudly and all at once about historic New York.

The unreal mayor: Inside "Show Me New York."

The group was then ushered over a fake manhole cover, which emitted a well-timed burst of steam, and into a dark theater. After a too-long pause, beams of colored light began shooting down toward the audience as a Vangelis-type score started to swell. After five minutes, Mayor Giuliani popped up onscreen wearing a nice blue suit and did a little slapstick bolstered by a laugh track.

"With an international audience, you can't be so specific, so we went with a visual thing. It's kind of a light joke," explained producer David Niles. "We wanted the mayor to look accessible and warm and friendly," he added, declining to comment on how much of a challenge that presented.

Next up onscreen, *Law & Order* star Jerry Orbach appeared, eating a hot dog ("Orbach is the quintessential New Yorker," said Niles), and narrated a twenty-minute photomontage in which images of hot-dog vendors were the leitmotiv. Also featured prominently

Photographs: top, Jason Schmidt; bottom left, Kobal Collection.

were skyscrapers, shopping, Central Park, Lincoln Center, Chinatown, SoHo, and other scenic neighborhoods. "We did almost a year of market research, and we found that the customers didn't really care about exchanging beads with the Indians," says Niles. "So we basically tailored our show to make it more about this sensation of *feeling* New York City."

"Typical" New York tourist experiences like racing down Fifth Avenue in a fire truck (!) were followed by more music, laser beams, seagulls flying in the yellow mist of the harbor, and nighttime fireworks. Forty-five minutes later, the show ended and the audience was ushered into the retail area, where folks could buy a video of the whole thing that included images of themselves superimposed on the footage—a little virtual virtual reality. "It's just this incredible souvenir," said Niles. "The tourist coming in from Minnesota is going to go back and show his friends and say, 'Look, here I am in New York City!' "

RUTH G. DAVIS

Broadway

NOVEL APPROACH TO A DOWNTOWN MUSICAL

PUCCINI MAY NOT BE AROUND TO DEMAND his share of the credit for *Rent*, but plenty of folks among the living are. These days, people are talking about some remarkable similarities between the hit musical and Sarah Schulman's novel *People in Trouble.*

Published shortly after Jonathan Larson and Billy Aronson began work on the rock opera, *People in Trouble* was (and remains) the only novel about East Village artists grappling with AIDS and homelessness. According to Aronson, who parted company with Larson early on, only one of the plotlines in *Rent*—its central *La Bohème*-inspired love story—was in place when he and Larson collaborated. Later, however, Larson's script picked up some interesting parallels with *People in Trouble.*

In the novel, Kate, a selfish East Village artist at the end of a relationship with a male artist, falls in love with a lesbian social activist. Kate's performance-art piece leads to a riot that brings down a greedy landlord trying to evict people with AIDS.

In *Rent,* Maureen, a selfish East Village artist at the end of a relationship with a male artist, falls in love with a lesbian social activist. Later, Maureen's performance piece targeting a greedy landlord trying to evict people with AIDS leads to a riot.

People in Trouble features an interracial gay couple named James and Scott, one an AIDS activist, the other a drag queen, both HIV-positive, one of whom dies. Ditto *Rent,* where they are named Tom and Angel. At one point in the novel, James and Scott use stolen credit-card numbers to charge groceries for the poor; in the musical, Tom rewires a grocery-store cash machine to give food money to the poor.

Schulman is angrier about the depiction in *Rent* of gay people and the AIDS crisis than any allegedly lifted material.

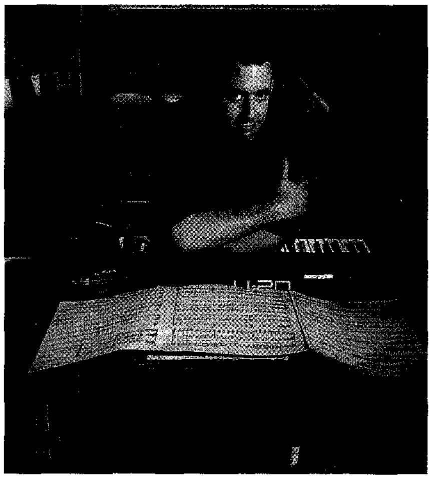
"The message of my novel is that personal homophobia becomes societal neglect, that there is a direct relationship between the two," she insists. "The message of *Rent* is quite the opposite, that straight people are the heroic center of the AIDS crisis."

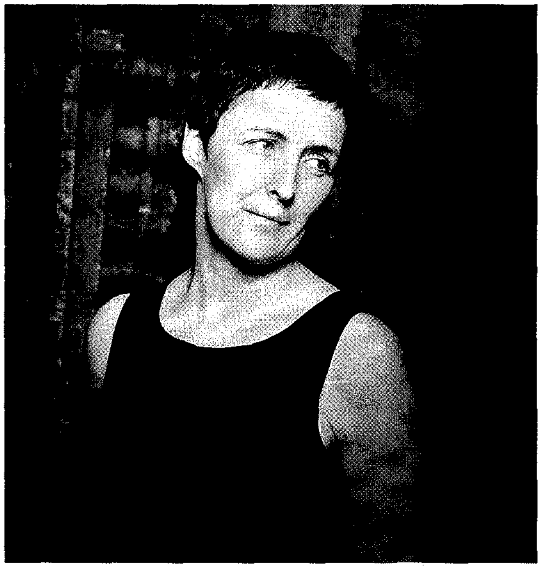
That interpretation, however, may owe more to the contribution of dramaturge Lynn Thomson than to Larson. She is suing for a share of *Rent's* sizable profits; reading through her lawsuit, one is struck by just how much of that "message" she takes credit for: focusing on the heterosexual love story, reducing the number of HIV-positive characters, purging the show of "unsympathetic" emotions to make it "positive, life affirming."

Indeed, Thomson's description of Larson's original suggests a far more accurate portrait of AIDS-afflicted artists—one that probably wouldn't have appealed to Broadway audiences.

Larson arranged to share credit and part of the *Rent* windfall with Aronson and, Thomson claims, planned to do the same for her. And perhaps he had something similar in mind for Schulman: Larson announced his debt to *People in Trouble* to at least one prominent theater professional back in 1994, someone who has promised to come forward in the event of another lawsuit.

DUDLEY SAUNDERS


Chapter and verse: *Rent* creator Jonathan Larson.


Blasted landscape: Actress Shaw at the Liberty Theater.

Times Square

POETIC JUSTICE FOR A DOOMED THEATER

GIRDING AGAINST THE IMMINENT ARRIVAL of chaos, Times Square seemed unusually forbidding as night fell on New Year's Eve. Nervous commuters were racing for express buses, hundreds of police were erecting barricades, and the sky was threatening to open. Settling in over a cup of tea, Fiona Shaw surveyed the scene and said, "I'm rather delighted and thrilled with human nature."

As unlikely as that sentiment would be from anyone on this gray and harried evening, it was particularly surprising coming, as it did, from the celebrated Irish actress whose hauntingly dark rendition of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" was heading into its final week at the Liberty Theater. "I think it's marvelous that people do come out of their comfortable homes to go somewhere, quite desperate to hear something that may have significance for them," she said of the show's success. It was a distinctly un-Eliot-like pronouncement on public tastes, but then, Shaw has every reason to be generous.

Shot through with references to London streets and lost languages, the 1922 poem itself is difficult; onstage at the once-grand Liberty—which has been stripped to its bare brick walls and which will soon be transformed, with the rest of the block, into a huge multimedia "entertainment complex"—the poem became a deeply affecting "play," as Shaw puts it, between language and architecture. That's a far cry from the standard holiday fare, yet the production was held over three weeks past its scheduled close to accommodate an unexpectedly large audience. With the advantage of hindsight, Shaw found in it all a certain poetic justice.

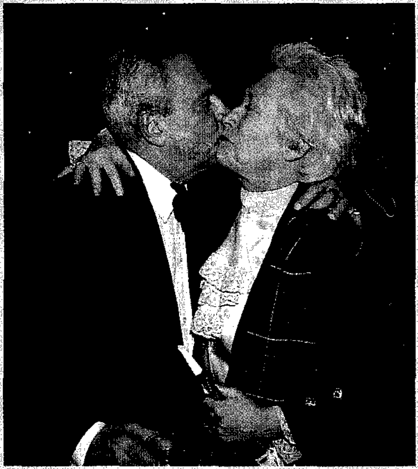
Photographs: top, Tom LeGoff; bottom, Gwendolen Cates/Sygma.

THE SCENE

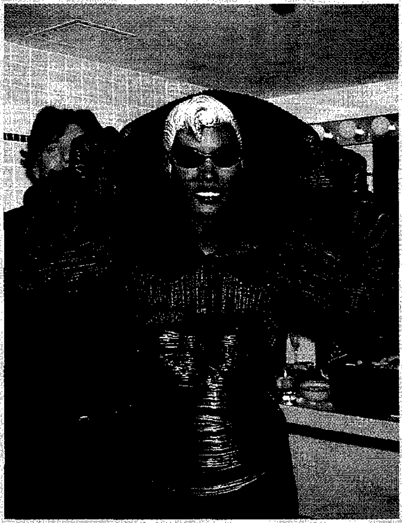
. . . And In With the New

In private homes and public spectacles, uptown and down, everyone turned up to ring in the New Year—and, at the same time, to inaugurate several new restaurants and nightclubs—with all the traditional hoopla and fanfare.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Clockwise from above, Taki Theodoracopulos and Iris Love at Mortimer's for the annual New Year's Eve celebration; actresses Christa Miller (of *The Drew Carey Show*) and Dana Wheeler-Nicholson at the West Village home of Patricia Clarkson and Joseph Vitarelli; at Mother, owner ChiChi Valenti and doorperson Jean Edwards greet the crowds.



Clockwise from above, Grace Jones before her performance at Life (formerly the Village Gate); Ben Gazzara and Anna Maria Tornaghi, the Brazilian socialite, celebrate the new restaurant Decade at a New Year's Eve preview party; at Mortimer's, owner Glenn Bernbaum and Boaz Mazor.

"The image of the Thames ricochets in the mind of the viewer, I hope, to the Hudson," she said. "The street names that [Eliot] plucks out of London could be matched by your street names here. In a way, there's a shadow poem going on all the time, which is the shadow of the audience's experience of their own city matched against the poem. So that, in a way, New York is the ultimate city to do the poem in because it's the ultimate twentieth-century city and 'The Waste Land' is the ultimate twentieth-century poem and the two of them beat quite nicely against each other."

Here on her first extended visit, the actress said she has been "quite unable to come to terms with the beauty of the city.

"There's a fantastic connection between the past and the present in this city—far from it being the New World, one actually now experiences it as an old world full of delicacy of manner and a sort of formality of conversation," she observed. "And the poem itself reaches backwards and forwards, which is very exciting."

It took director Deborah Warner a year to find the Liberty, as significant an element of the production as the text or the staging. Along the way, she considered the World Trade Center, the Chrysler Building, Ellis Island, various abandoned warehouses, even the perfume department at Bloomingdale's. "We thought of a lot of places, but actually the aim was we would avoid theater space," recalled Shaw. "But this is not really a theater; it's a sort of dying elephant of a building that's being turned into something else. It's in transition, and I think the poem is in transition and we're in transition and the building is in transition, and I think that combination works very powerfully."

The performance lasts only 37 minutes, but it is so intense that as the house lights go up, much of the audience is too stunned to speak. As if responding to the poem's famous refrain—*Hurry up please it's time*—they file silently through the ruined, dilapidated theater, past plastic tarpaulins hung to protect them from falling debris, past a sign that says, as if in echo, THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE COME AGAIN. Just outside the theater, during the last nights of the run (and the year), three street preachers in outlandish costumes stood, quoting ancient Scripture and shouting about the lost tribes of Israel. Crumbling building, busy sidewalk, ranting doomsayers: It was a scene so typical as barely to merit notice. But in the echo of Eliot's poem, as brought to life through Shaw's interplaying voices, the resonances were so complex that they were unsettling. The audiences stopped in their tracks and stared.

"That's the marvelous effect of it," said Shaw, with a smile. "If something makes you look at something again it's good fun, isn't it?" ARIEL KAMINER

CITYSIDE JONATHAN MANDELL

People Like Us

As five obscure candidates battle to become Manhattan's next borough president, issues are overshadowed by identity politics.

Who is the most minority? As-yet-unannounced candidates Powell, Pagan, Paterson, Glick, and Fields.

DEBORAH GLICK EXPECTS TO GET the short vote. "I'm five two," she explains, "the shortest person in the race."

David Paterson may woo the disabled community. "I'm legally blind," he says. "I hope the voters choose the candidate with vision, but not physical vision, because then I'd lose."

"I'm a woman, and I'm a black woman," says Virginia Fields, "so you get two for one."

In the race to succeed Ruth Messinger as Manhattan borough president, the "communities" to which the candidates belong are considered to be of such importance that the five contenders for the post have little choice but to joke about it. With no substantial issues or controversies having yet emerged, their backgrounds and personalities—who and especially what they are—are the only real "issues," particularly since eight months before the all-decisive Democratic primary, no one has officially announced, and few voters could pick the candidates out of a lineup. Even fewer know what the borough president actually does, and those who do debate whether the office is a necessary counterbalance to an increasingly imperious mayor or a relic that should be abolished.

Appeals to ethnic pride have long been the mating call of New York City politics, but the race for Manhattan borough president promises to be an especially complex and frenzied dance.

No openly gay candidate has made a serious run for high city office before, but in this race there will be two: State Assemblywoman Deborah Glick, from the Village, and City Councilman Antonio Pagan, from the Lower East Side.

"When you're breaking barriers, like electing the first lesbian or gay borough president, that's when you're most likely to attract support from your community," says Dick Dadey of the Empire State Pride Agenda, a gay lobbying group. "You'll find the community energized."

Which is something of a problem for Harlemites, who have no fewer than three local African-Americans from which to choose: State Senator Paterson and City Council members Fields and Adam Clayton Powell IV. "There are no minorities in New York City government right now," says Herman "Denny" Farrell Jr., the Democratic Party county leader of Manhattan, who has come out with an early endorsement for Fields. "If we're going to have a minority, she's the one."

It's nowhere near as simple, though, as a race among two gay and three black candidates. There are also two Latinos: Pagan and Powell, who is Puerto Rican *and* black. And there are two woman candidates, Fields and Glick. Indeed, just as Fields gives you two for one with her race and gender, every candidate is some form of twofer. Powell promotes himself as the strongest candidate because he is a double minority, and urges Fields and Paterson, merely black, to drop out of the race.

"We have to select just one minority candidate, and preferably from northern Manhattan," Powell says. "Otherwise, Deborah Glick running against four minorities would be a cakewalk [for her]." There are probably few places outside Manhattan where the cakewalk candidate—"the only non-minority," as Powell puts it—is a short Jewish lesbian. But Glick is not just a twofer; she's a four-fer. "She's gay, she's white, she's Jewish, and she's a woman," says one Democratic district leader. And, political observers say, all four of her -fers are especially potent in Manhattan, in terms of both political participation—Jewish voters are famous for voting in disproportionately high numbers—and demographics.

"It's ironic that if you were getting hired by somebody, you couldn't be asked what your sexual orientation is," says Karen Burstein, a lesbian who has run unsuccessfully for both state attorney general and Manhattan Surrogate's Court. "But in any election, it's important who you are and what you are. When the voters vote for someone, it's like they're bringing you into their family."

The only poll of the race so far, commissioned in December by David Paterson, has Glick leading among white, Paterson among African-American, and Pagan among Latino Democrats. Over-

Photographs: left to right, Richard B. Levine (3); Frances M. Roberts; Richard B. Levine.

all, 11 percent chose Paterson, followed by 6 percent for Glick and 5 for Fields. (This part of the poll, for some reason, did not include Powell as a candidate.) The more significant findings are not only that two thirds of the voters said they were undecided but that each candidate was unknown by more than three quarters of the electorate.

"The candidates have strong followings in their local areas," observes Bill Johnson, who conducted the poll. "But in terms of hard recognition, they're unknown entities. It's going to be a question of who can raise the money, who has the organization."

WHOEVER BECOMES BOROUGH PRESIDENT will take office precisely a century after the post was created to help maintain the identities of the five boroughs when they joined together on January 1, 1898, to form the City of Greater New York. For about 90 years, the borough presidents governed their own counties and helped run the city as a whole. As members of the Board of Estimate, they had important say over the budget and matters involving land use. But with each new rewrite of the city charter, power was taken away from the borough presidents and given to the mayor. It may be a gauge of the office that at least as many Manhattan borough presidents through the years have been indicted as have gone on to become mayor. Out of the 22 past borough presidents of Manhattan—for that matter, out of the 74 in all five boroughs—only Robert Wagner and David Dinkins have gone on to live in Gracie Mansion.

"I don't think the office should exist; it's vestigial," says Richard Emery, the lawyer who is greatly responsible for making this the case. Emery sued the Board of Estimate, claiming that to give Staten Island, with its small (white) population, the same political representation on the Board of Estimate as a (mostly nonwhite) borough like Brooklyn, with about six times the population, violated the Constitution's principle of one person, one vote. In 1989, the Supreme Court agreed. New York was forced to write yet another city charter, which abolished the Board of Estimate and expanded the power of the City Council.

But the 1990 charter retained the borough presidents. "It's an office without much purpose," says Emery, who insists that the position does little more than "give someone a bigger platform than the one they're in, as well as a chauffeur-driven car," a salary of $114,000, a staff of 80, and offices in the Municipal Building with sweeping views of the harbor from the bathroom. "It doesn't serve anyone," Emery concludes, "except to foster political careers."

"People frequently say, '*Borough president*? What does a borough president *do*?' " says Deborah Glick, standing on a chair during a recent all-women fundraiser at the Candy Bar and Grill in Chelsea. Glick explains that the borough president has the power to make appointments to important citywide agencies such as the Board of Education and the City Planning Commission, as well as to name half of the 600 members of the local community boards in the borough; that the office more or less controls 5 percent of the borough's budget (a prominent politician facetiously calls that "hush money"); that the borough president meets monthly with representatives of the fire, police, and sanitation departments . . . It is a sign of the devotion she inspires in this audience that no one dozes off.

"The borough president is the only voice to speak for the entire borough," says Glick. "I think it's a great opportunity for someone who wants to be a community organizer." Each of the candidates has been making much the same pitch. They all acknowledge that to an unusual extent, the office is defined by the person in it.

POLITICIANS SEE FEW IDEOLOGICAL DIFFERences among Fields, Glick, and Paterson, all of whom reflect the liberal attitudes of their constituents. All three also get high marks for being hardworking, effective, and personable legislators.

Fields first won attention when she defeated an incumbent City Council member, an Olympian feat in the virtual one-party state that is Manhattan politics. But her constituents are more likely to admire her for the five days she spent in a crowded jail cell when she was 16 years old. She grew up in Birmingham, Alabama, where the local church she attended was bombed and many buses still displayed WHITES ONLY signs. So when Martin Luther King Jr. came to Birmingham to lead a march on Good Friday, 1963, Fields was one of some 40 people who joined his protest and were promptly hauled off to the city jail.

"I knew after that I'd never want to go to jail for anything," she says now. "It was . . . inadequate. . . ." She catalogues the inadequacies like a city inspector, which in a way she became, first as a social worker and for the past seven years as the council member representing part of the Upper West Side and Harlem, her days full of arcane deliberations about "housing-maintenance-code violations" and "playground rehabilitation." If she seems a bit too partial to the language of the bureaucrat, she is, those who have dealt with her say, polite and open-minded. She lists as some of her accomplishments the law that created the all-civilian police-review board and efforts to renovate more than 5,000 apartments in her district for people of varying income levels.

Deborah Glick was elected to the State Legislature in 1990 after an "unconventional career path" that included jobs in her family's print shop, as a supervisor for Steinway & Sons pianos in her native Queens, and as the deputy director for the city's housing agency. "I was the first openly gay or lesbian member, which was a source of pride to lesbians and gay men," she says. In the six years since then, "I have been an outspoken advocate for health care, mass transit, the environment." First impressions can mark her as wary and abrupt, her speech an odd mix of comic observations (she used to be a member of a comedy troupe) and stiffly delivered political platitudes. People who work with her, however, find her warm and congenial. "She's a Manhattan liberal and I'm a Queens conservative, but I respect her," says Catherine Nolan, an Assembly colleague. "She works well with people across the state."

Glick says that her presence in the Assembly revived the Gay Civil Rights bill, which had been blocked in committee for more than two decades. (It was subsequently killed in the Republican-controlled State Senate.)

A former assistant district attorney, David Paterson, the son of former state senator Basil Paterson, is serving for the twelfth year in the same seat his father held. Articulate, amiable, and down to earth, he was elected deputy minority leader two years ago. "When you're in the minority and you can't get legislation passed, you can either sit and collect your paycheck and focus on fixing your constituents' potholes or speak out on the issues," observes Scott Sommer, chairman of the Metropolitan Council on Housing, the tenants' union. Paterson says his "favorite" accomplishment is his successful crusade to prevent the construction of a federal office building downtown that would have destroyed the Colonial-era Negro Burial Ground. "That's something that will last for centuries," he says.

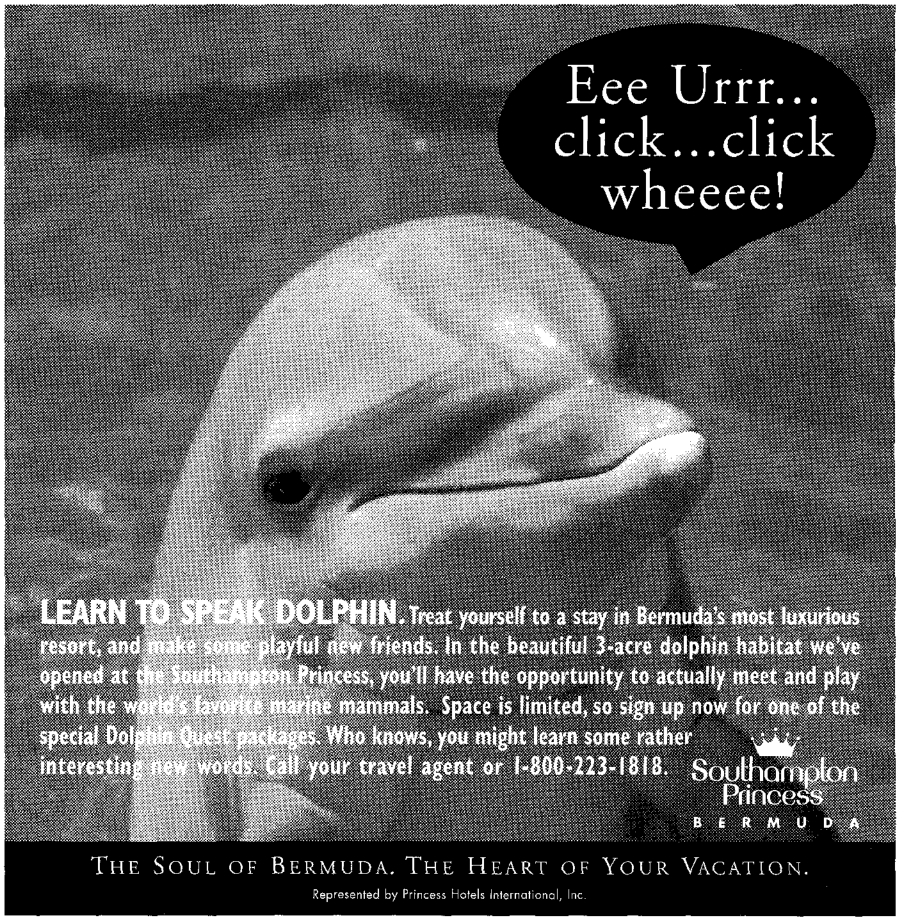
By far the most complex character in the race is Antonio Pagan. Ask Pagan why he got into politics, and he replies

"Anger, pure anger"—and nothing more. An attorney who grew up in Puerto Rico and New York, he began public life in New York City by fighting to clean up his Lower East Side street, helping to transform the men's shelter on the block from a magnet for drug dealers into what everybody agrees is a model institution. But what he has done since then, and the way he has done it, has inspired intense controversy. To his supporters, Pagan is refreshingly blunt and independent, willing to look at problems in a nondogmatic way. His critics paint him as a hostile conservative, too close in ideology to Giuliani on issues of housing and development, and needlessly confrontational. It might not help that with his precisely trimmed beard, fierce forehead, and powerful physique, he looks like a Roman gladiator from one of those dubbed fifties muscle movies.

Though he is openly gay, Pagan is unlikely to get much money or many votes from members of the organized gay community, who say he has done little to advance their issues. "People involved with AIDS activism, gay politics, or progressive politics are never going to support him for anything," says Andy Humm, active in all three. "He's definitely somebody who people have extremely strong opinions about," says Chris Meyer of the New York Public Interest Research Group, who calls him "smart, ambitious, very articulate, a fierce debater" and points out that Pagan, on the council since 1992, was the prime sponsor of more bills in 1995 than any other council member.

Adam Clayton Powell IV has the most familiar name, because of his father, the first black congressman from Harlem, and he shares his elegant good looks and charm. But political insiders are puzzled by Powell, who is generally seen as not engaged in the official duties of his current City Council job. "Some legislation in the City Council is substantial," Powell responds. "But let's be real. Most of it is just more paper. Half the bills are street-name changes or park-name changes. We spend most of our time in the district." Powell lists as his major accomplishments a project he calls Computers 2000, an effort to bring computer labs to every school in his district, and his involvement in negotiations to develop a $100 million shopping center on 125th Street with a Magic Johnson Theater as an anchor.

Powell has an unusually frank take on the office that he and the four others are seeking. "Eventually, the borough president's office will be eliminated," he says. "But until then, I'm a candidate." ▬



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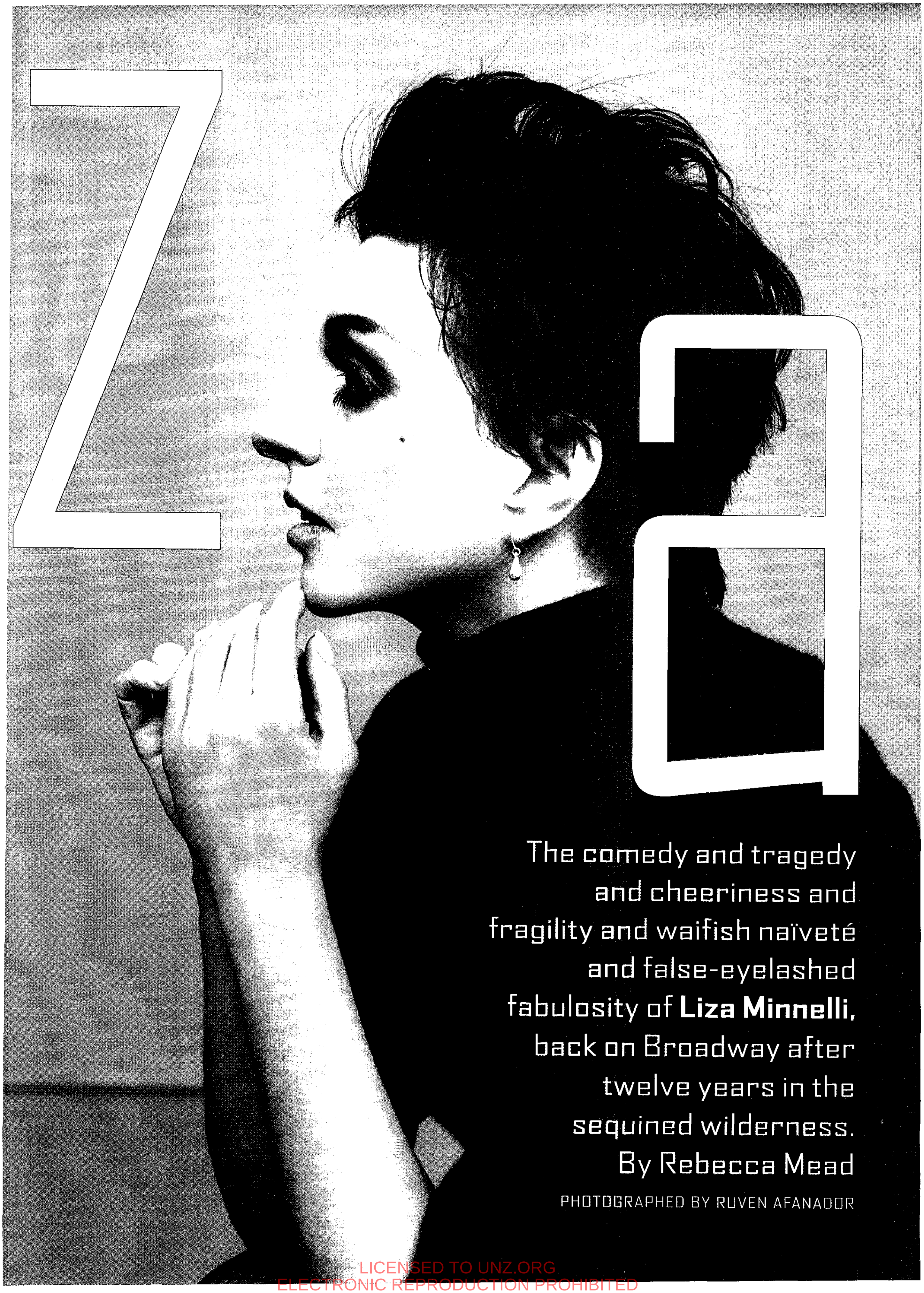


The comedy and tragedy and cheeriness and fragility and waifish naïveté and false-eyelashed fabulosity of **Liza Minnelli,** back on Broadway after twelve years in the sequined wilderness.

By Rebecca Mead

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUVEN AFANADOR

‘LIZA WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU WOULD like to go on the virtual-reality ride.” It’s a dirty night in mid-December, and Matt Casella, the personable young director of Liza Minnelli’s stage show, is sounding out the guests gathered backstage at the theater of Foxwoods casino in Connecticut, finding out who is game for an excursion to one of the complex’s other entertainment options. Minnelli has just come off the stage, where, for an hour and a half, she has been giving the crowd—largely silver-haired and gold-lamé’d, entirely adoring—the full treatment.

By turns grandiose and confidential, she has had the house lights turned up so she can tell the audience how pleased she is to see them; she has shaken her mop top and kicked her heels; she has blasted her way through her backlist—*New York, New York; Cabaret*—her voice huge and robust. This is the second night of a three-night engagement at the casino, and Minnelli is near the end of a hard week: Until Friday, she was in New York City rehearsing the lead role in *Victor/Victoria.* Starting this week, she takes over on Broadway from Julie Andrews for a month.

But even with the show behind her, Minnelli wants to entertain. While Casella rallies the assembled, Minnelli perches on a couch, bright and voluble. “I’m fine for twenty minutes after the show, then I’m like a stunned mullet, and then I’m fine again,” she says, explaining her perky mood. Her false eyelashes are still intact, and her enormous eyes are wide and animated, dancing and glinting almost as if they were giving a miniature performance of their own. She seems not yet to have entered the stunned-mullet phase. Leaning over, she grabs the arm of Cortés Alexander, one of her backup singers.

“Remember when it wasn’t like that, Cortés? When we were in our twenties?” Though her enthusiasm is catching, Alexander demurs. Before Minnelli arrived on the couch, he had been mentioning the ten-year high-school reunion he’d just attended; when Minnelli was doing whatever it was she did backstage after her shows in her twenties, Alexander was still watching *Sesame Street.*

But Minnelli is now fifty, and these days, her backstage activities are entirely era-appropriate. Leaving the dressing room, Minnelli is led through the hallways of the casino, the Mashantucket Pequot Tribal Nation’s answer to Las Vegas. Vast gaming rooms, filled with battalions of slot machines, ring with the sound of rattling tokens; waitresses are dressed—as they could be nowhere in politically correct America but on an Indian reservation—in skimpy Pocahontas outfits, feathers stuck in their hair. Minnelli draws on a Marlboro as she and her entourage arrive at a small theater equipped with a floor-to-ceiling screen and strap-in hydraulic seats.

> “Her mother just comes leaping out of her at times. And of course she is very aware of it.”

The lights go down, and the screen is filled with a view of what the Grand Canyon looks like from the cockpit of a B-1 bomber, while the seats judder into action, giving the sensation of diving and swooping over the desert terrain for a couple of minutes; next, there’s a simulated car chase. Everyone shrieks with excitement and terror—except Minnelli, who buries her head in Alexander’s shoulder until the lights come up. Before the start of the final sequence, a roller-coaster ride through a towering sci-fi iron mine, Minnelli excuses herself and goes and stands by the doorway. Minnelli, it turns out, cannot bear very much virtual reality. But as the troupe leaves the theater, she turns to the Foxwoods staff member who has been standing by and, wishing not to disappoint, gives him a mini-performance of his own.

“Thank you,” she says emphatically, her enormous eyes widening. “This has been *wonderful.*”

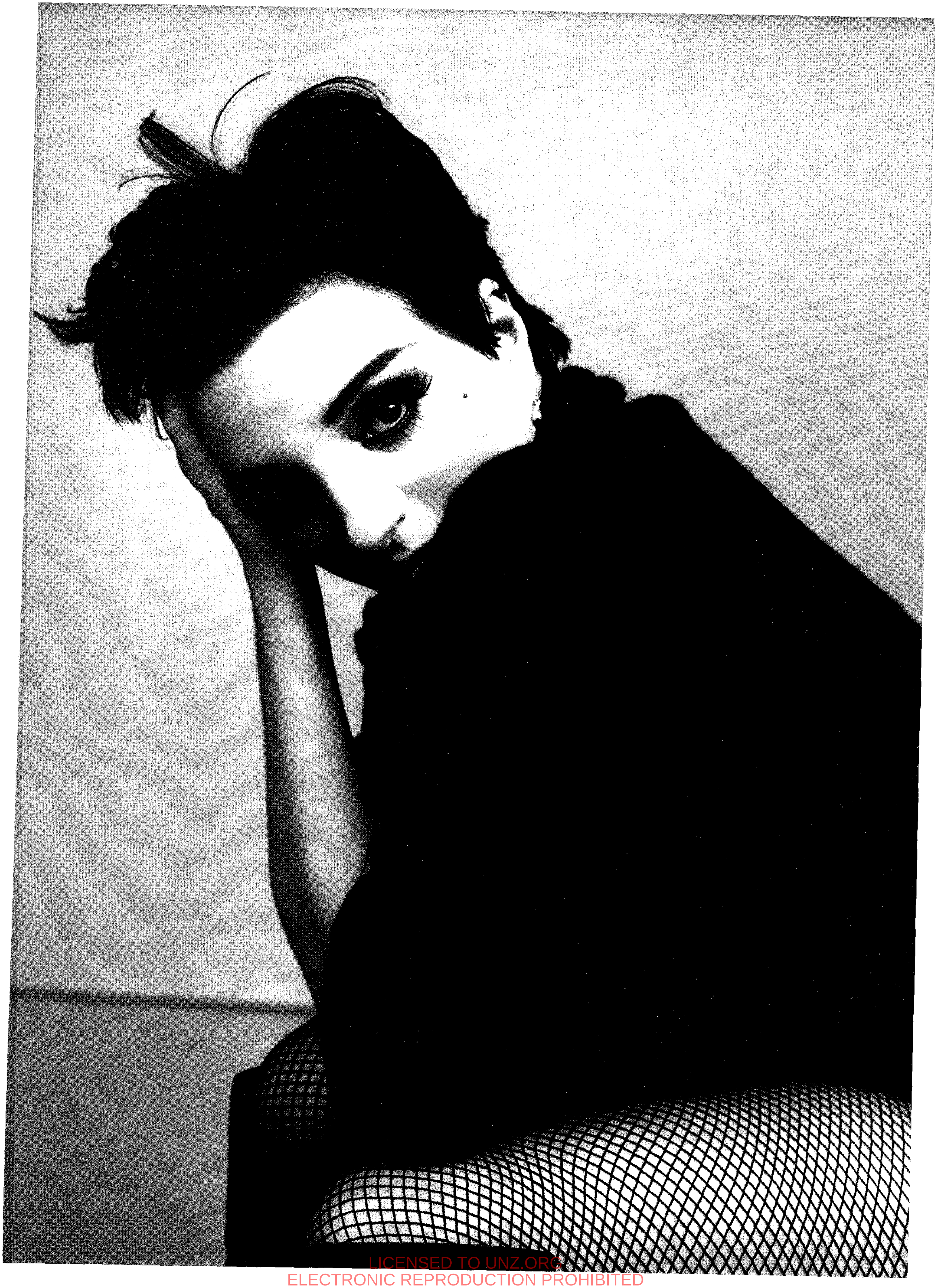
FOXWOODS, VEGAS, AND OTHER SUCH RESERVATIONS SET ASIDE TO ensure the survival of American vaudeville have been Minnelli’s habitat for decades now. She’s a relentless tourer, but this month’s return to Broadway will be her most significant performance in a long while. It has been more than 30 years since Minnelli first appeared on Broadway, in *Flora, the Red Menace,* and 12 years since she last appeared there, in *The Rink.* Her performance in that play was severely criticized: David Richards, writing in the Washington *Post,* said she “seems to be sinking ever deeper into a puffy, mannered self-parody of what was always an eccentric personality . . . [and] tends to dribble emotions down her front the way children spill their porridge.” Minnelli dropped out of *The Rink* before the end of the run in order to check into the Betty Ford clinic for treatment of her drug and alcohol addictions.

In the subsequent years, though she’s toured endlessly and made the odd unmemorable movie—*Arthur 2, Stepping Out*—she has done little to attract the attention of anyone but her dedicated fans. Invariably identified with Sally Bowles, her character from *Cabaret,* Minnelli, with her outlandish rococo eyes, her tirelessly boyish hairdo, and her unremitting theatricality, has looked like a somewhat preposterous relic of a vanished Hollywood era—and as such she’s been easy to ignore. Now, with a new CD out—a collection of muted love songs entitled *Gently*—and with *Victor/Victoria,* she will again be center-stage, with the opportunity to revive her reputation among a less fanatical audience.

Minnelli is doing *Victor/Victoria,* she says, not out of career-enhancing calculation, but as a favor to the exhausted Julie Andrews, as a show-must-go-on gesture from a Broadway gypsy. But Minnelli’s reappearance on Broadway is freighted with expectations, some of them of a negative cast. Only months ago, tabloid reports were saying that Minnelli was in ill health, implicitly suggesting a return of the behavior that sent her into detox; the same papers said that she had had a falling-out with her younger sister, the singer Lorna Luft, over Minnelli’s supposed hard-and-fast living. In tabloid parlance, Minnelli was in danger of repeating the tragic fate of her mother, Judy Garland, who died from a drug overdose in 1969 at the age of 47.

Minnelli has dismissed all suggestions of ill health or relapses, and her lifestyle is certainly sufficiently undebauched to per-

Hair by Serge Normant; makeup by Charlie Greene; styling by Catherine LaRoche.



mit her to undergo gruelingly long days of rehearsals as well as to keep up her regular performance commitments. "What I can figure," she says by way of explanation, "is that when you lie low, and you are not seen out in public like your usual glamorous self, the rags sort of look around for *who haven't we picked on lately?* And I think anyone who has had a history and raised their hand and beaten it, [the press] brings it up. I have seen them do it to so many other people, and it was just my turn in the box."

"My life hasn't been half as troubled as they say. . . . I have had a really terrific time—I have."

Indubitably, Minnelli does display all the evidence of what the Betty Ford folk would call an addictive personality, with her incessant smoking, the sugar she dumps into her coffee, the 1 A.M. ice-cream cone she consumes after dinner at Foxwoods. She's sometimes skittish, getting lost halfway through a sentence, breaking into a few practice dance steps unexpectedly; and she often appears quite tremulous. Without her makeup, she's wan and lined and desperately fragile-looking.

That Minnelli's return to Broadway should be shadowed with such darkness is predictable, of a piece with her whole career. An often unspoken part of the fascination of watching Minnelli, whose physical resemblance to her mother is so striking, is the irresistible temptation to look for other resemblances—the multiplicity of husbands (Minnelli has been married and divorced three times; Garland was married five), the drugs, the drink—and to wonder whether Minnelli's end will inevitably be similar to her mother's. "Her mother just comes leaping out at you at times," says Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed *Victor/Victoria.* "And of course she is very aware of it. Her mother is very alive in her. Sometimes it's scary."

Minnelli is one of those few celebrity children—JFK Jr. is another—who vividly, unavoidably conjure their parents. And as with JFK Jr., what Minnelli evokes on behalf of her parents is an almost regal deference, combined with a sense of remembered horror. Watching Minnelli is like watching high-risk race-car driving: The better part of the viewer wants the driver to prevail; but the possibility of a violent crash is alluring, too.

And so, when Minnelli recalls that stepping in for Julie Andrews is not a first for her, that 21 years ago she began the trend of a big-name performer's taking over for another on Broadway by assuming Gwen Verdon's role in *Chicago* when Verdon needed a break—when Minnelli says, "I was the first star to take over for a star"—it's impossible not to think that she's referring to someone other than Verdon altogether, and impossible not to wonder whether, for all Minnelli's gawp-eyed guilelessness, she isn't thinking exactly the same thing.

WITH MOM ON TV IN 1963: "HER MOTHER WAS A TROUBLED SOUL," SAYS EDWARDS. "SHE HAS INHERITED PART OF THAT."

"I WAS THE FIRST STAR TO TAKE OVER FOR A star," says Minnelli. We're sitting at a corner table at Sardi's, directly beneath Minnelli's droopy-eyed caricature. She has ordered the steamed vegetables and tofu, though the healthy eating doesn't appear to come naturally to her: When her food arrives, she douses it in a good half-pint of soy sauce, until her plate is overflowing with liquid flavor. Periodically, she fumbles for cigarettes in a pouch she wears around her waist, the sort of pouch tourists to Broadway wear to guard their valuables from the natives.

"Everybody told me what a terrible idea it was," she continues. She breaks, as she often does, into a smile, but it is a smile of the mouth, not of the eyes. It does not appear to be insincere, but it also does not appear to connote any inward happiness. "Sammy Davis told me, 'It is unheard of.' And we broke every record there was, for *Chicago.* Fred [Ebb, the lyricist] and John [Kander, the composer] and Bobby Fosse told me that it would have to close, and I said, 'I'll do it.' And everybody jumped down my throat."

And now she's doing the same thing for Julie Andrews. "This lady has to take a break in January," says Minnelli. "And the minute I heard that—well, that is what I learned the theater is all about, that you help each other. This may sound corny, but I don't care; it's the way it feels to me." ("I think she will be terrific," says Julie Andrews of her replacement, "because she has a certain kind of strength and sassiness about her.")

Minnelli's eagerness to please is childlike in its intensity. She can sound schmaltzy—until you come to realize that Minnelli's medium is schmaltz; she lives in it as a fish does in brine. She can say something like, "I never knew Ella Fitzgerald, except to say hello and tell her that I loved her," and she's not sending herself up. Minnelli is probably the only baby-boomer who uses the adjective *swell* unironically.

Minnelli is a curious anachronism. While there has recently been a postmodern revival of the piano-bar, crooner-and-belter culture from which Minnelli comes—*vide* the revival of lounge music and the self-satirizing comeback of a star like Tom Jones—Minnelli herself is dedicated to the straightforward preservation of that culture.

It's tempting to think, as you watch Minnelli perform, *She's a game old bird;* but then you realize that she's only 50, the age of, say, our youthful president. The mistake comes about because everyone else who does what she does is 80 or dead. Liza Minnelli is a star taking over for a constellation.

Minnelli is a strange amalgam of durability and fragility: She's survived, but she looks ready to fall apart at any minute. Being around Minnelli, as she smokes and shakes and forcibly smiles her way through the day, is emotionally exhausting; *being* Minnelli must be, at times, excruciating. She craves approbation:

Photograph by the Neal Peters Collection.

When one day her accompanist from *Victor/Victoria* mentions how thrilled the cast is to be working with her, she insists that he say more. “Tell me,” she says, “because I never hear anything. I just wobble around thinking, *I wonder if I am doing okay.*”

“Her mother was a very troubled soul, and I am sure, whether genetically or just emotionally, she has inherited a certain part of that,” says Blake Edwards. “You can see all her neediness when you are working with her—the little girl comes through and you want to sit her on your lap.”

“She has to work, and she really is not well unless she is working,” he continues. “One day I said to her, ‘Are you going home now?’ and she said, ‘Oh, yes.’ And I said, ‘Take it easy, because you need some rest.’ Then I found out that she was going out that night, to some gig in the Village or something, and that she probably got up to sing. My first reaction was that I wanted to say, *Shame on you, go home.* Then I realized that she can’t do that any more than I can. So it is best to let her do what she is compelled to do, and to hope there is enough intelligence and understanding of her obsessive-compulsive nature that she can make it work for her, not against her.”

And without doubt, Minnelli is a trouper, eager onstage to please her director (“I take direction well; my father was a director” is a line she uses over and over as she asks to be told what to do). When, after she underwent three hours of makeup and hairstyling for a photography shoot, her eye fell on a revealing corset-and-gauze outfit that was, presumably, being suggested for her to wear, she looked at it helplessly. “What do they think I am?” she whispered. “Who do you want me to be?” Then she recited the lines of a song by her first husband, Peter Allen: “I come in many colors / Assorted shapes and sizes / Can adapt to your demand / And if you smile at someone / Then I’ll just become that one and throw in all the others for free / All the lives of me.”

TOP, IN HER FIRST MOVIE, ‘THE STERILE CUCKOO,’ 1969; ABOVE, AS SALLY BOWLES IN ‘CABARET,’ 1972.

MINNELLI’S LIFE HAS, AS IS WELL KNOWN, INCLUDED THE DIVORCE of her parents; a childhood spent looking after her drug-addicted and sometimes suicidal mother; years of her own drug and alcohol addictions; three failed marriages (after Allen, who turned out to be gay, she married Jack Haley Jr., the son of the actor who played the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz* with Judy Garland; her last marriage, to the sculptor Mark Gero, ended in 1992); and three miscarriages (she remains childless). For all that, Minnelli is relentlessly upbeat about her history. She’s also unswayably nonspecific.

“My life hasn’t been half as troubled as they say,” she insists. “I have had a really terrific time—I have. I have known so many swell people, in and out of show business, and my parents were famous, so they got to know swell people, and then I got to know them.” She fends off implied comparisons with her mother by reminding her interlocutor how much she resembles her father, director Vincente Minnelli, too. Of her efforts now to support the work of others—she’s started her own production company—she says, “What I am doing now is the second part of my family, my father’s side, you know? Because I do have a lot of my father’s influence in my life.”

The public perception of her is, she says, invariably inaccurate, “because people don’t know me; they only really know, like, Sally Bowles? Firstly, when I did *The Sterile Cuckoo,* people said, ‘Are you all right?’ And when I did *Cabaret,* they said, ‘Do you want to go out?’ ”

But the example she draws upon betrays another of the disappointments in the life of Liza Minnelli: her failure to advance the early successes of her movie career. She was nominated for an Academy Award as Pookie Adams in *The Sterile Cuckoo* and won one as Sally Bowles in *Cabaret,* both made before she reached 26. Apart from her appearance as a forties singer in Martin Scorsese’s dark 1977 drama *New York, New York,* her post-*Cabaret* movie career has been negligible. “It would seem to me that it is Hollywood’s huge error in overlooking a Liza Minnelli,” says Fred Ebb. “But clearly it has happened. So much of what we do is based on luck, and the difference between Liza becoming a megastar and the star that she is, just as she was a megastar in *Cabaret,* is: One needs a vehicle.”

One needs, too, to be in a fit state to drive the vehicle, and to be inclined to move forward as a vehicle tends to—something that has not always been the case with Minnelli. There’s a curious air of arrested development about her—the way in which she hasn’t changed her hairstyle, her eye makeup, or her clothes for so many long years. Cast in her twenties as a disturbed and disturbing child-woman, Minnelli seems to have halted at that station of life.

Her manner is so artless, it’s hard to credit—yet you can’t help but think that she’s telling something like the truth. In discussing *Victor/Victoria,* she remarks that she’s just gone to her first drag bar for research. “I went there about two weeks ago,” she enthuses. “They were so nice to me. Everybody helped me. I invited them for opening night.”

It seems implausible that Minnelli, a gay icon, the best friend of the late Halston (who once held a drag party at his house to which Studio 54 owner Steve Rubell actually wore a dress Halston had designed for Minnelli), has not had more contact with that world than she admits to. Then she remembers a friend of hers, a drag performer called Clinton Leupp

Photographs: top, SMP/Globe Photos; bottom, Photofest.

who does a character, Miss Coco Peru. Then there's the time she went to a club with Naomi Campbell and Madonna and Steven Meisel: "There were drag queens there," she remembers. So she just *thinks* she's never really seen drag queens before.

Of her allure for gay audiences, Minnelli says, "I think it is so complicated. Which is fine. It is something I am grateful for without completely comprehending." She quotes a line in *Victor/Victoria,* in which Victor is asked, with reference to the game of golf, what his handicap is: "Being gay. What's yours?" he replies.

"I think there is a fight that you have to have to be a celebrity, to attain celebrity in your life, and I think it is a fight against all odds," she says. "And I think that most gay men have a fight against all odds, so I think they relate to that."

Kind of like: *What's your handicap? Being a celebrity. What's yours?*

"Exactly," she says, beaming. "Perfect."

TOP, LIZA WITH MOM AND DAD ON A 1965 OPENING NIGHT; ABOVE, WITH JAGGER, HUSBAND HALEY, AND WARHOL AT STUDIO 54.

was at his house for dinner one night, and Bianca said, 'It is going to be my birthday,' and Halston said, 'We have to do something; Steve, open your club.' And they opened it, and invited all those swell people, the most interesting, provocative, glamorous, intelligent, wacky—just this monstrous, wonderful mix—and that is what started the whole thing. I remember running the lights. Everybody thought I was in the basement, but I was in the light booth. I loved doing it, and it was musical, and they were all my friends, the people who worked there."

And how important were drink and drugs to that scene?

"It didn't seem important at all; it was just there. How important is a pair of pink gloves with a pink suit? They are in fashion or they are not. I was very, very lucky. I had a high, you know, very—but it made me so sick, my system just went *ughh.*

"It was hysterical, all of it is so funny, and we are so lucky to have come out the other end. I have examined the tragic side, and now I really look at the humorous side. It was *hilarious.*"

But, I begin, it can't have been funny—

BECAUSE OF THIS NAÏVETÉ, THIS FRAGILITY, ASKING MINNELLI difficult questions can feel horribly like inflicting real pain. One morning, riding in her car from the Central Park South hotel where she is living while her Upper East Side apartment is being renovated to the ABC television studios for an appearance on *Live With Regis & Kathie Lee,* I ask Minnelli about tabloid reports of her ill health. She crumples visibly behind her bug-eyed Gucci sunglasses before rallying herself to give a bright, cheerful response, which is, of course, a denial. What about her reported estrangement from Lorna Luft? "Oh, my God, [the papers] have made up so many things!" she squeals, and swiftly changes the subject. "What about the reports that I was going to marry Cortés, the toy-boy?" Then we're out of the car and into the studio; after the show, one of Minnelli's entourage conveys the message that Liza would prefer that I not ride with her to her next appointment.

Later that day, I watch Minnelli rehearse for four hours, then wait another two outside her dressing room while she is fitted for a wig. When, finally, she emerges and sees there's no way out without being confrontational or rude, Minnelli is, as ever, painfully eager to accommodate. And so she invites me once again to ride in her car, though she seems afraid of what talking to me might mean.

"Don't go dark on me," she says, climbing into the back of the car and sinking into the leather seat. Her face is drawn and drained, white petals on a black bough. "If we go dark, I'll go to bed dark, and I don't want to do that."

She talks about her friendship with Halston ("Halston was the finest man I knew, really, I mean as far down the line, middle-American values—*American,* and he loved it so") and about Studio 54.

"He said, 'What am I going to do? Every time I give a party, people stay forever, and I have to go to work.' And Steve Rubell

"Where are you going?" Minnelli cuts me off. "Are we getting too depressing here? It is the end of a horrible day."

—having to drop out of *The Rink* to check into the Betty Ford clinic?

"It was the best day of my life," she says firmly. "It was horrible up until then. Because you make a decision that you are not going to feel like that. What a wonderful, interesting period. And what a great show."

Her voice shrinks again. "They got mad at me, somebody told me, for not doing what was really expected. They got mad at me for taking such a small role. It was a terribly difficult one, though. People either loved the show or they didn't like it at all. I loved it."

Minnelli sinks back into the leather seat, her face wan. "And Chita [Rivera, the show's star]!" she suddenly says, alighting on a new theme. "To work with Chita, who is a scuh-*ream!* She is really funny; she is great."

MIDNIGHT AT IRIDIUM, AND CONTRA THE WISHES OF BLAKE Edwards, despite the fact she's been rehearsing all day and has a concert date tomorrow night, Minnelli's still on the go. Her friend the pianist Billy Stritch is performing in the restaurant's underground piano bar, and Minnelli, looking joyful for once, is sitting at a stage-side table, clapping and humming along with Stritch as he tumbles through songs like "Walk Around the Block" and "The Best Is Yet to Come." Eventually, Stritch invites Minnelli to join him onstage.

"I must say, you are the best, Stritch," she smiles as she takes her place next to him, only feet from the tables. She sings "It Had to Be You," her voice low and smooth. Then she asks Stritch to play a jazz tune, "Close Your Eyes."

"Billy did this arrangement, and I asked if I could sing it, and I have never seen such doubt in anyone's eyes," she says.

Photographs: top, AP/Wide World; bottom, Adam Scull/Globe Photos.

"There is a fight you have to have to be a celebrity. . . . and . . . it is a fight against all odds."

"I practiced for seventeen hours to sound casual on this song." Stritch starts up, and fumbles his fingering; Minnelli cackles, sticks out her tongue, and counts herself in on her fingers as Stritch begins again. Minnelli swoops through the syncopation flawlessly for a minute, and then it is her turn to stumble.

"Oh, Billy, I made a mistake!" she cries. "I was just sort of swinging away . . ." The audience laughs, delighted at her goofiness. She tries again, and this time she makes it through the assault course of notes, laughing breathlessly afterward.

"Isn't she a good jazz singer?" asks Stritch, and Minnelli giggles, as winning as a child at a school concert.

Stritch and Minnelli are frequent collaborators, and were for two years a couple. (These days, Minnelli says, she is single, and happy to be so, and doesn't expect to marry again. "I don't think you can put anyone in the position of being called Mr. Minnelli," she says. She is, though, curiously specific about her dating prospects. "I think in another three months, I will start dating someone.")

It is Stritch who produced Minnelli on *Gently,* the record that Casella, her director, hopes might grant Minnelli the kind of cross-generational appeal Tony Bennett has recently enjoyed. "If she could get hooked into MTV or VH1 and do an *Unplugged* with them, I think people would be blown away," says Casella.

There's certainly a younger audience for whom Minnelli's legend is by no means a given. After her show at Foxwoods, Minnelli was talking about the rock musicians she's met and known. Among those listening to her was Lindsay Cummings, an 11-year-old beginner actress who's starring in an upcoming production of *Paper Moon* directed by Casella and has been befriended by Minnelli. "I know lots of rockers," Minnelli said. "Sheryl Crow, Joan Osborne."

Cummings stared at her and gasped. "You know *them*?"

FOREVER LIZA: YOU CAN SEE SIGNS OF AGING IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THEM, BUT SHE STILL EVOKES SALLY BOWLES.

"WE DON'T HAVE ROYALTY, BUT WE have Hollywood royalty," says Minnelli. It's a line she has used before with interviewers, and backstage at Foxwoods, she uses it again. "My parents were that. I am not that, but I am the continuation of that."

It may be a familiar line, but its implications are extensive. Minnelli is the continuation of Hollywood royalty, though in contradiction of the typical pattern of royal offspring and parents, in which the younger generation rebels against the older while waiting for it to die, Minnelli has never been at odds with her parents' generation. One of her dearest friends was Sammy Davis Jr.; she sang with Frank Sinatra on one of his *Duets* albums. *Gently* is a selection of songs she says she learned as a child while listening to her parents' record collection. When she went to the makeup artist for *Victor/Victoria* to discuss how best to turn her into Victor, Minnelli took along, for inspiration, a photograph of her father as a dashing young man. And when, in front of the mirror one day, she is asked which of her parents she thinks she more resembles, she looks at herself and says, "I think I am a good combination of both of them, meaning you can see both people in my face. I have my father's eyes; I look like my mother around here"—she gestures around the mouth—"especially in photographs. Except she was so much prettier than I am." She seems happy, reassured, by the thought of her parents' living on in her face.

And she is constantly invoking her parents, in the automatic, colloquial way a religious Catholic might invoke Mary, mother of Jesus, mid-sentence. When she does it onstage—as when, at Foxwoods, she introduced the song "Embraceable You" by saying that this was her parents' favorite song, and that she loved her parents very much—it has an almost magical import for her audience, setting off audible ripples of sighs.

Of course, the royal throne is not intact, which diminishes the need for intergenerational struggle. If Minnelli is a royal descendant, she is a Romanov in exile, living in the East Sixties, waiting for the czarist restoration; the culture in which Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli were monarchs is vanished.

Which leaves their daughter musing, over a late-night, post-show dinner, about the decline of the musical movie. Why is it, she wonders, that nobody's been making musicals in recent years? And could it be that *Evita* and Woody Allen's latest are indications that there might be room for a revival of the form?

"My father said that there's music in everyone's life, so it shouldn't be hard to put it in a film," she says. But, she contends, musicals can't tolerate the beat of rock music; words are essential, and words get lost when rock music takes over. She's thoughtful and bright, and unusually assertive. Here's something she's really thought about, something she really knows and cares about.

"The melody has got to come in first," she says. "Like the strings in 'It Had to Be You' "—one of the songs on the *Gently* record, which, while sitting at the dinner table surrounded by friends, she starts to sing, with concentration and with heart. Here, alongside the virtual-reality ride and the virtual Indians in their *faux* headdresses, Minnelli is, for all her drama and her anachronism and her eyelashes, the realest thing around. ■

Sequin suit by Jean-Paul Gaultier; boa by Adrienne Landau.

TIX

"We brought this lawsuit as a *test*. We thought we'd move the debate over death forward, but we never expected it to go this far."
—AIDS doctor Howard Grossman

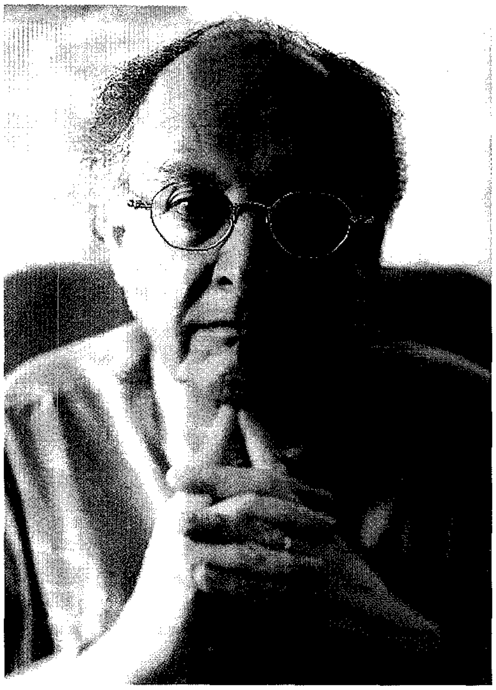
THIS DOCTOR WANTS TO HELP YOU DIE

HOWARD GROSSMAN IS ONE OF THREE NEW YORK DOCTORS WHO SUED THE STATE FOR THE RIGHT TO HELP TERMINALLY ILL PATIENTS DIE WITH DIGNITY. THIS WEEK, THEIR CASE GOES BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT. BUT AS MORE AND MORE DOCTORS ARE QUIETLY ASSISTING IN SUICIDES, SOME SUPPORTERS OF LEGALIZATION ARE HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS. ▪ BY DAVID FRANCE

"A COMBINATION OF BARBITURATES LIKE Seconal and alcohol, that's what people are doing most," says Dr. Howard Grossman. In the conference room of his art-filled Chelsea offices, over containers of Chinese takeout, Grossman quietly lists the most common suicide cocktails ingested by the terminally ill: "Seconals. Percodans. Some people have used potassium. Taking potassium rapidly depolarizes the whole heart, and it's sudden. A lot of people with HIV have large quantities of potassium on hand, because of their treatments." Grossman, whose career has spanned the AIDS epidemic, has become a reluctant expert on pharmacological death. Ever since he joined a suit against the state's ban on physician-assisted suicide two and a half years ago, some have mistakenly pegged the intense, blue-eyed doctor as a kind of East Coast Kevorkian,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO
FOR *NEW YORK*

burdening him with heartbreaking stories of escalating suffering and desperate pleas for deliverance. "All of my patients with AIDS," he says, "ask me about my feelings on this topic."



DR. SAM KLAGSBRUN SUED ON BEHALF OF A CANCER PATIENT WHO PLEADED TO DIE. HE FINDS IT "UNCONSCIONABLE" THAT HE WAS UNABLE TO ASSIST HER. "I FEEL I SHOULD HAVE ACTED."

Grossman filed the suit on behalf of Willy Barth, a very sick 28-year-old AIDS patient who feared a lingering, painful death. Two other physicians also joined the suit: Dr. Samuel Klagsbrun—a Westchester psychiatrist who specializes in cancer—filed on behalf of an anonymous female patient; and Dr. Timothy Quill, a Rochester-based right-to-die advocate, signed up along with an AIDS patient named George Kingsley. In 1991, Quill provoked a firestorm after he wrote an article in a medical journal confessing to helping an end-stage cancer patient die. Though the article also drew the attention of upstate prosecutors, a grand jury declined to indict the doctor.

Together, the trio of doctors argued for a legal right to help terminally ill patients facing intolerable suffering by prescribing enough drugs to allow them to kill themselves. In a stunning ruling last April, the Second Circuit Court decided in their favor.

The state immediately appealed the ruling. And at 10 A.M. this Wednesday morning, Grossman and his retinue will appear before the U.S. Supreme Court to argue their case, setting the stage for the most momentous national ruling to date on the right to die. Whether doctors should actively help people to their deaths is a profoundly complex ethical issue, as contentious and bitterly fought as the right to abortion.

"This is of monumental significance," says Carla A. Kerr, the doctors' pro bono attorney. "Not since *Roe* v. *Wade* has there been a case that can potentially establish a new basic right involving bodily integrity and some very personal decisions people make about their own bodies."

Still, nobody expected the case to reach this juncture, especially so soon. As the doctors arrive in Washington this week—without their patients, all three of whom are now dead—they seem ironically reticent about their mission. "There are many positives to having this out in the open," says Quill, "but there are negatives too. It could become too easy, too routine, if it is sanctioned by society." If their case is successful, says Klagsbrun, "our job will be to enhance the quality of people's lives, so they don't think of death as the easy way out."

"We brought this as a *test*," admits Grossman. "We thought it would move the debate forward, you know? We *never* expected it would go this far." Nor is he entirely clear what will happen if their cause prevails. "We haven't really had this part of the discussion yet," he says.

WHATEVER THE COURTS DECIDE, THERE IS NO question that in New York City, a person with a terminal illness can already secure a fatal prescription from a sympathetic doctor. There may be no local Jack Kevorkian practicing back-alley "patholysis," as the Michigan doctor calls his work. And nobody has argued that this grave act should be carried out in midtown "obitoria," cheery walk-in storefronts for death that Kevorkian has imagined. But anecdotal evidence suggests that New York doctors, perhaps more than those in any other city, make controlled drugs available to patients who ask for them.

"We know this is happening in New York," acknowledges Dennis Vacco, New York's attorney general, who will argue against the suit in his first appearance before the high court. But aside from the failed prosecution of Quill, no similar charges have been filed against any other doctor in the state. "Just because we're not prosecuting it doesn't mean it's not illegal," Vacco says.

A decade ago, when Betty Rollin released *Last Wish*, her landmark book about her mother's lonesome struggle to end her life, the practice was rare indeed. But today, according to a Gallup survey, 75 percent of Americans believe doctors should be allowed under law to "end a patient's life by painless means," and 40 percent of all doctors admitted in a poll of the American Society of Internal Medicine that they had acceded to their patients' demands for death. And six years after it was published, *Final Exit*, Derek Humphry's controversial how-to manual, continues to sell at a brisk pace.

What caused the pendulum to swing so far? Certainly the antics of Kevorkian have kept the debate in the public eye. But deeper change has been fostered by AIDS, and by the activist nature of the community most affected by it.

"The gay community has pushed the envelope as far as it can possibly go on assisted suicide," says Lonny Shavelson, a Berkeley physician and author of *A Chosen Death*. "The AIDS community has taught us a lot about many things, including death."

"When I screen my doctors, I ask . . . about assisted suicide," says Spencer Cox, an HIV-positive board member for the Community Research Initiative on AIDS. "They say they write out prescriptions and don't ask, or some say, 'I accidentally overprescribe morphine on occasion.' I've never met a doctor who says, 'I would never do that.' "

In fact, at a recent meeting of doctors who specialize in HIV, Grossman anonymously surveyed 69 physicians; one third admitted to having actively helped administer a fatal dose—not simply prescribing pills but also administering lethal injections.

"AIDS docs are a different breed," Grossman concedes. "We have dealt with a lot more death in a lot more intense way, over a concentrated period of time—literally hundreds and thousands of patients dying in the past ten years. I'm a 42-year-old general internist. I'm not supposed to have twenty boxes full of dead-patient charts."

"SINCE THE START OF THE EPIDEMIC, THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DOCtors one could talk to," says Larry Kramer. The ubiquitous dean of the AIDS movement has played an instrumental role in assembling the New York case the Supreme Court will consider this week. "All of us who have been on the front line have experiences—plural—with people who didn't want to suffer anymore."

Previous page: still life photograph by Norman; opposite page, photograph by Wyatt Counts/Outline.

Over the years, Kramer has known many people who obtained fatal prescriptions. But nothing galvanized his views on the subject as much as the death of his friend Brad Davis, a well-known actor who starred in Kramer's landmark AIDS play, *The Normal Heart.* Though Davis's death was reported as being simply AIDS related, Kramer admits for the first time that he and Rodger McFarlane supported the actor's decision to kill himself five years ago.

Davis, the star of *Midnight Express,* first tested positive in late 1985—just months after his role as the epidemic's Cassandra in *The Normal Heart.* Hoping to protect his career, he kept the secret from all but his closest friends. But rumors of his illness spread nonetheless. Unable to find work, Davis lay at home with his wife and daughter, growing sicker and thinner with time.

"I forgot what illness he had finally, but it was very painful," recalls Kramer. "The medicine was very painful and it wasn't working, and he just saw no sunshine ahead or anything. He was just going to get sicker and sicker, and he didn't want to put his family through that. And he didn't want to suffer the pain himself."

When Davis elected to die, he realized that the circumstances of his death, too, would have to remain secret—in order to protect his family and friends from prosecution. Davis's wife, Susan Bluestein, who is publishing a memoir in March, declines to discuss the matter. But both McFarlane and Kramer admit to helping Davis plan his death in a series of cross-country phone calls. "I don't know what he took in the end," says McFarlane. "But Brad was an old junkie—he knew as much about pharmacology, both on and off the streets, as anybody I know. He knew how much he would need, and how to administer it."

"He was very calm about it, and very gutsy," Kramer adds. "I don't know many people, myself included, who would have done it with such dignity."

Under current law, the encouragement and aid the two men gave Davis is still illegal in all states. Suicide "assistance" is defined as any act enabling another's efforts to kill him or herself. In New York, the practice is prosecutable as a felony.

EMBOLDENED BY HIS EXPERIENCES WITH Davis, Kramer joined forces with Compassion in Dying, a Seattle-based organization seeking a constitutional right to "self-deliverance." The group, which had already filed suit in the state of Washington, started canvassing likely allies in New York in a bid to file a concurrent suit in the East. "We wanted to expand the ruling to as many states as we could," says the group's director, Barbara Coombs Lee.

Kramer quickly enlisted two other local doctors to join Quill in the suit: Grossman is an old friend; Klagsbrun, the medical director of a private psychiatric institute in Westchester called Four Winds Hospital, happens to be Kramer's therapist. "I feel like the casting director here," says Kramer with a giggle.

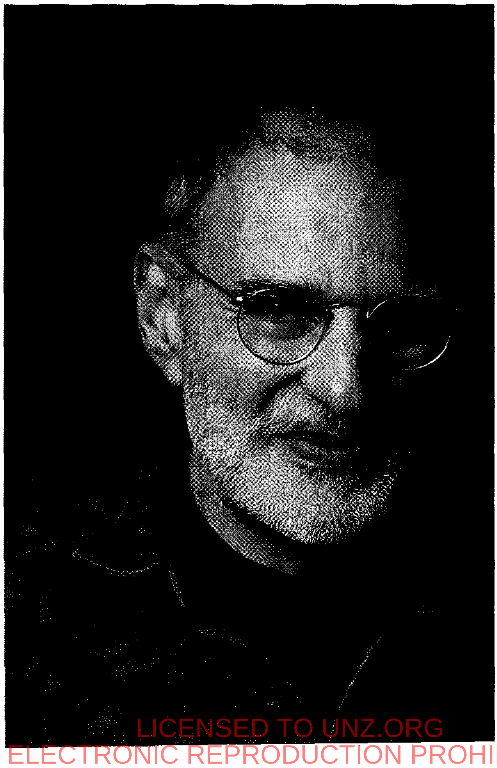
In 1994, the coalition filed papers in district court, citing the constitutional guarantee to equal protection. They argued that since a person is guaranteed the right to die by rejecting medical intervention—as the Supreme Court ruled in 1990—terminally ill patients should have an equal right to seek medication to end their suffering. The motion was initially rejected. But last April, the Second Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the earlier ruling in a surprise unanimous vote. "What interest can the state possibly have in requiring the prolongation of a life that is all but ended?" the judges wrote. "What business is it of the state to require the continuation of agony when the result is imminent and inevitable?" They answered, "None."

Vacco immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, and the official ban on physician-assisted suicide remains in place. "The state has a great interest in life," Vacco argues. "We should not be in the business of qualifying that interest, based upon the status or the value or the vitality of a particular life." He also worries about abuse, saying: "We already know there is extreme imbalance between a physician and a patient."

The New York case will be heard at the same time as the Washington case, although the two decisions are based on different precedents. While the New York justices extended the right to die under the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of equal protection, Seattle's Ninth Circuit court cited the Fourteenth Amendment's fundamental rights to liberty—the freedom to make choices "according to one's individual conscience about those matters which are essential to a personal autonomy and basic human dignity."

Vacco says he's agreed to yield one third of his allotted 30 minutes before the court to the U.S. Solicitor General, who will argue for a continuation of the ban at the personal request of the president. "I've seen editorials in newspapers all across the state saying Vacco ought to get out of this," says the attorney general defensively. "But the fact of the matter is, there are laws on the books. *That's* why I'm doing this. The irony is, if the legislature decided to change the law, I might find myself in front of this court arguing in defense."

LARRY KRAMER TOOK A LEADING ROLE IN THE RIGHT-TO-DIE MOVEMENT AFTER HELPING HIS FRIEND THE ACTOR BRAD DAVIS PLAN HIS SUICIDE.



DESPITE HIS ADVOCACY OF ASSISTED SUICIDE, Howard Grossman has long counseled doctors against publicly admitting to illegal measures to end their patients' suffering. What Grossman wants is for the courts to recognize the dilemma of doctors like him who are uncomfortably trapped between the law and the fervent wishes of their terminal patients. Willy Barth, the ailing patient who finally inspired him to take the issue to the courts, was a charming 28-year-old former fashion-magazine editor. Grossman and Barth filed suit together, so that the doctor could legally help him die. "He was very sweet, but being an activist is not what he was about," says Grossman. "He just didn't want an ugly death."

Though Barth had undergone chemotherapy and radiation for AIDS-related lymphoma, the disease nonetheless engulfed his brain. Soon after he became a plaintiff in the suit, he developed pneumonia and went to the hospital to die. Instead, he lingered on painfully for weeks. "He saw all his friends and family and said everything he wanted to say," Grossman remembers. "And he turned to me crying and said, 'It's over. When will this end?' "

As a last-ditch effort, Grossman administered to his patient a large dose of morphine. He admits: "We didn't worry about whether or not that was going to hasten his death." Under current state law, founded on a Catholic philosophical tenet called the Doctrine of Double Effect, such an act is technically not illegal *if the physician's sole desire is to alleviate pain* (the second effect, being unintended, is considered tolerable). It's just this sort of moral hairsplitting that irks Grossman. "This is a matter of semantics, not a matter of ethics," he bristles. "It's *bullshit.*"

Klagsbrun, who teaches clinical psychology at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, joined the lawsuit on behalf of Jane Doe, a housewife in her sixties who was battling leukemia.

A notable irony of the assisted-suicide battle is that the cancer medicine establishment—which oversees some of nature's most grisly deaths—is also among the most vocal opponents of codifying the practice. Polls reveal that oncologists fear a backlash from their patients if they become too closely associated with death-dealing. That's why New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering has led the charge against any initiative that would allow doctors to prescribe fatal pills. And why the AMA has papered the country with briefs opposing euthanasia efforts in other cities. As a result, says Klagsbrun—in contrast to AIDS patients, cancer patients are regularly thwarted in their efforts to find final relief from pain and suffering.

Jane Doe died before the lawsuit prevailed, "in a large degree of pain which was treated . . . aggressively but which was not controlled adequately enough, unfortunately," says Klagsbrun. Though she pleaded to die, her doctor felt powerless to help. "It's awful, it's absolutely awful—I would use the word *unconscionable*—on my part," he says. "I should have acted."

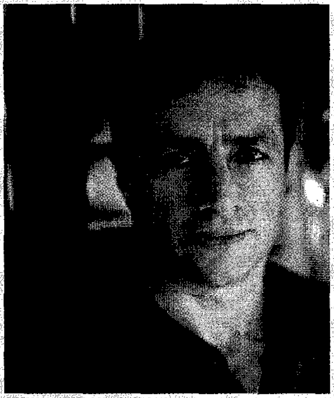
Klagsbrun's decision to sue was also motivated by his concern over the shroud of secrecy that currently covers pharmaceutical suicides. He worries that if requests for medicine are made in gestures, and doctors prescribe drugs with a wink, mistakes and misunderstandings will invariably arise. "One of the reasons I wanted to make this public is I'm very nervous about secrecy," he says. "I don't want to misunderstand what this request means."

Without explicit and open guidance, there is often insufficient discussion. "People tell me, 'Just let it happen,' " he says. "I know that doctors have been helping patients die for many, many years. But I don't know what criteria they use; I don't know whether their judgment is appropriate or not."

DESPITE HIS UNASSUMING DEMEANOR, QUILL IS PERhaps the nation's most respected proponent of assisted suicide. As a general internist and associate medical director at Rochester's Genesee Hospital, he works with many cancer and AIDS patients. His newly released book, *A Midwife Through the Dying Process,* details nine separate cases of self-deliverance.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

NO CHARGES HAVE EVER BEEN leveled against Florent, the well-known French owner of the eponymous bistro on Gansevoort Street, who has become a one-man clearinghouse and father confessor to members of the AIDS community who seek him out for advice on assisted suicide. Perched on a stool near the bar, greeting a lunchtime crowd that includes Roy Lichtenstein, the restaurateur is very vocal about the role he has played in counseling nearly a dozen terminally ill friends and acquaintances who sought to die. And he insists he feels no remorse over his involvement.



Florent: Rights of Passage

"Early in the crisis, I was ahead of a lot of people on this subject," he says proudly. "The French, they *always* are talking about death."

Soon after his first friend took ill, Florent began advocating suicide in 1986 as an option for very ill patients with AIDS. "My first friend—it was total denial," he says. "He left himself completely in the hands of the hospital. He was in pain, and the nurse would come late with the pain medicine. I became angry. I felt I had to do something."

He began by enlisting M & Co., the design firm that created his advertising, to place a Florent ad in *Paper* magazine that read THE RIGHT TO LIVE, THE RIGHT TO DIE, THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE FROM 20 ENTREES. Today, Florent sits on the board of Choice in Dying, a New York-based organization which advocates living wills as a way for patients to refuse life-supporting medical attention. And from his base at the restaurant, he regularly dispenses advice and directions to men who want to help their friends, lovers, and relatives depart. "I have people asking me all the time general information about it, how to get the drugs, and I have told friends about doctors who will give them drugs," he says. "But most people who talk about it don't do it, which is very important to tell the public."

Under law, however, Florent's actions might be interpreted as "promoting a suicide attempt," a felony punishable by imprisonment. Though the restaurateur says he is not worried about prosecution, he can recite dozens of cautionary tales, including the story of an acquaintance who helped end the life of his partner only to be blackmailed by the dead man's brother. Upset at being cut out of his brother's will, the man demanded money and jewelry, and threatened to ask the police to conduct an autopsy. Though detectives from the DA's office paid an unexpected visit, nothing more developed. In Florent's world, such stories occur all too frequently.

"You take such a risk when you offer help—it's awful," he says. "You could go to jail." Yet he personally knows a half-dozen people who died by assisted suicide—including the man he calls "my late husband."

Daniel Platten, Florent's lover of nine years, died on May 24, 1994, ending "six of our best months of our life together. Being close to death, he realized how much I loved him," Florent says. "I'm so lucky I was able to have that time."

But the last two weeks were grueling. At home on a morphine drip, Platten slipped into an angry AIDS dementia. He became abusive and began throwing objects at people. "He was unmanageable, and I knew he was going to have to go back to the hospital to die even though he didn't want to go," Florent says. Suddenly he remembered that lying in his medicine cabinet were some very strong sedatives that had knocked Platten out in the past. "So I gave him that pill again, and he never came out of it. I finished him off," he admits, "but it was totally by accident." His experiences, and HIV-positive status, give Florent a personal stake in the court's upcoming decision. "The state should have no say over this. We help our friends 'cause it's the right thing to do."

He frequently fields desperate calls from desperate patients seeking fatal prescriptions. But Quill is no Kevorkian. "I discourage them pretty much," says the 47-year-old physician. "From my point of view, this kind of thing only makes sense in a long-term doctor-patient relationship. And only in cases when pain care fails."

That said, Quill remains one of the few doctors in the country to publicly admit to assisting patients' suicides. He often hears private confessions of other doctors, and the horror stories about cases when terminally ill patients try (and fail) to end their suffering: "Somebody who didn't have enough medicine. The violent suicides that don't work. Family members having to use plastic bags—a gruesome event. Shooting yourself in the head and not dying. What happens then?"

In New York, one such mishap befell Haoui Montaug, the celebrated downtown personality and Palladium doorman who was diagnosed with AIDS in the eighties. Wracked with pain, in 1991 Montaug invited twenty guests to his Bowery loft for a final fabulous send-off. (Madonna was on the phone from Los Angeles.) Unfortunately, it didn't go as smoothly as planned. After swallowing five Seconals, Montaug fell into a deep, labored sleep, but to the dismay of his guests, he kept breathing. He awoke late the next morning, furious. After sending his friends packing, he swallowed twenty more pills. He was dead in half an hour.

ONE MAN LAY ON TOP OF HIS PARTNER FOR FIVE MINUTES TO MAKE SURE HE WAS DEAD: "I COULDN'T TELL IF IT WAS MY HEART BEATING OR HIS."

Every doctor who works with terminal patients has heard similar stories. It is the singular reason so many say they would like to bring the matter out in the light.

According to Michael Shernoff, a pioneering psychotherapist working with cancer and AIDS patients, traumas are entirely too common. In his office overlooking Chelsea, Shernoff reaches for notes from a couple he was treating a few years ago. "One partner agreed to help the other take the pills, basically. And the partner came in the next week and said, 'It was so horrible!' The pills hadn't worked. And he described this nightmare to me."

Shernoff reads from a transcript of that conversation, in his client's words: " 'I think when it got to about 3 or 3:30 in the morning, I started freaking out thinking he was still alive. He was very much alive, and breathing just fine and so I tried to wake him up and I guess I started panicking. . . . I kind of said to him, you know, do you still want to do this? And I swear in my mind he said "Yes."

" 'So I waited about another hour, and then I thought, I have to do something soon, because once it becomes morning and his daughter comes down, well, who knows what can happen? . . . I didn't want anyone to know, because I really thought I was getting away with murder. And I was terrified.' "

At near 4:30, the client decided against waiting. He placed a plastic bag over his partner's head. He covered that with a pillow and then lay on top of him until all motion stopped. He removed the plastic bag and hid it. Returning to the room, he heard his partner gasp for air. With mounting hysteria, he repeated the procedure.

"There was no going back at that point," he told Shernoff. The plastic bag molded to his partner's face. His legs moved slightly. There was an eventual and final exhaling of air, and then nothing. But the man lay atop his dead lover for five more minutes, to be sure. "I couldn't tell," the man said, "because my heart was beating so fast and I kept hearing something, and I thought, Is that his heart or my heart?"

SUPPORT FOR LEGALIZATION IS ANYTHING BUT UNANIMOUS. RELIgious ethicists, from the pope down, liken suicide assistance to murder under any circumstances. This week, hoping to make a similar point, a projected 20,000 disabled activists calling themselves Not Dead Yet are heading to Washington to denounce the "slippery slope" represented by physician-assisted suicide. "We're afraid that it will start with those people whose deaths are imminent, and it will then spread to others—to those who are chronically ill, for example," says Nadina LaSpina, president of Disabled in Action, one of the organizers of the march. "People believe that anybody with a disability is suffering horribly. Will we be encouraged to consider suicide a treatment option?"

Additionally, a flurry of briefs backing the opposition have been filed by the AMA, the American Hospitals Association, and the National Hospice Organization.

But even many in the HIV community are opposed to relaxing current laws. Former city human-rights commissioner Dennis deLeon, an HIV-positive leader, has actively lobbied against the measure. Doctors, he says, should be in the business of sustaining life, not taking it: "To officially designate assisted suicide as one of their roles? I personally and strongly oppose that."

Even longtime AIDS doctor Joseph Sonnabend, who has signed over 400 death certificates since the epidemic began, believes right-to-die activists should be wary: "At one point, I really felt that one had to preserve life at any cost, even if it meant suffering. I do still believe that, but I don't inflict it on people now."

Supporters of physician-assisted suicide also share some of the concerns voiced by opponents. "I very much support this right," says Sean Strub, founder and editor of *Poz* magazine and a long-term HIV survivor whose health has recently improved dramatically as a result of a successful new drug regimen. "But if this was a common, everyday practice and socially acceptable, it is something I would have seriously considered a year ago, when I was failing very substantially. Yet here I am today feeling like I'm a very long ways away from death."

The cure-around-the-corner argument has long been used to temper suicide activists, and Grossman himself has often worried about it. The introduction of protease inhibitors, the new anti-AIDS drugs that have had spectacular results in many people, has been cautionary. "I've got patients who were really sick a few months ago, some who we thought were very close to terminal—but who are incredibly healthy today," he says. "What if they had killed themselves in the spring?"

In recent months, Grossman has actually polled a few of his recovering patients. "Every one of them said, 'If I had made that decision last year . . . well, I still want the right to make the decision. If I had decided to die, that's what I would have done.' "

Klagsbrun stresses that even a court victory won't end the debate. The next task is to begin the enormously challenging dialogue about how and when assisted suicide should be carried out—and to publicly conduct that discussion as soon as possible.

"Historically in this country, the majority of people died in institutions and hospitals," he says. "With AIDS, the number of people who choose to go home and be with friends has really increased. So the visibility of death has increased tremendously in the past few years, and so has the way we've all come to regard it. It's impossible to ignore anymore." ■

THE NAUMANN CONQUEST

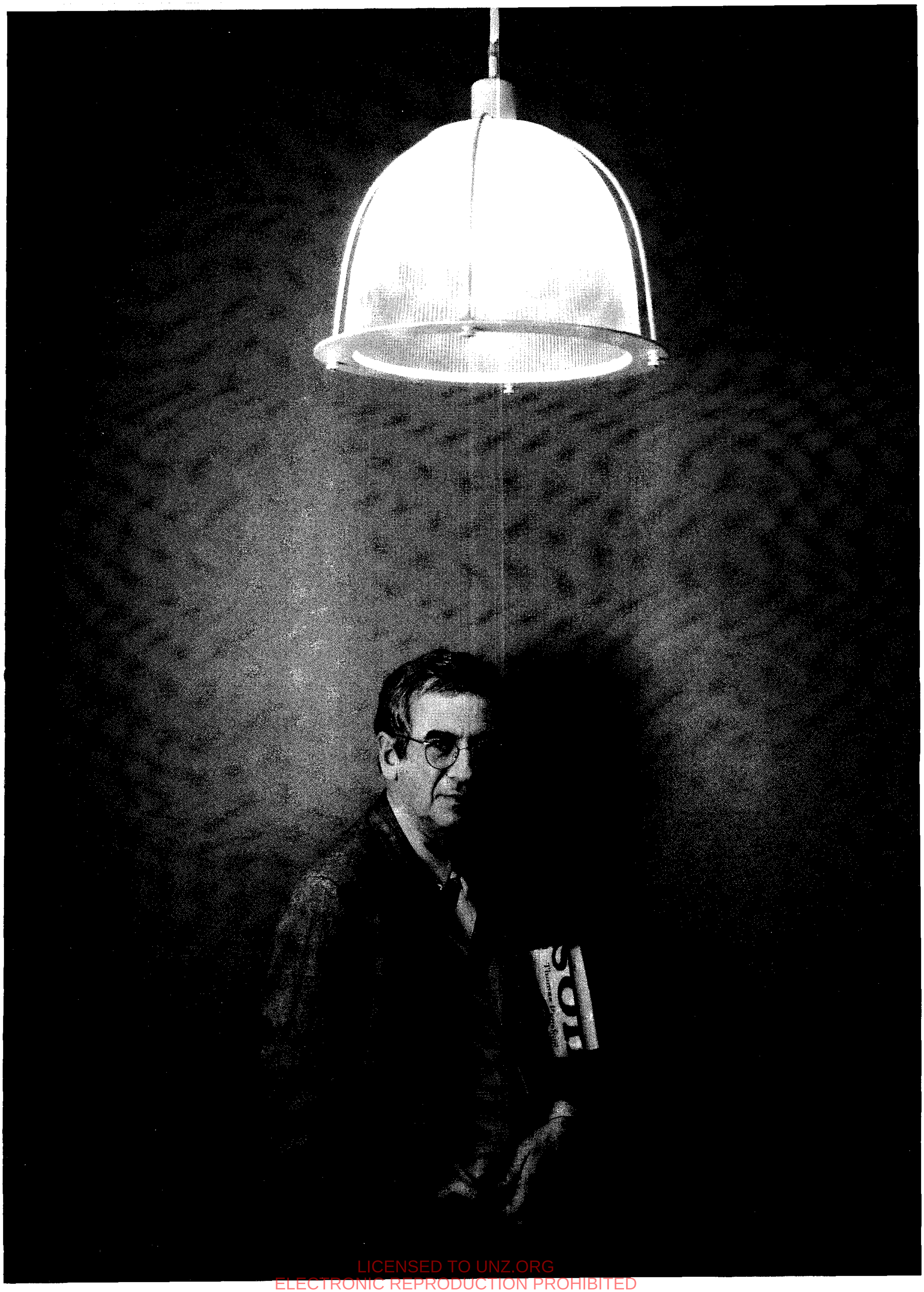
MICHAEL NAUMANN, HENRY HOLT'S MOTORCYCLE-RIDING, PHILOSOPHIZING CEO, IS TRYING TO MOVE HIS HOUSE INTO THE LEAGUE OF KNOPF AND FSG. CAN A GERMAN INTELLECTUAL SELL AMERICAN LITERATURE?

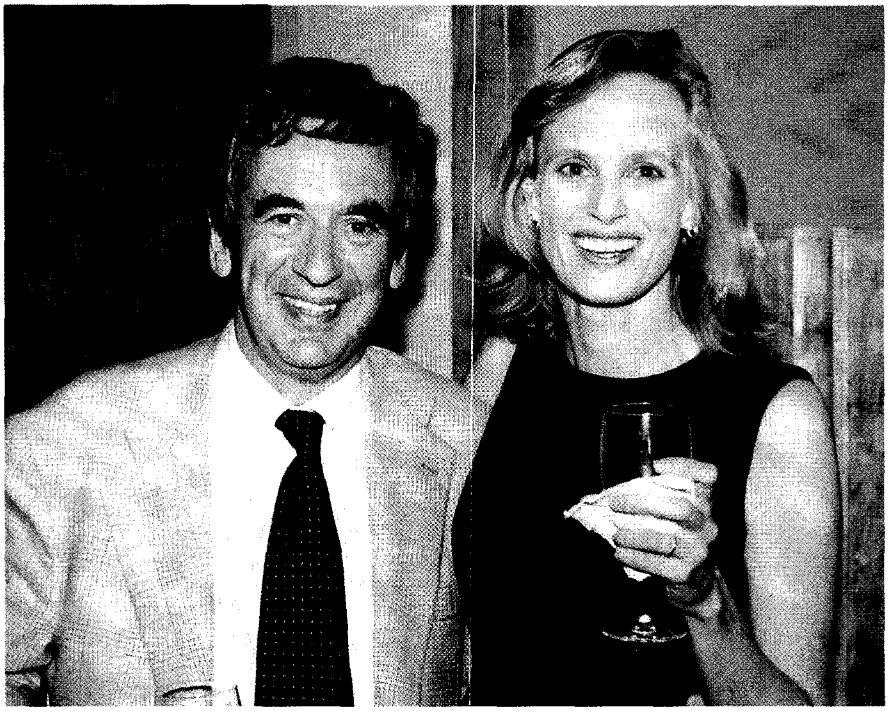
BY ALEXANDRA LANGE

WE'VE CAUGHT MICHAEL Naumann on a good day. Midway through the interview at Henry Holt's well-worn 18th Street offices, his assistant slips in with a cappuccino and a note. He opens the note. "Wow!" he says, and breaks into a peal of laughter. "This is great." Then, to me: "Good news. You know Gloria Naylor, the writer? We just got her new book." He beams. "You got me in my happiest moment in a while." A half-hour later, there is a great noise of stamping and clapping from the floor above. He points with a sturdy forefinger at the acoustic-tile ceiling. "They've just heard," he says, and starts smiling all over again. *The Women of Brewster Place,* Naylor's last novel, sold more than 800,000 copies, and Oprah made it into a two-part TV movie. ■ Days like this explain why Michael Naumann, the 55-year-old German president and CEO of Henry Holt, is in New York at all.

PUBLISH OR PERISH: NAUMANN HAS SPRUNG FOR QUALITY—BRODKEY, RUSHDIE, AUSTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK
FOR *NEW YORK*





CONTINENTAL CHARM: NAUMANN WITH NOVELIST SIRI HUSTVEDT. HE PUBLISHED HER AND HUSBAND PAUL AUSTER IN BOTH GERMANY AND THE U.S.

He refused the job the first time it was offered him, in early spring 1996, when then–Henry Holt publisher Bruno Quinson decided to retire. "My plan was to downsize my life," Naumann says. "I'd been running a very large company [Rowohlt Verlag, a prestigious German literary publisher] for ten years, and I wanted to do a little less—actually take a sabbatical by founding a small company in New York, which was Metropolitan Books." But Quinson took an early retirement, and the head of Holtzbrinck—which owns Rowohlt; and Farrar, Straus & Giroux; and Holt; and Metropolitan—asked Naumann to step in. "I said no, and then on second thought I said yes because whoever would have been Bruno's successor probably would not have tolerated another independent publisher. So I said, before I get fired, I'd rather fire myself."

So he no longer heads Metropolitan, a literary imprint now run by Sara Bershtel that has already made its mark with the publication of Harold Brodkey's *This Wild Darkness* and Todd Gitlin's *The Twilight of Common Dreams.* Instead, he's trying to do with Holt what he did with Metropolitan, and to a lesser degree with Rowohlt in Germany: take a possibly second-level, definitely directionless publishing house and give it a swift, literate kick toward the twenty-first century.

Rowohlt had the strongest list of American fiction in Europe: Updike, Morrison, Cormac McCarthy, Pynchon, Tobias Wolff. Holt had an impressive backlist (Morrison, Mailer, and Frost), but few big-selling or high-quality contemporary authors. Quinson had been minding but not expanding the store. Mystery writer Sue Grafton continued to turn out best-selling alphabet thrillers, and editors Marian Wood, Bill Strachan, and Jack Macrae have excellent reputations, but no one was pushing Holt into the first rank.

When Naumann moved to New York, he immediately started making big, attention-grabbing deals. He bought Brodkey's *This Wild Darkness;* he bought Salman Rushdie's next novel, plus paperback rights to *The Satanic Verses;* he bought Paul Auster's autobiographical essay *Hand to Mouth* (out this summer), plus the two novels after that; he's positioning this spring's literary event, the publication of Thomas Pynchon's *Mason & Dixon.* He bought Paul McCartney's biography: "Basically it's an autobiography, because it's based on hundreds and hundreds of hours of interviews. That will come out in the fall, and I have visions of a reading in Central Park with a little bass guitar." His voice gets gleeful—he's of an age to have been a Beatlemaniac, and still sports a Paul–meets–George Clooney haircut.

FAB TONSURE ASIDE, NAUMANN'S public image up until now has been anything but pop. "I know that people think I am either nutty or an idealist. Or another thing, almost an invective, that's been directed at me is that I'm an intellectual," Naumann says. "All these things are born out of a desire to put your competitor into some sort of box and code him."

His competitors are perhaps attacking Naumann because they are worried about another fish in the shrinking literary sea and another man with the money of a major media group behind him. A publishing column in the New York *Observer* in November said Naumann was making other publishers nervous, buying books out from under Knopf and Viking and Scribner. But there's also a sense in the publishing world that Naumann may burn himself out in a few seasons, spending big money on books that don't make back their advances. His peers say he has excellent taste, and will discuss philosophy over a business lunch, but what they mean is that he may be too literate for the book business, unable to transform Holt into a money-making concern on the backs of "real" authors.

Asked whether he now considers Holt competition, Sonny Mehta laughs, then pauses, "Well, one is always in competition. It's the natural state of publishing. I expect that one will run into him from time to time."

In person, Michael Naumann appears a Continental hybrid. His hair is the color of pewter, and coordinates nicely with his light tweed jacket and blue shirt. His skin has the perpetual tan they must manufacture in Germany. He is compact and vigorous, and speaks English with only the sort of accent most Europeans try hard to keep. When he tells me he rides a motorcycle, I can't help laughing. Though the image of the mild-mannered publisher cruising the northeastern countryside at high speeds, bound galleys strapped to the back of the bike, is one detail closer to parody than cliché, Naumann shrugs it off: "I have a big, fat old chopper. I'm 55, so I'm entitled." He waves his hand. "Other people climb mountains; I rode the Nürburg ring."

Naumann is not at pains to prove that he can be an American publisher. "I'm not the first German here, or for that matter the first European. If I look around I see Sonny [Mehta], who's not particularly American; Harold Evans, who is totally British; and I think of the Wolffs. They

Photograph by Heather Kern.

came here as Jewish immigrants. Among their biggest successes was *Dr. Zhivago*—sold about 15 million copies." He says this offhandedly, as if this were clearly an example he could live up to.

PUBLISHING HAS HAD A VERY BAD YEAR. IN October, it was rumored that a major house was about to receive 20 to 25 railroad cars of returns. The usual suspects all produced this year, but few new authors had breakout hits. The New York *Times* couldn't even find ten books to put on their 1996 best-books list, settling for eight, two of them collected works. You could blame it on the election, but no one was paying attention to that. Some publishing figures are blaming it on the computer, on Oprah Winfrey, on the dumbing-down of electronically bred America, on the death of independent booksellers. And if the whole list isn't selling well, the first ones to go are the mid-list authors, the people that are always reviewed and often praised but rarely make back their advances. New authors are cheap; Michael Crichton's sales can finance an entire imprint.

So what is Michael Naumann doing here? He's come to American publishing in the midst of the book-selling crisis and spent a lot of money on *literary* writers. On the spring list, he's got Philip Kerr's *Esau,* the author of which Naumann self-servingly called the next Crichton, and a book by Arlie Hochschild about why Americans like work better than home, and that Pynchon book. They could, with the right publicity push, be big. But he needs them to be, to finance the publication of some very New York–sophisticate novellas by Francine Prose; of Tibor Fischer's latest; of a book by Emmanuel Carrère translated from the French.

Roger Straus told him to his face he's crazy, but calls him "a smart cookie" behind his back. "He's probably paid top dollar to establish the imprint in America, which had been fairly well tarnished before he got there, but it's being done with considerable foresight." Other publishers are reportedly resentful of the new competition, and claim he's pushing prices up. But Naumann says he has been given no more of a budget than Quinson had, and denies he's naïvely overextending.

"I make some people angry because I get books that didn't used to come this way," he says. "I don't say that Scribner or Houghton Mifflin or Random House or Riverhead deserves my anger or my wrath. For Heaven's sake, this is a marketplace, and you sometimes win and you sometimes lose and you sometimes make major mistakes and hopefully those major mistakes are compensated by surprise hits."

"PEOPLE THINK I AM EITHER NUTTY **OR AN IDEALIST.** ANOTHER THING, **ALMOST AN** INVECTIVE, THAT'S **DIRECTED AT ME** IS THAT I'M AN **INTELLECTUAL."**

Some books Naumann has lost: the DeLillo novel *Underworld,* for one, which went to Scribner for $1.3 million for American rights alone. Philip Roth's new novel ("It may not be his best novel, but it's certainly one of his best," Naumann says. "Who can say what his best book will be?") to Houghton Mifflin for $800,000. A book on dyslexia that went for $1.2 million (Naumann dropped out at $200,000). "Nobody has to explain to me what the right market price for a given book is," he says. "I have to read, if I may say so, a goddamn bottom line."

He paid $2.2 million for Salman Rushdie's new novel and part of his backlist, a decision he defends staunchly. "Rushdie was a political decision, as well as a highly sane literary decision. The numbers that are being floated around usually do not take into account that I bought a major segment of his backlist. *The Satanic Verses* does not exist in England in paperback, so we do export books, you know," he says meaningfully. He actually offered less than Scribner for Tibor Fischer's *The Collector Collector.* "Michael was the underbidder as far as advance went, but he has such a creative marketing plan that he was willing to put in the contract I took $10,000 less," says Sanford Greenberger agent Liz Ziemska. "I'm sick of hearing from publishers, 'I don't know how to market this.' It's very boring to publish duplicates."

If Naumann is duplicating anything, it's his list from Rowohlt, which had an embarrassment of riches in terms of American authors. Auster, Brodkey, and Pynchon all continue to be published by Rowohlt, as well as smaller authors Naumann is trying to promote: Siri Hustvedt (Auster's wife), Colum McCann, Colm Toíbín. These authors are current and former clients, but more than that, they are his friends. He's already begun to network.

"He was in Paul Auster's house one evening and the producer of *Smoke* was there so Michael started talking up my novel *Songdogs,*" says McCann, in a lilting Irish accent. "The next week I had a phone call from the producer Peter Newman saying he wanted to option my novel. Michael published me here and in Germany and also got me a film deal—I feel like I owe him an awful lot."

Naumann has settled easily into New York because he already knew many of the major players here. He met Harold Brodkey outside Roger Straus's office, back before Straus and Naumann were competitors, in an unforgettable encounter.

"I said, 'You must be Harold Brodkey,' and he said, 'Yes,' and so we talked a little, and I told him I admired his work and, alas, that I hadn't got the German rights to the work, and then I went on to Roger. We had our talk and then it got dark, and it started to rain, and I walked many blocks down Broadway and I couldn't get a cab because when the first drop of rain falls in New York it's an automatic switch—OFF DUTY. So I was hailing cabs, no one would stop, and then a cab, which was obviously full, stopped, and it was Harold

BELL, BOOK, AND CAMERA: WITH ESSAYIST BELL HOOKS, SIGNING *BONE BLACK.*

Photograph by Heather Kern.

Brodkey in it. He said, 'Let's take this guy along.' As I stepped in he looked at me and said, 'I know you,' and I said 'Yeah, we just met, you're Harold Brodkey,' and he said, 'Yeah, you're the German guy.' And he thought this was so funny and I did too, so we went to the Algonquin and got sloshed."

He smiles. "This is long before he was ill."

Brodkey moved from Random House to Holt in his waning months. "Harold wanted Michael to publish all his work," says Ellen Brodkey. "Once he learned Michael was going to publish here in New York, that was the important thing for Harold." Agents who worked with Naumann in Germany also say he knows what he's doing. If the impossible is possible—to create a new literary imprint in the publishing doldrums—it's Michael who will do it. Paul Auster says: "The struggle to swim against the tide of immense commercialism everywhere is extremely difficult. If anyone can do it, he can."

BUT EVEN HIS FANS ARE not quite sure it's possible. There's been a lot of gossip: He didn't make back John Lanchester's $100,000 advance for the heavily marketed *The Debt to Pleasure* (Naumann says 65,000 copies have been sold); he paid too much for Rushdie; America is just too big for a German publisher. There's an open question about the performance of the books he's publishing, whether he can succeed commercially and artistically at the same time. At the moment, everyone's saying, *Let's wait and see,* but they're thinking, *No.* "The tenor seems to be that of the smart Americans sneering at the rube: 'Who does he think he is? He thinks he can do here what he did in Europe,' " says Ellen Brodkey. "Instead of being thrilled that there's somebody willing to do this work, there's all this sniping and jealousy."

"I think it's an idealistic quest," says scout Chandler Crawford, who brought books to Naumann at Rowohlt. "Somebody has to have ideals in this business, and I'm glad it's Michael." "It's idealistic in the best sense," says Janklow & Nesbit agent Cynthia Cannell. Or Todd Gitlin: "I thought we shared a view of the calling of publishing and in particular that it was a calling."

The white knight of publishing, there to save authors and editors from slaving away on unworthy manuscripts? Morgan Entrekin offers a rare, sensible appraisal: "What Michael Naumann is doing is paying a lot of money for very, very good writers, serious literary writers who are going to be around and selling for 50 years." With the Salman Rushdie acquisition, Naumann ensured interest in his success or failure for at least the next year. By signing up Paul Auster, an old friend whose career he made in Germany, he made it clear Holt was going to be a house to be reckoned with.

He keeps mentioning the bottom line, as if anticipating the criticism. He also tries to be humble, asking only—if it is an only—that the reader be satisfied. "All I'm trying to do is apply a little of the know-how I brought along from publishing in a very different market, an easier market, in Germany, to this company. And I'm being helped in doing that because the books that I used to publish, and lots of the friends that I made in this industry, were Americans," Naumann says.

"THE TENOR SEEMS TO BE THAT **OF THE SMART** AMERICANS **SNEERING AT** THE RUBE: 'WHO **DOES HE THINK** HE IS?' " SAYS **ELLEN BRODKEY.**

"He's signed up some notable writers, which would give any list a boost, building on the strengths of the place. He doesn't need to reinvent it entirely," says Knopf editor Gary Fisketjon. "We're all in competition, but I always think if the level of play is higher, everybody in the game is going to be playing better."

In five years, Naumann may be ready to really compete with Knopf, which Mehta turned into a powerhouse in eight, and he's already regularly vying for books like Gloria Naylor's with Scribner and Viking. Nan Graham took over Scribner two years ago, and already has two of the eight books on the New York *Times* end-of-year list. For literary fiction, that's about as good as it gets. Maybe all it takes is taste plus time.

TO MICHAEL NAUMANN, THE goal is simple. "I'd like to try to contribute to an enterprise that is successfully on an intellectually and literarily satisfying level. I want all, hopefully millions, of our readers to close a book that we've published with the feeling that they've made the right buy."

Like several of his stories, this has a deceptively camera-ready appearance. He's talking about books as a basic commodity, Holt as a manufacturer that should have satisfaction guaranteed. But he believes in the transformative power of literature, and that's what he's really trying to sell.

"What keeps me in this business is, I'd like to publish books that I find not only enjoyable but of such kind as could change your life," Naumann says. "My life has been changed by books—anyone who looks back to earliest socialization finds that their life has been changed by books!" His voice rises for emphasis. "In my case, it was *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*—can you imagine?"

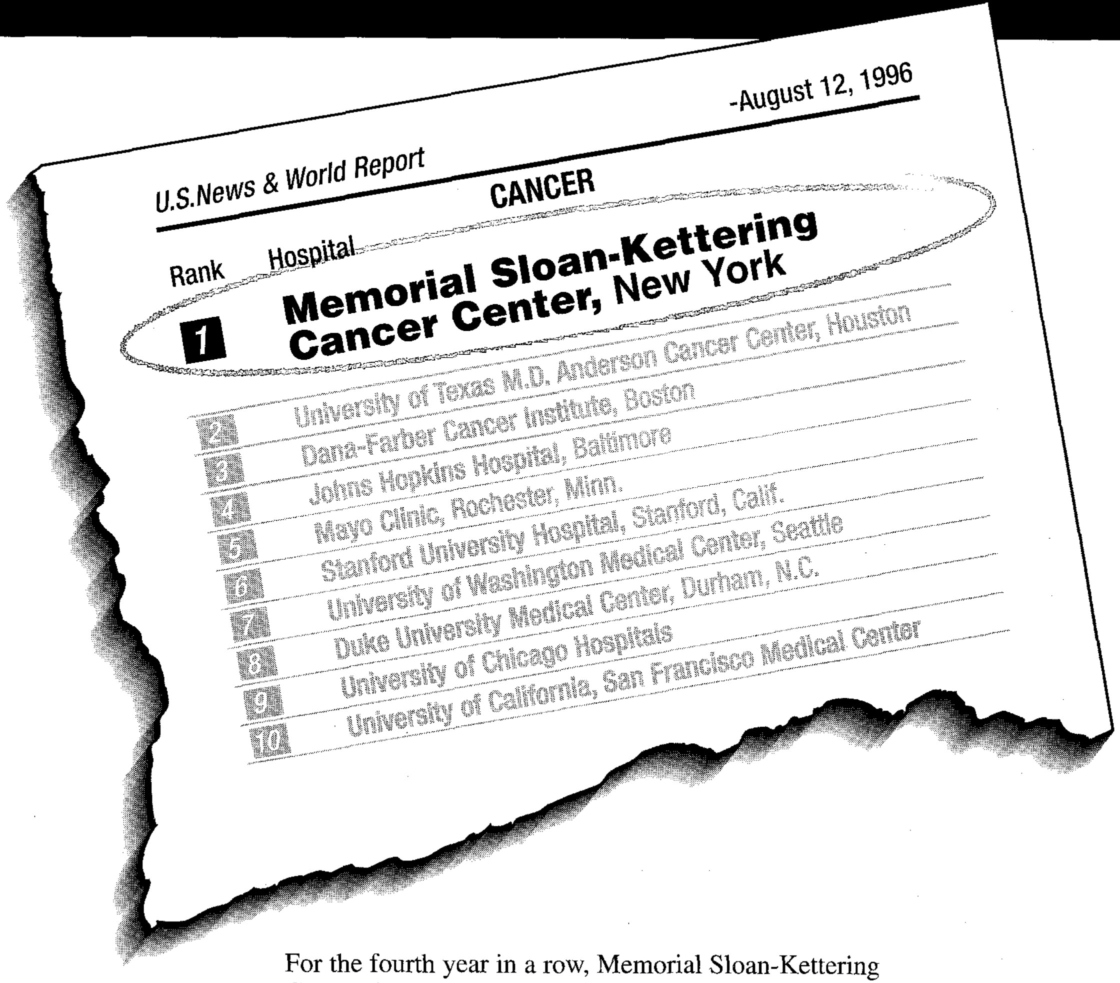
At the age of 8, Naumann read Mark Twain, borrowed from a library in East Germany that was stocked before the socialist government took over. Eight years later, he played on those same islands in the Mississippi, a German exchange student near Hannibal, Missouri, learning for the first time about all-American tastes.

"You may think this is ridiculous, but the Midwest does provide the values. Not the values of Dole and other people who don't adhere to them, but perseverance, benevolence, openness, fairness, the joyful competitiveness. All these things you find in small communities in the Midwest."

As in Mark Twain, this statement has a combination of canniness and corniness uniquely suited to an appreciation of the American scene. Maybe Naumann understands America better than anyone thinks, straddling the high-low divide: motorcycle, Ph.D.; Hannibal, the Berkshires. He's an intellectual; he's a businessman; but it's all in the service of literature.

"How you really find out whether in fact this is a great book or not is, what does the writer want? Can you see it? Does the writer only want to be a best-selling author? Then forget it. These are not the kind of books that we would publish. But nevertheless it is quite true that —best-selling authors must know this— that their work sustains poetry." ▬

Where do you get the best cancer care anywhere?



U.S.News & World Report

-August 12, 1996

CANCER

Rank	Hospital
1	**Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, New York**
2	University of Texas M.D. Anderson Cancer Center, Houston
3	Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, Boston
4	Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore
5	Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.
6	Stanford University Hospital, Stanford, Calif.
7	University of Washington Medical Center, Seattle
8	Duke University Medical Center, Durham, N.C.
9	University of Chicago Hospitals
10	University of California, San Francisco Medical Center

For the fourth year in a row, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center has been ranked the number one center for cancer care in America by *U.S.News & World Report.*

This is in recognition of our commitment to provide the best care for all of our patients. And recognition of the quality and caring attitude of our staff.

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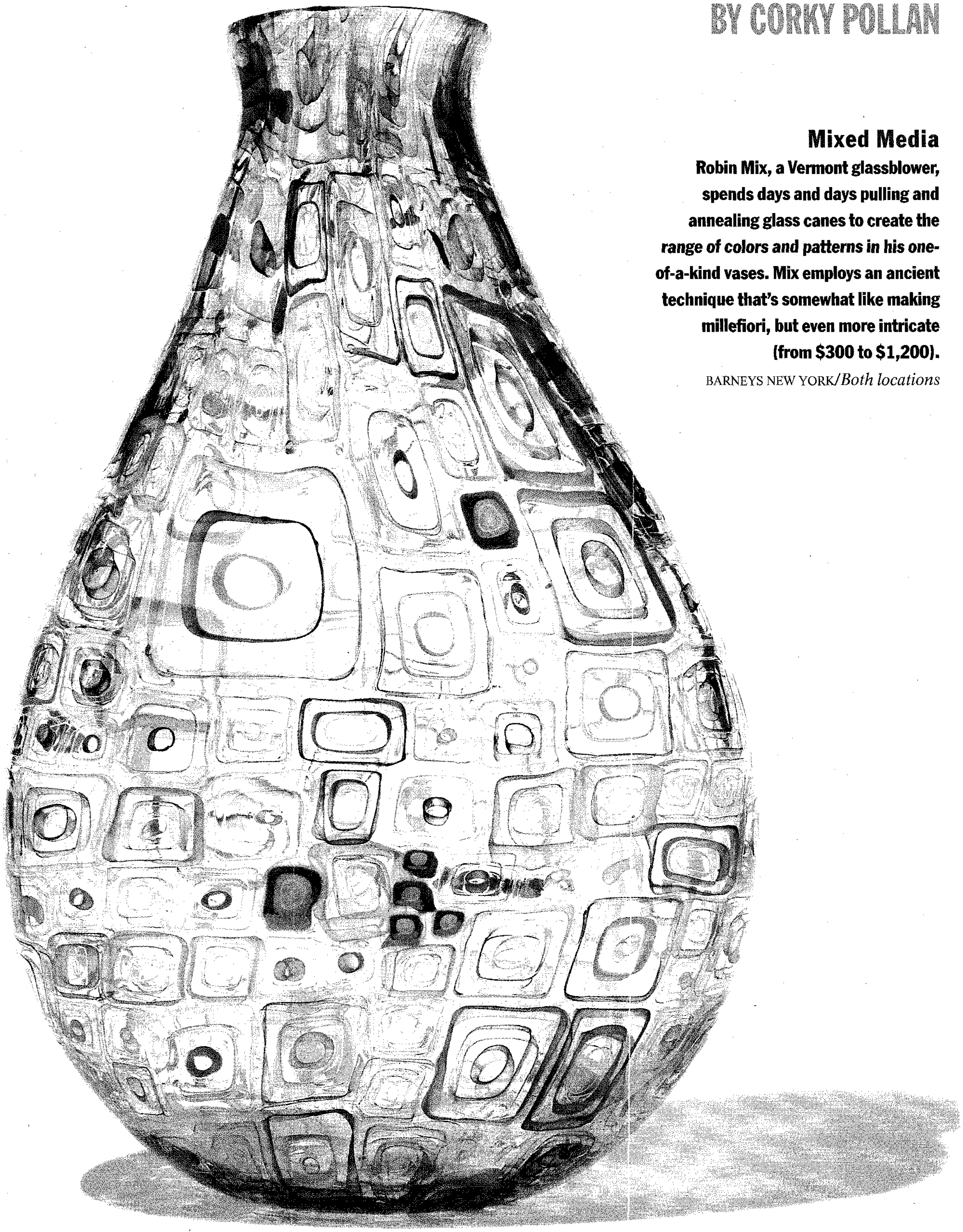
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Mixed Media

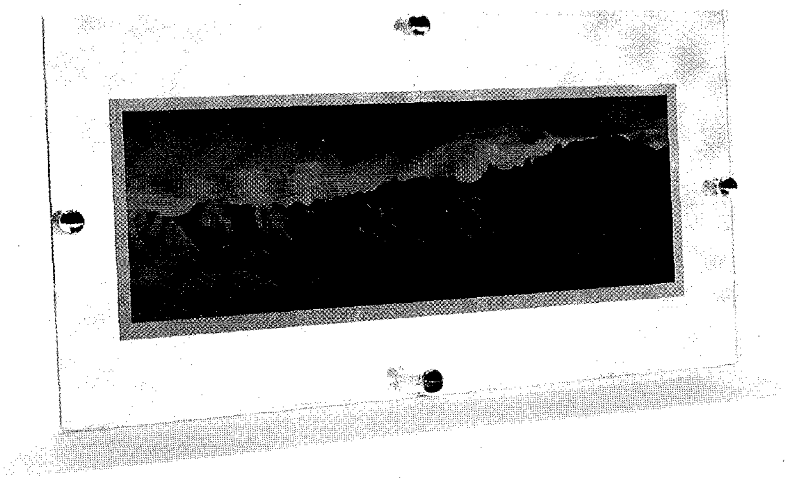
Robin Mix, a Vermont glassblower, spends days and days pulling and annealing glass canes to create the *range of colors and patterns in his one-of-a-kind vases.* Mix employs an ancient technique that's somewhat like making millefiori, but even more intricate (from $300 to $1,200).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Both locations*

Wide Spread

Want to snap the Great Wall of China? Pull out your panoramic camera (costly or disposable) and click away. That's the easy part. The hard part is finding a proper-size frame—not too short or too wide—for displaying your finished photos. That's why Boom Design (a California company known for sleek desk accessories) created this stylish panoramic frame made of stainless steel and Plexiglas ($35).

ECLECTIC HOME/*224 Eighth Avenue, near 21st Street/255-2373*



For the *Un*accidental Tourist

As a Ford model, Laina Pecora Schechtman had to travel constantly, but she could never find the ideal case to hold all the cosmetics and necessities she needed on the job. So she devised the Gotta Go travel kit. Though no bigger than an ordinary makeup bag, it still manages to contain 21 little plastic bottles for all those creams, cleansers, lotions, splashes, gels, conditioners, powders, and potions you can't seem to leave home without. Gotta Go also comes with a funnel and a pump for transferring liquids into bottles; a Velcro pouch for toothbrushes, razors, nail files, and cotton balls; and identification labels so you know everything is ($39.99).

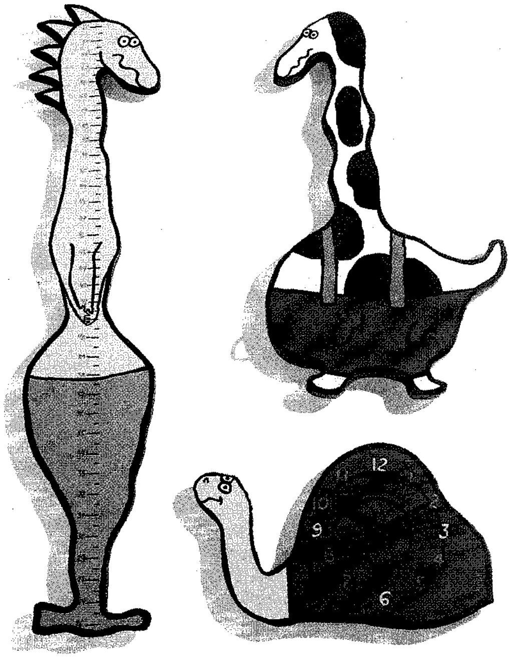
RICKY'S/*590 Broadway, near Houston Street/226-5552*

Happy Hookers

These coat racks are so kid-friendly, they just might do the impossible—get little ones to hang up their own jackets. Each piece is jigsawed out of wood and hand-painted by Tommy, a New York artist. She makes clocks, too, that are just as quirky and whimsical (from $18 for a worm key rack to $46 for a giraffe coatrack).

CITYKIDS NY/*37 West 20th Street/Sixth floor/620-0906*

COZY'S CUTS FOR KIDS/*1125 Madison Avenue, at 84th Street/744-1716*



Celestial Clockwork

Plagued by **New Year's irresolution?** *Find solace in the stars, the advice of a career shrink, or the soothing tick of a* **classic pocket watch.**

THE STRAND BOOK STORE'S RECENTLY opened annex near the South Street Seaport is jam-packed with curious finds like *The Secret Language of Birthdays,* which retails for $34.95 but is $25.95 here. *Strand Book Annex, 95 Fulton St. (732-6070); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 8:30–8, Sat.–Sun. 11–8.*

Meanwhile, in midtown, the January sale at the MOMA Book Store has discounts including the following: *Herb Ritts: Work* was $125, now $87.50; *Jews: America—A Representation* was $75, now $49.95. *MOMA Book Store, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9700); all major credit cards; Sat.–Wed. 11–6:30, Thurs. and Fri. till 9; 12/26–1/31; or while supplies last.*

Hot Seconds

TWICE A YEAR, THIS RESALE SHOP BECOMES A de facto designer outlet with used clothing by Donna Karan, Calvin Klein, Tahari, and others priced as follows: Blouses, sweaters, pants, and skirts are $10; blazers, $20, dresses, $30, suits, $35. *A Second Chance, 1133 Lexington Ave., near 79th St. (744-6041); M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5; starts 1/6; while supplies last.*

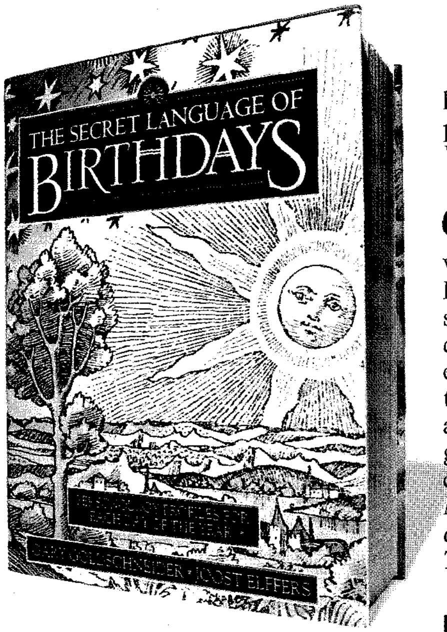
Garden Party

GATHER YE PLANT BULBS WHILE YE MAY—the Horticultural Society of New York is having a sale. Seed packets are 50 cents apiece (usually $1.29–$2.29); all plants are 20 percent off; and Burpee-designed garden and seed starter kits are 50 percent off. *Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. (757-0915); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 1/6–1/10.*

Card Game

CONSIDER IT A PASSPORT TO BARGAIN ROMPing in SoHo: This little card entitles you to discounts and deals at 75 spots in the environs, including Kate's Paperie, Savoy, Product, Nicole Miller, Steven Alan, Thompson Chemists, and Zona. All proceeds from the $40 card benefit the SoHo Partnership. *Send check to SoHo Partnership, 114 Greene St., New York, N.Y. 10012. For information, call Jill Kohler at 274-0550, ext. 17; cards expire one year from date of purchase.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks *before* the sale. *Only* sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Find *The Secret Language of Birthdays* and other diversions at the Strand's Seaport annex.

Point Proven

SYBARITISM AND FRUGALITY NEED NOT BE mutually exclusive. Proving the point, the salon Dorit Baxter is shaving $81 off the following package: an hourlong body massage, an herbal body wrap, and a facial, was $180, now $99. *Dorit Baxter, 47 W. 57th St., suite 301 (371-4542); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 9–8; through 2/15.*

Kid Stuff

PARENTS: GATHER ANYTHING YOU THINK DEfines your small fry—photos; a list of favorite activities, snacks, sayings; whatever. Then send it to Cape Cod–based artist Michelle Weinberg. She'll incorporate it all into a whimsical, almost kitschy collage. Through February, the works are 20 percent off. *For information, call Michelle Weinberg at 888-310-1017.*

Gold, Mine

WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD—A DOWNTOWN Eden of domestic wares that are high on style, low on pretension—is now discounting everything up to 40 percent. For example, slipcovered sofas, chairs, and ottomans are 20 percent off; floor samples are 30 percent off. China, linen, and glassware are marked down at varying discounts. *Wolfman-Gold & Good, 117 Mercer St. (431-1888); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 11–6, Thurs. till 7, Sun. 12–5; 1/11–1/17.*

Liquid Assets

THE BEST DEAL WE FOUND AT THIS EMPORIum for potables was those classic eight-ounce glass bottles of Coke for 58 cents apiece (cases were $15.49, now $13.99). The bottled water is priced no better than at your local Korean deli, but the selection of more than 500 kinds of beer is probably not something you'll find at your average corner store. *New York Beverage, 428 E. 91st St. (831-4000); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–9:30, Sun. 12–7; through 1/12.*

Brass in Pocket

IF YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A RETRO pocket watch, Stardust Antiques now has several dozen at 20 percent off. Watches that were $100–$500 are now $80–$400. *Stardust Antiques, 38 Gramercy Park, on 21st St. (677-2590); all major credit cards; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–6; through 1/31.*

Help Wanted

WISNIK CAREER STRATEGIES, EXPERTS IN rescuing the vocationally confused, are now offering 25 percent off a job-search package that includes counseling sessions, résumé review, career-assessment tests, and a customized action plan. Normally $500, it's now $375. *Wisnik Career Strategies Inc., 200 Park Ave. So., suite 1101 (598-9600); through 2/15.* ■

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

CLASS ACTS

The Rewards of Higher Education

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Christy Casamassima
EDITOR

Richard Mantel
DESIGN DIRECTOR

Lory Conklin
RESEARCH

Scott Hunt, InkWell, Inc.
DESIGN PRODUCTION

Photography
TOM ARMA

BY TOM SOTER

New York is a living classroom comprised of motivated students of all ages. Driven by curiosity about the world they inhabit, a desire to be creative, or a yen to make more money, Manhattan's continuing ed students are taking advantage of both degree and non-degree programs that promise to expand their knowledge years after college.

Returning students, generally in their 30s and 40s (and increasingly in their 50s and 60s), are electing to take a range of classes, from creative writing, internet skills, and wine tasting to public speaking, graphics, and interior design.

So, if you're looking to master a new skill, enhance your job performance, or re-charge your creative batteries, read on.

Lee Seham was a lawyer who wanted to make people laugh. James Rottner was a social services employee who wanted to sharpen his job skills. And Miriam Sirota was an actress who wanted to avoid waiting tables to pay the rent. What did they all have in common? They went back to school.

Seham, 34, studied stand-up comedy at The New School and honed an act that nearly got him an appearance on The Oprah Winfrey Show (the taping was canceled because of a monster Chicago snowstorm). Rottner, 44, spent every Saturday for two years at Baruch College earning a degree in public administration. And Sirota, 26, bypassed the waitress route by becoming a real estate salesperson through New York University School of Continuing Education's accelerated New York Real Estate Salesperson's Course. She closed over $1 million dollars in sales last year.

"I was trying to find something that would work with my acting career," recalls Sirota. "I didn't want to wait tables, and it was always difficult at office jobs to get away for auditions. I needed flexibility but also wanted something creative."

Some students desire to experiment with an artistic outlet or hobby. "I wanted to do something creative after-hours," says Seham about his stand-up stint. "I was forced to expend creative juices that normally would expire by coming home and watching TV."

Many enroll for professional reasons. Rottner, an operations manager in the AIDS services division of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, earned a master's degree through Baruch's accelerated weekend program, and gained the tools to increase his job productivity.

For others, the love of learning is an ongoing commitment to personal development—from learning to whip up a perfect soufflé to mastering a foreign language, to earning a professional degree. What follows are popular courses in the top four areas:

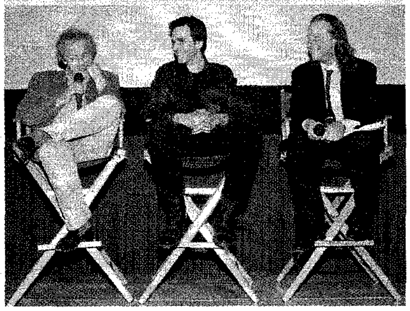
Performing Arts

Have you ever wondered: Am I funnier than Jerry Seinfeld? A better actor than Meryl Streep? A more spirited dancer than Mikhail Baryshnikov? If you've always harbored a secret desire to perform, you can test your artistic ambitions in a friendly forum: a classroom. New York is a mecca for starving artists of all disciplines. Here, you will find superior classes in acting, comedy, improvisation, music, dance, and other performance fields. The Lucy Moses School for Music and Dance, a division of Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center, is one of many venues that offer a testing ground for would-be-stars. "Kaufman Kabaret," for example, allows students to put on their own cabaret show of Beatles tunes, while the Drama Group features public performances of scenes from great dramas and comedies.

"It's a big thing for people who did creative work in grade school or high school and don't have a career in it," explains Sean Hartley, acting director of education at Lucy Moses. "These individuals like to sing or perform but don't have an outlet. Here they get a little coaching, a little focus, and then they can invite their friends to see them perform."

If you like to perform, but don't have a creative outlet, there's a class out there for you.

Ralph Appelbaum's Filmmakers' Dialogue *is the premiere film series in New York. Now in its 16th year, the series previews important new films with the filmmakers on hand for a discussion afterwards. This past season, the series was the first to screen* Michael Collins, Sleepers, Some Mother's Son, The Mirror Has Two Faces, The Ghosts of Mississippi, The Crucible, *and* Jerry Maguire. *Past guests who have shared their insight into the filmmaking process include Jeff Bridges, Michael Caine, Daniel Day-Lewis, Danny DeVito, Clint Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Dennis Hopper, Ron Howard, and Gwyneth Paltrow. This spring, students have a choice of 12 Tuesday or Wednesday evenings, starting Feb. 11, 1997.*



Director Jim Sheridan, actor Daniel Day-Lewis, and moderator Ralph Appelbaum (l to r).

ine Arts

Courses in interior design and computer graphics are among today's more practical fine arts offerings. The New York School of Interior Design is one of many institutions offering degree and non-degree courses for the professional hoping to expand his or her knowledge. "CAD Level 1" is typical: an introduction to the use of the computer as a design and drafting tool for interior design.

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Fashion design is also in vogue, with professionals signing up to gain new skills and amateurs carving out new careers. The Fashion Institute of Technology has 8,000 part-time students who study tailoring, jewelry design, menswear, photography, textiles, and pattern-making. "There are a lot of people coming back for refresher courses and others who come for personal development," says

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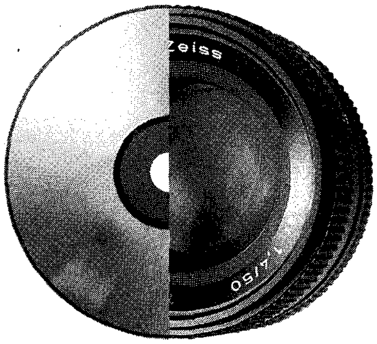

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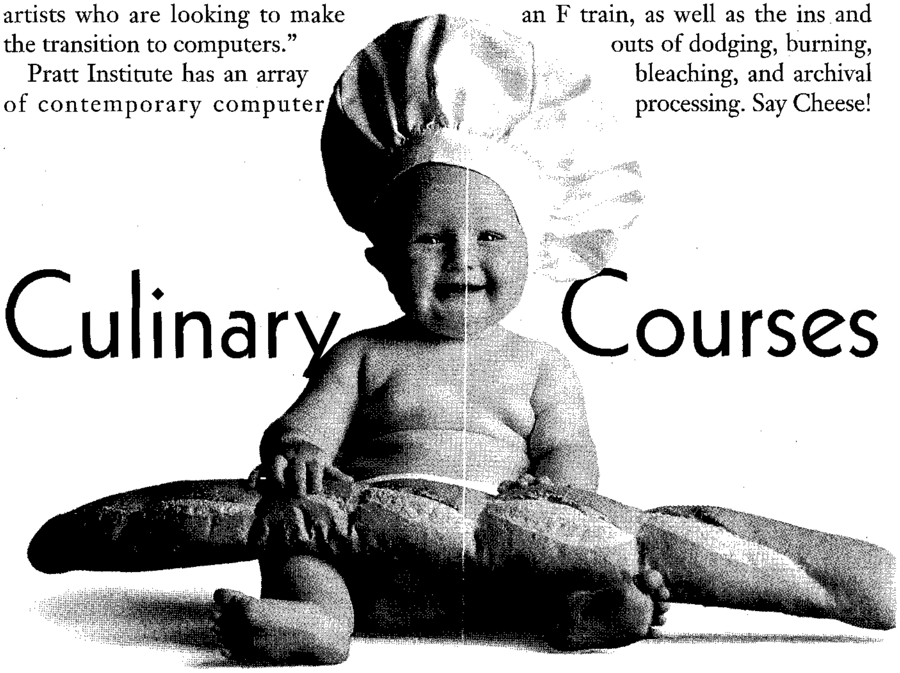
Stayton Wood, vice president for student affairs at FIT.

Computer graphics courses are also on the upswing. Parsons' "Exploring the Digital Canvas," for instance, offers lessons in drawing, painting, and special effects on the Photoshop software program to experienced professional artists. "No two people's work looks the same," says instructor Mark Kaplan. "The glory of it is you're not looking at scanned images. This is a good course for experienced fine artists who are looking to make the transition to computers."

Pratt Institute has an array of contemporary computer graphics and design programs, too, including the popular "Multimedia," a course that shows students how to work with text, graphics, animation, and sound to create cutting-edge two-dimensional presentations.

Those who want to try their skills with a camera often end up at the School of Visual Arts. Award-winning photographer Jay Manis teaches "Basic Photography," a popular introductory course in which novice students learn the difference between an F-stop and an F train, as well as the ins and outs of dodging, burning, bleaching, and archival processing. Say Cheese!

Culinary Courses



Many budding chefs or gourmands enjoy cooking and wine, but feel a need to learn more before dining at Lutèce, Nobu, or many exalted Manhattan eateries. Luckily, excellent courses about food and wine abound.

"We teach mostly young consumers," notes instructor Harriet Lembeck about "Wine for Dummies," a course offered by The New School. "Our courses try to take the mystery out of choosing a wine."

Hands-on culinary courses, including those at Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts and The French Culinary Institute, provide practical skills such as knife-handling, pastry-making and advanced culinary arts. The New School's culinary curriculum includes the ethnic offerings, "Introduction to Sushi" and "The Cooking of Malta" as well as "Low-Fat Spa-Style Cooking" and "Culinary Walking Tours."

The walking tours feature food history and, in the words of instructor Annie Hauck-Lawson, "help students look for the relationship between food and culture. When I do a walking tour of Polish Greenpoint in Brooklyn, I talk about how the neighborhood developed both historically and in terms of food. We talk about food symbols in the Polish-American community and how they are manifested in homes, churches, and stores."

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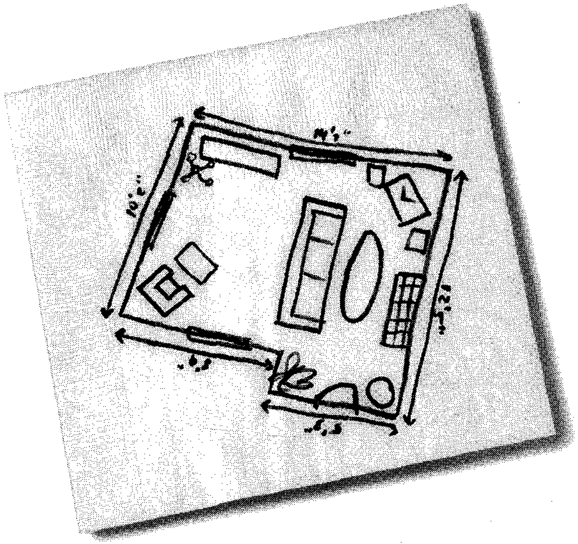
Those seeking certification programs often turn to Pace University. According to Bill Clutter, executive director of adult outreach programs, Pace's courses "help people who are sitting down for certification exams." Good at accounting? Try the CPA certification course. Need to learn the latest payroll procedures? Pace offers a certification class from the American Payroll Association. "For years, Pace trained the majority of accountants in New York," notes Clutter, who adds that many in other professions return for refresher courses.

Public speaking is the No. 1 phobia for most Americans. No wonder TalkPower's 19-hour weekend "Stress Seminars for Public Speaking" have found a growing adult audience. "We offer a series of sequential exercises that develop neural patterns in the brain," notes Natalie H. Rogers, TalkPower president. "This helps people to focus on themselves rather than on their fear of the audience. This process was developed over 20 years, and will transform a nervous, uncomfortable speaker into a fluent, confident presenter. It works for speeches, meetings, job interviews, even parties where you don't know anyone. It really can transform you."

Which is appropriate since, in the end, transformation is what most continuing education is all about, isn't it?



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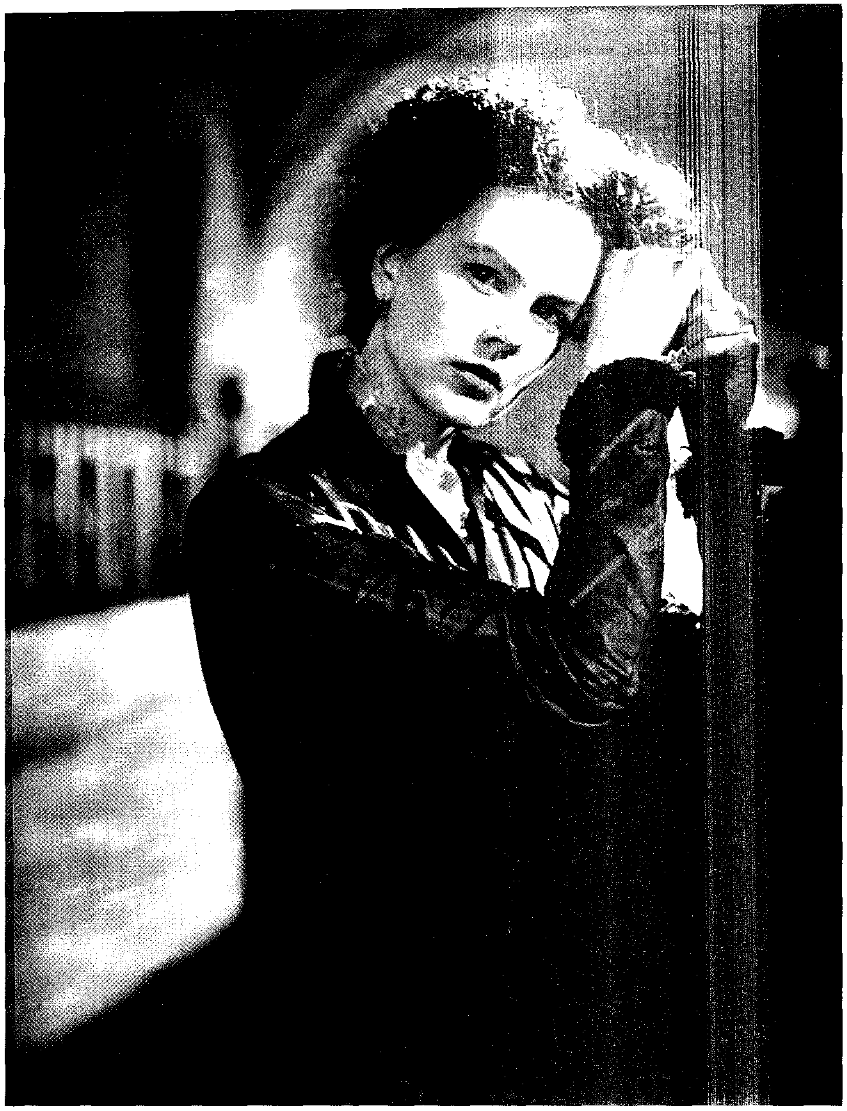

Nicole Kidman as Isabel Archer in *The Portrait of a Lady*: A sight more than a character.

MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Lady Stuck

Jane Campion's adaptation of 'The Portrait of a Lady' makes James's heroine a nineties-style feminist martyr.

IN HENRY JAMES'S *THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY,* the newly wealthy American, Isabel Archer, exercising her freedom in defiance of all common sense, makes a disastrous marriage to a dilettante and poseur—Gilbert Osmond, an American expatriate living in Italy with no ambition beyond perfecting his taste. In short order, Osmond drains Isabel's pocket, and her spirit. Some years into the marriage, Isabel sits in the magnificent Roman palace in which the two live (it is the 1870s), and James writes as follows:

"It was the house of darkness, the house of dumbness, the house of suffocation. Osmond's beautiful mind gave it neither light nor air; Osmond's beautiful mind, indeed, seemed to peep down from a small high window and mock at her. Of course it was not physical suffering; for physical suffering there might have been a remedy. She could come and go; she had her liberty; her husband was perfectly polite. He took himself so seriously; it was something appalling. Under all his culture, his cleverness, his amenity, under his good nature, his facility, his knowledge of life, his egotism lay hidden like a serpent in a bank of flowers."

On and on it goes, one extraordinary sentence after another, a review of Isabel's life, her ideals, her motives in marrying, all of it composed with an eloquence and an attentiveness to the nuances of experience and emotion perhaps without equal in American literature. Which brings us to the eternal pathos of film adaptations: writers and directors fall in love with great novels and then can't get more than a fraction of that love on the screen. In Jane Campion's **The Portrait of a Lady,** adapted by the screenwriter Laura Jones, there isn't a single word of James's famous summing-up. What appears in the Roman scenes is interesting and physically impressive, but almost meaningless: We see the sullen predominance of Osmond (John Malkovich), now absurdly wearing a Renaissance cape and skullcap, lording it over poor Isabel (Nicole Kidman), who, angry but too frightened to assert herself, walks through her opulent rooms in a cloud of misery. Osmond's pretensions and his self-seriousness are telegraphed well enough by the clothes and by Malkovich's caressingly hostile manner. Kidman's erect slenderness is stiffer than earlier in the movie (her head with its piled auburn hair now seems balanced precariously on her spinal column), and her eyes dart nervously here and there. There is some physical eloquence in the settings and in Wojiech Kilar's music. But we are puzzled. How did Isabel get stuck with such a monster in the first place? What is she thinking? Why does she stay with him? She seems a mere victim, and readers of the book will miss the intellectual fire of James's heroine as well as the flowing commentary that makes Isabel's situation so moving. A more expressive actress than Nicole Kidman might have conveyed something else—a greater consciousness, perhaps—but the absence of words would finally have done anyone in.

Yes, it is unfair to compare a movie to the classic book it is based on, but reading the book can sometimes help one understand what has gone wrong in a movie. This adaptation sticks to James's plot, and much of it is extremely beautiful: Photographer Stuart Dryburgh (who worked with Campion on *The Piano*) shoots Florentine gardens and churches with subdued magnificence. The movie is not stiff or literal—on the contrary, it is overflowing with visual ideas. But despite a few playful moments, *Portrait* is essentially a solemn art exercise, not a work of art. It lacks wit, fire, and intelligence; it is heavy-spirited, and serious about women in a way that has more to do with contemporary feminism at its most melodramatic than with James's paradox of extreme freedom leading to extreme imprisonment.

There is a peculiar prelude in which contemporary Australian girls, posed languorously in a forest, muse

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about their romantic hopes. The sequence, in every way a disaster, is meant to establish what Isabel, in an earlier, more discreet age, could not have openly expressed about desire. When the movie gets going, Isabel is ensconced at the estate of her wealthy American cousins in England, the Touchetts, and is already refusing her first proposal—from Lord Warburton (Richard E. Grant), an extremely wealthy English aristocrat. Kidman, covered to the neck in a black dress, stares angrily, as if affronted by the offer of marriage to a lord. Campion gives us immense close-ups, as if the actors could tell us everything without words. But they cannot tell us everything.

Campion and screenwriter Jones ignore James's brilliant social comedy—the witty play of English and American customs, the perfect manners that yield confrontations more bruising than anything we moderns, with our alleged directness, ever approach. Instead, Campion alternates those empty close-ups with dreamlike episodes in which Isabel seems lost amid her own highly decorated fantasies. The gardens and churches she walks through become areas of rich, dark color and alternating patches of light and shadow; she appears to be searching for sexual release at the center of a maze of discomfort. She has fantasies of her various suitors—the men she has haughtily rejected—making love to her all at once. James's social comedy (which leads to a kind of tragedy) has been transformed into a tale of erotic frustration.

Drifting and inarticulate, Isabel doesn't quite seem there, and her relationship with Osmond isn't there either. Malkovich, of course, has been playing Osmond all his life, and the manipulative, insinuating manner, the quirks and malevolent shifts of attention and emphasis, have become irritatingly familiar. Malkovich gets one part of Osmond very well—his way of never seeming to do anything wrong or aggressive while efficiently draining the life out of everyone he touches. But Osmond is supposed to be charming, and Malkovich, dark-bearded, with glinting eyes set in a frightening skull, seems like a creep and a phony—Mephistopheles in a dressing gown—from the start. The movie collapses for the most commonplace reasons: We can't imagine what Isabel sees in him; we can't imagine why Madame Merle (Barbara Hershey), Isabel's vaguely sinister and compromised older friend, who schemes with Osmond, is in his thrall.

The way Laura Jones and Jane Campion have refashioned the material, Isabel isn't really a heroine. Or rather: She's a visual rather than a dramatic concept. Nicole Kidman has pale coloring, blue eyes, a small, libidinous mouth. She is extraordinary looking, and she can do certain things—blank defiance, sexual avidity—with startling intensity. Here, alas, she's playing a ninny. James had in mind something very different, and the changes are crippling. In the book, Isabel Archer is deluded less by inexperience than by an overdeveloped sense of honor. In the movie, Isabel seems a masochist and a fool—a woman merely afraid of her sexual desires, and therefore someone conventionally victimized by an earlier period's ideas about women. The audience can "understand" her, rage on her behalf, pity her—but she's been turned into a cliché. Nicole Kidman dressed all in white, ambling through an erotic fairyland of Florentine gardens, is a sight to see, but only a sight.

THE SIMPLE POINT OF ROB REINER'S **Ghosts of Mississippi** is that racism is still alive in the South—the ghosts of hatred, violence, and contempt will not rest. The movie chronicles the efforts of Myrlie Evers (Whoopi Goldberg), widow of slain civil-rights leader Medgar Evers, to bring to justice the odious Byron De La Beckwith (James Woods), who was tried twice for the murder of her husband in the sixties, both trials ending in a hung jury. In the late eighties, Myrlie finds an ardent young prosecutor, Bobby DeLaughter (Alec Baldwin), who fights to reopen the case. Despite the disapproval of all the white folks in Bobby's circle—the ghosts—he does go after the madly gleeful De La Beckwith, who had thought himself home free.

Ghosts is exceptionally well-meaning, but it's the kind of film that no one who is not actually a violent racist could argue with. Baldwin soberly explains the necessity of justice over and over, to his wife, to his boss, to his children, and after a while we begin to feel like children ourselves. The movie tries to turn boringness into a virtue. Every time Rob Reiner builds a little suspense, he goes off into a civics lesson, but he has nothing interesting to say. The only wild card—the only life—in the picture is Woods, who plays Beckwith as a brazen, wicked entertainer who is proud of having killed Medgar Evers; the murder is the great achievement of De La Beckwith's life, and he wants everyone to know it.

I've grown increasingly restive at such films as *Mississippi Burning, A Time to Kill,* and *Ghosts of Mississippi*. For white liberals, there is confusion over affirmative action, dismay over the underclass, a general sense that the races are growing farther apart. But this they know: There were bad people in the Deep South, and good whites finally went after them. All three films celebrate the heroism of white law officers in prosecuting racist killers. We can't do anything serious to improve race relations, but we can at least put *those* bastards in jail. The filmmakers are hugging themselves in a storm to make sure they're in one piece. This self-embrace may be comforting, but the winds still howl. ■

The princess bride: Sarah Jessica Parker makes for a relentlessly perky royal.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Off-Track Bedding

Sarah Jessica Parker hasn't enough muscle to carry 'Once Upon a Mattress.' Despite its brush with a rewrite, 'The Tooth of Crime' is ultimately toothless.

STARTING IN 1958 AS AN INTRAMURAL, ONE-hour show in a camp for incipient artists, **Once Upon a Mattress** was expanded into a modest Broadway hit the following year under George Abbott's direction. With music by Mary Rodgers (you-know-whose daughter) and lyrics by Marshall Barer, who collaborated on the book with Jay Thompson and Dean Fuller, it proved a thoroughly likable show, forever in favor with schools and stock companies—nothing to be ashamed of.

The book derives from Hans Christian Andersen's one-page fairy tale, in which a princess passes a sensitivity-cum-nobility test by spending a night atop twenty mattresses and twenty eiderdowns, unable to sleep because of a pea hidden under all that bedding. Having passed this somatic aptitude test devised by the queen, who doesn't want to yield up her son, the certified princess becomes the long-unmarried prince's bride.

The musical's book embroiders freely, inventing a whole court not allowed to marry before Prince Dauntless, even though most of its maidens are pregnant. It adds a subplot involving the mute, miming King Sextimus, the Minstrel, and the Jester, as well as a secondary couple, the ludicrously upright Sir Harry and his excruciated expectant sweetheart, Lady Larken. It also subtracts: There are now only mattresses, no eiderdowns (this is, after all, an inexpensive production), and the pea has been reduced to the smallest in the kingdom.

It is a silly-sweet show, good for brains of all sizes, from pea to pumpkin, its basic joke being that the heroine, Princess Winnifred, is a clunky young virago who somehow manages to elbow her way into princessliness. So the part made Carol Burnett a star then, and Sarah Jessica Parker a mistake now. Miss Parker has a perky, girlish presence, however butch she struggles to be, and a sweet, upward-striving voice, however much she tries to wrestle it down. She is more a tomtit than a tomboy, so where is the comic paradox? Now the scheming Queen Aggravain emerges as the liveliest character, even though Mary Lou Rosato plays her as a dyed-in-the-wool (twenty blankets' worth) villainess instead of the snooty *grande dame* she is meant to be.

The casting is mostly uninspired. David Hibbard is an unfunny Jester, and Lawrence Clayton a charmless Minstrel with a strained voice. Jane Krakowski's chunky Lady Larken would have worked better as Winnifred, and Tom Alan Robbins's wizard

(continued on page 62)

Photograph by Carol Rosegg/Joan Marcus.

Photograph by Michael Halsband/Outline.

Devil's food—cake? Marilyn Manson, from the band of the same name, is Mom and Dad's worst nightmare.

POP MUSIC **CHRIS NORRIS**

The Satanic Verses

Sticking to the classics—death, sex, the Devil—rocker Marilyn Manson has hit ground zero of the culture wars. Are we doomed?

SAYING THAT ROCK MUSIC HAS NO RELATION TO teenage wrongdoing greatly disrespects rock music. How can First Amendment crusaders, so vocal in this season of Beltway culture warriors and Larry Flynt, dismiss anything so potent as rock as if it were Kool-Aid, mere harmless empty calories? Just because it doesn't make kids burn down the high school (need we assert here that, in fact, it doesn't?) doesn't mean that the outrage, danger, and demonism that powers much rock isn't coming from—and going to—something real. Goofy though it may seem, the darkest, most determinedly "evil" rock does speak to youthful psychology. It has risks; it's part of life. Hence, it rocks.

Onto this darkling green strides Marilyn Manson: singer, band, and media scourge. Standing on the shoulders of giants (Black Sabbath, Alice Cooper), fueled by serious media wattage (major label MCA), Marilyn Manson has taken the tradition of dark and joyfully depraved pop statement to a new level. Crass, witty, and repellent, he has once again provided that much-needed quantity, a band that all parents can hate.

For a guy with a woman's name who likes to perform in a G-string and hernia truss, singer Manson gets a tremendous amount of respect. When his band toured Scotland, the Presbytery of Glasgow called on Christians to pray for "God's protection over the city." When Sam Goody and other chains stocked his album, Senator Joe Lieberman of Connecticut shrieked that they were "marketing death and degradation as a twisted form of holiday cheer." The Tickle Me Beelzebub has even earned the solemn consideration of the American Academy of Pediatrics, which urged the recording industry to adopt tougher content labels, making Manson surely the first rock singer to be deemed an actual health risk.

Marilyn Manson is big-time entertainment, gross-out Guignol for the masses, pitched low and straight down the middle. Trading in outrage and high-tech spectacle, the band has become the millennial Kiss, led by a man whose pursuit of scourge status is so single-minded that he serves as a minister in the Church of Satan, has torn up a Bible onstage, and makes no bones about coming from Fort Lauderdale. Manson's record **Antichrist Superstar** is, according to anti-gangsta-rap crusader C. Delores Tucker, "the dirtiest, nastiest porno record directed at youth that has ever hit the market." It is cool-sounding and ridiculous and thus has happily found its proper place, right next to Kenny G, at the very top of the charts.

Manson is a great American pop huckster, in the tradition of P. T. Barnum, Gene Simmons, and Larry Flynt. He has a magazine editor's eye for the zingy neologism, from his moniker, a James Ellroy–ish mix of bombshell and killer, to a song title like "Deformography" to the punk/rock-opera hybrid of his album title. He's at his best reveling in the ironies of media-powered, corporate-funded transgression, of his pride of place in the rebellion industry—yelling "You're such a dirty, dirty / Rock star" over distorted guitars.

Manson's thunder on *Superstar* comes from the studio wizardry of Nine Inch Nails' Trent Reznor, himself a token white foe of Empower America and architect of a strikingly new rock genre. A vast improvement over Marilyn Manson's chintzy and obvious 1994 debut, *Portrait of an American Family, Superstar* is an irresistible sonic funhouse. It mixes the compressed rage of death metal with the electro-sonic fascination of techno and industrial: runic mellotrons, scratchy synthesizers, diabolical squibbles, an endless maze of deeply *wrong*-sounding noises. As he proved on Nine Inch Nails' *The Downward Spiral,* Reznor is an expert at making very expensive music sound cheap and obscure, *(continued on page 62)*

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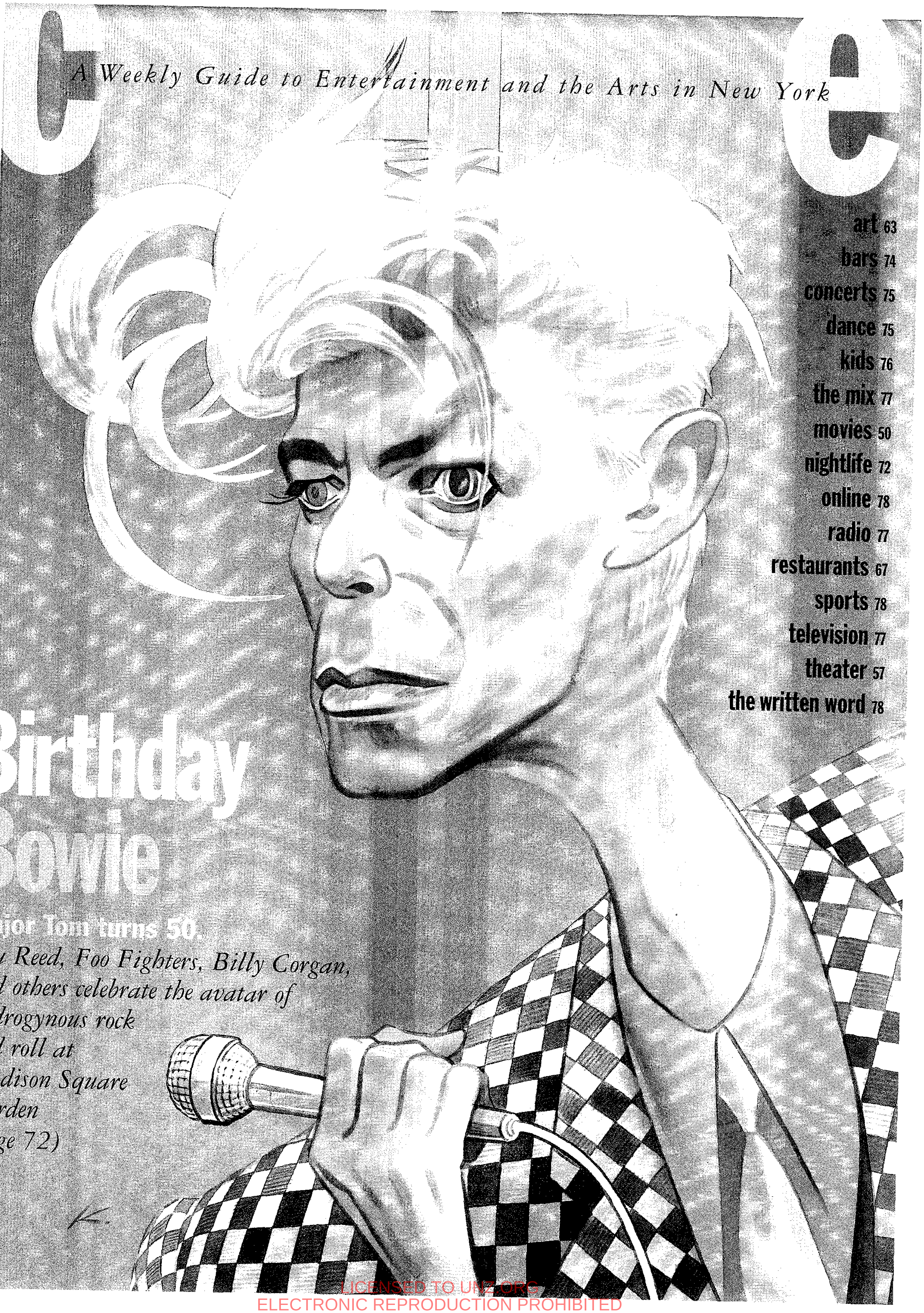
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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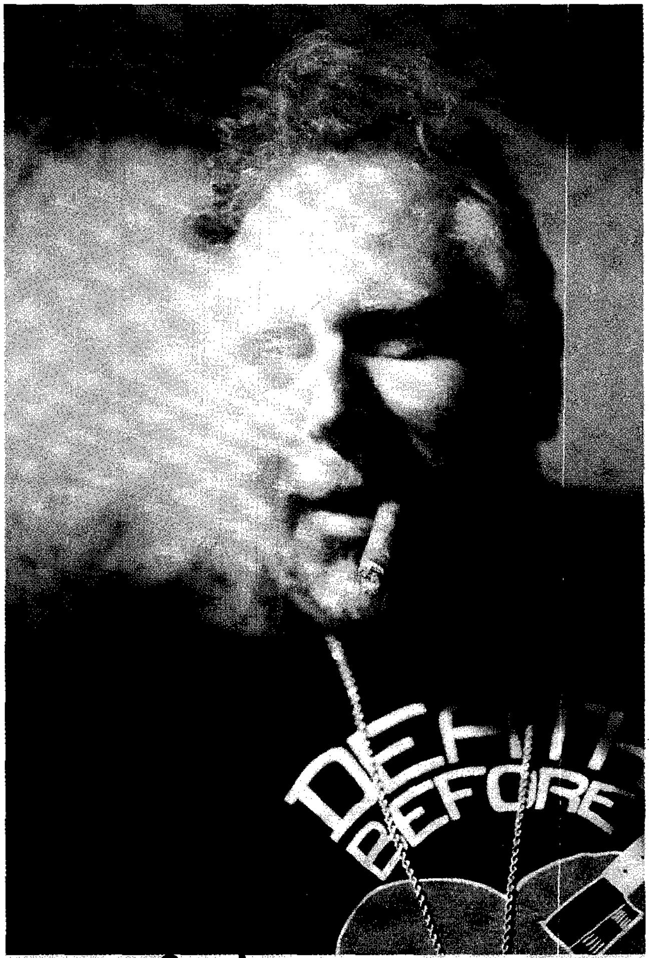
Birthday Bowie

Major Tom turns 50.

Lou Reed, Foo Fighters, Billy Corgan, and others celebrate the avatar of androgynous rock and roll at Madison Square Garden (page 72)

movies

French Teens at MoMA...*First Strike*



Opening Skin City

Just in time to capitalize on the media's embarrassing canonization of Larry Flynt comes *Screwed,* about New York's most infamous pornographer, Al Goldstein (above). Unlike Milos Forman's reverential biopic, Alex Crawford's documentary delves into the misogyny and emotional bankruptcy that surrounds *Screw* magazine and its iconoclastic CEO. Opening Friday at Cinema Village.

New Films

Beavis and Butt-head Do America—MTV's most famous losers embark on an ill-considered trek across the country. Directed by Mike Judge. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Big Night**—Gentleness in a movie can be the surest road to boredom, but the gentleness of this lovely comedy (directed by the actors Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott) is a form of strength. Sometime in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older brother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. Tucci and his collaborators have given *Big Night* the shape of a classic fable. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. But rebirth awaits—and possibly the development of a major writing-directing career. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

La Cérémonie—An upper-middle class family is thrown into turmoil when their new housekeeper (Sandrine Bonnaire) begins associating with a local postmistress (Isabelle Huppert) who loathes the bourgeoisie. Directed by Claude Chabrol. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Citizen Ruth—Laura Dern stars in this comedy about a single, glue-sniffing, brain-damaged woman whose desire to have an abortion sparks national debate. Directed by Alexander Payne. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's play about the Salem Witch Trials opened on Broadway in 1953, was revived a year later, and, appearing as it did at the height of the McCarthy period, must have made a powerful impression. Coming out now, the material requires some historical interpretation, or at least a point of view, and that's what it doesn't get. In the beginning, Salem's teenage girls rush from their beds at dawn and dance around a fire in the woods, and director Nicholas Hytner keeps his distance. The dance is meant to be an explosion of repressed sexuality (dancing is forbidden) but he doesn't let it explode. Discovered, and terrified of punishment, the girls accuse their elders of casting spells on them, and the Satan-haunted religious community of Salem instantly falls apart; anyone who has any kind of grievance against his neighbor hurls an accusation. The principal engine of the plot is Abigail (Winona Ryder), a young woman in love with John Proctor (Daniel Day-Lewis), a married farmer. Frustrated, and sure she can get Proctor back, Abigail becomes a vengeful hypocrite; she accuses Proctor's wife of witchcraft and destroys anyone else who gets in her way. This is strong stuff, but Hytner is more efficient than expressive; the shifts from fear to aggression happen all too quickly, without the half-steps, the hesitations, the nauseated sense of guilt that such conversions produce. Psychologically, the material is distant, rushed, jumbled; Hytner mounts the play as spectacle, but fails to frame any coherent interpretation of it. (Denby; 12/2/96) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Daylight—Sylvester Stallone is a New York City cabdriver who attempts to rescue trapped commuters from a crumbling tunnel filled with explosives. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**The English Patient**—Based on Michael Ondaatje's award-winning 1992 novel, this film is filled with images of great intensity—a fine poetic fervor—and also moments of great generosity and tenderness. The director, Anthony Minghella, is drawn to the erotic and spiritual allure of flesh, the texture of sand and rock and sky; he is drawn with equal force to the power of mercy. In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katherine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. The Italian scenes, however, are not merely a frame for the flashbacks: The two places, Tuscany and North Africa, stand as equals, each with its own stamp of pleasure and fear, each with its own visual motifs and characteristic life. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. After an embarrassingly masochistic performance in *Strange Days,* Ralph Fiennes has recovered his spirits; his count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN KASCHT
FOR *NEW YORK*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

not good-humored. As Katherine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin.*

The Evening Star—Shirley MacLaine reprises her role as crankpot Aurora Greenway in this sequel to *Terms of Endearment.* Directed by Robert Harling. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street Six.*

Evita—Eva Perón (Madonna), born in 1919 in a small town, escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. Under his protection, she becomes a political figure in her own right, a benefactress of the poor, a savior, a saint, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keeps her husband in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. Or something like that. The life of the actual Eva Perón is a black comedy of major proportions; it is a life that can sanely be approached only with irony—or with an exuberant appreciation of the grotesque. *Evita* is grotesque, all right, but it lacks even a tinge of self-awareness or wit. Nor is Eva Perón a fully articulated person with individual emotions. Dialogue might have humanized her, but writer-director Alan Parker sticks to the strategy that worked in the theater: Andrew Lloyd Webber's music is sung and played throughout. Parker and his team re-create postwar Argentina, and some of the detail is impressive—but this is a weird, terribly distant piece of moviemaking. Holding pictures of Evita, crowds appear at political rallies; gather outside the palace as she is dying; attend her funeral; engage in vague insurrectionary activities. The crowd throws itself into whatever attitudes are necessary to further the ritual of Evita's enshrinement. *Evita* is a kind of fascists' pseudo-opera: After a while, we realize that we're being pressed into that crowd of awestruck worshipers. We are treated not as an audience but as fans. Madonna's abilities, of course, are analogous to Evita's—both of them are great at manipulating imagery and publicity, both know how to build a personal following and reinvent themselves whenever boredom threatens to close in. They have endless audacity and zero authenticity, except as creatures of sheer will. The movie is about a myth and nothing else, and it is a uniquely nauseating spectacle. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Square.*

First Strike—Jackie Chan stars as a Hong Kong–based cop who must retrieve a missing nuclear warhead. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

★**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**—Vittorio De Sica's beautiful and heartbreaking film has been revived on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, and as much as ever leaves its audience shaken. In Ferrara, in the late years of the Fascist period, the Finzi-Continis, a family of aristocratic, land-holding Jews, live in an immense house set amid gardens and tennis courts, and from within this safety and enclosure seem barely aware of the horror gathering outside. The head of the family is some sort of scholar or antiquarian; his two grown children, Micol (Dominique Sanda) and Alberto (Hemut Berger), hothouse beauties, lie about the house in elegant tennis whites and silk gowns. Vaguely intellectual, vaguely incestuous, they seem no more than minimally interested in survival. The anti-Semitic laws give the Jews of Ferrara no place to play, so the Finzi-Continis open their gates: A number of handsome young people from Ferrara enter, including Giorgio (Lino Capolicchio), a middle-class boy who has loved Micol since childhood. Girogio's bourgeois family stays in much closer contact with political reality—but Giorgio, obsessively in love, never tries to save Micol; he thinks only of his passion for her. Micol has no sexual interest in the fair-haired, smooth, and gentle Giorgio (she takes up with a much coarser man); she's vague about everything but her determination to keep Giorgio out of her bed, and Giorgio's pursuit ends in one of cinema's great images of erotic exclusion as a naked Micol stares defiantly at her anguished admirer. The movie is so powerful because it looks back at a particular moment densely packed with anger, desire, perversity—a moment of preoccupation, furiously poised just before annihilation. Earlier in his career, in such postwar neorealist films as *Shoeshine* and *The Bicycle Thief,* De Sica had told stories of troubled and impoverished people living in the squalid Italian streets. *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis,* by contrast, is voluptuous and haunting. This kind of humanist filmmaking, with its attentiveness to relations and feelings, its sense of rootedness and leisure, and its obvious worship of beauty, has vanished from our movies as completely as the Jews have vanished from Ferrara. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ghosts of Mississippi—See David Denby, p. 46. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Ziegfeld.*

★**Hamlet**—In the new *Hamlet,* Kenneth Branagh is an extroverted prince, bold, brazen, often noisy, a man who dominates every conversation and enjoys putting people on. Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. When Hamlet tells Horatio of the king's drinking habits, we see Claudius (Derek Jacobi) rushing to the royal bedroom with Gertrude (Julie Christie), downing glass after glass of wine held out to him by uproarious courtiers. Everything is overscaled, huge, and hideously exposed (there is no place to hide: People spy through one-way mirrors). As the principals plot and scheme and manipulate one another, we are never allowed to forget that the future of the state is at issue. Claudius has not just killed Hamlet's father; he has denied Hamlet the throne. This Hamlet very much wants to be king. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance. Yet there are many brilliant moments. Branagh straightens out the sexual life of the court: Hamlet and Ophelia (Kate Winslet) have been to bed (Branagh shows the lovemaking), and they have a palpable physical need for one another. When they are wrenched apart by the meddling grown-ups, and Hamlet then mistakenly kills Polonius, Ophelia's insanity is deeply moving—not the usual wan flutter of Elizabethan butterfly wings but grief-struck rage in a padded cell. In all, the play has lost none of its anguish but much of its beautiful melancholy. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs. ; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

I'm Not Rappaport—Walter Matthau and Ossie Davis play two grave-dodgers who meet each day in Central Park and philosophize. Written and directed by Herb Gardner, who adapted from his Broadway play. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) *Regency.*

101 Dalmatians—Disney's live-action remake of the animated feature, with Glenn Close as Cruella De Vil. Directed by Stephen Herek. (1 hr. 43 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—In sports, everyone plays the same mental game: The obsession with winning hides its menacing twin, the obsession with losing. The sports agents in *Jerry Maguire* crash through the ceiling on jet blasts of energy. The huge amounts of money they can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none

Retrospective

Au Revoir les Enfants

Claire Denis's 'U.S. Go Home' (with G. Colin, A. Houri, and J. Tharaud, above) opens the French coming-of-age series "All the Boys and Girls of Their Age" (the Museum of Modern Art, January 10-20). For the program, which originally ran on French television, nine filmmakers were asked to write and direct rite-of-passage stories featuring a crucial party scene that, through popular music, would evoke a specific post-war period. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.)

more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex, all the while humbling himself in ecstasies of subordination to the clients whom he will make rich, and who will make him rich. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a “mission statement”—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry too, and falls in love with him. Cruise, of course, has played different versions of this part in the past—the nice thing, however, is that now he’s playing this role with greater physical freedom and richness than before. He shows us there’s a terrifying abyss under the confidence—no ideas, no particular personality, nothing. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. Crowe gets the noise, the competitive push and shove that make up the sports-world style of doing business. At the same time, he captures the discontent beneath the mania, and he shows a striking gift for intimacy. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin; Plaza* .

Jingle All the Way—Arnold Schwarzenegger stars as a hapless dad who is trying, with much difficulty, to buy his son the perfect Christmas gift. With Sinbad and Phil Hartman. Directed by Brian Levant. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Criterion Center; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Mars Attacks!—Tim Burton’s satirical mash note to the sci-fi fever of the fifties, starring Jack Nicholson as both the president of the United States *and* a shady real-estate developer. Also starring Glenn Close, Natalie Portman, Annette Bening, Danny DeVito, Jim Brown, Pam Grier, Michael J. Fox, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Tom Jones. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Marvin’s Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo DiCaprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.;) *Lincoln Square.*

Message To Love—Murray Lerner’s documentary on 1970’s Isle of Wight Festival, featuring performances by Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis, The Who, and Leonard Cohen—plus a few stellar rock-star tantrums. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Michael—Writer/director Nora Ephron’s comedy about a seriously flawed angel (John Travolta) living in a small town. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Michael Collins—In Neil Jordan’s violent and beautiful dream of the perfect revolutionary leader, Collins, the founder of the Irish Republican Army, rushes into rooms, shouting, issuing orders, always in movement, a humanist-warrior who never makes mistakes and kills without taking any pleasure in killing. Liam Neeson has the size and power to play a larger-than-life figure; he’s aflame from the first scene to the last. *Michael Collins* is set in the climactic period of Ireland’s struggle to free itself from Great Britain (1916-21). In Jordan’s telling, the Irish people forge a national identity in spontaneous acts of violence—violence as creative passion. In a spirit of what can only be called gaiety, the irregulars firebomb police stations and assassinate British intelligence agents at a fruit stand. In scene after scene, Collins invents tactics on the run, taking whatever men, weapons, and means are at hand and throwing them into battle, all the while avoiding any direct involvement in murder himself. The way Jordan tells it, Collins is a saint of violence, a warrior uncorrupted by war, who, at the end, sickened and exhausted by death, turns to peace—and is killed for his new pacifist longings. That it might be too late for such longings—that Collins might have unleashed something that cannot simply be turned off—is a complication Jordan does not want to take on. (Denby; 10/28/96) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Opening
Jackie Oh!

The world’s biggest, most beloved movie star—who *finally* broke through to American audiences with last year’s unintentionally campy action vehicle *Rumble in the Bronx*—returns with *Jackie Chan’s First Strike*, a slightly more sophisticated thriller in which Chan (above) must single-handedly retrieve a missing nuclear warhead. Opens January 10.

Microcosmos—A hyper-realistic and erotic look at the world of insects. Narrated by Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 15 mins.; G) *Film Forum.*

Mother—Albert Brooks (who also wrote and directed) plays a mediocre novelist, twice divorced, who moves back in with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) to thrash out his Oedipal kinks. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

My Fellow Americans—James Garner and Jack Lemmon play two bumbling ex-presidents who are forced to embark on a cross-country road trip when scandal brews in Washington. Directed by Peter Segal. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema.*

One Fine Day—Michelle Pfeiffer and George Clooney play two single, harried, working parents who meet cute, fight cute, and fall in love. Directed by Michael Hoffman. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

★**The People vs. Larry Flynt**—The talented screenwriters Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski have framed their biopic as a ragtag American epic. In the fifties Larry Flynt and his brother, Jimmy, suffer through a dirt-poor, sub-Huck finn boyhood in rural Kentucky. Twenty years later, Larry and Jimmy are running topless clubs in Ohio, satisfying customers and hurting no one. (That, at least, is the way the movie tells it.) Larry (Woody Harrelson), who sleeps with all the girls, is a free man, unburdened by refinement or civility. In brief, he’s a sleazebag and an exploiter, but he has courage. He’s willing to try anything. Why *not* put pictures of a naked Jackie O. in his new slick-paper mag, *Hustler*? The money is just lying on the ground. Even in his early Czech movies, Milos Forman has demonstrated his pleasure in raffishness, and this time he’s raised rotgut courage to the status of truth: The unguarded shall be holy. Larry and his tarnished inamorata, the dancer Althea Leasure (Courtney Love) deliver pornography without apology or disguise; their ambitions are so straightforward, and they exist on such easy terms with the flesh (their own and other people’s), that they burn away the hypocrisy of anyone hung up on appearances. But the filmmakers make the mistake of turning Larry Flynt into a moral hero and martyr. As the movie presents his opponents, including Charles Keating (the future savings-and-loan swindler) and the Revered Jerry Falwell, they are fools—the whited sepulchers of the eighties. Maybe they are, but the movie suggests no way of criticizing Larry Flynt that isn’t hypocritical, and liberal sanctimoniousness begins to overwhelm this screenplay. In the past 30 years or so, a crud-ball commercial nihilism has entered the culture, and this spirit, by an operation analogous to Gresham’s Law, has driven out a lot of the highest as well as the merely good. Larry Flynt is a big part of that change: *Hustler*, after all, is much worse than tasteless; it’s pretty damn depressing, and it has innumerable imitators. Flynt should certainly be free to publish, but his bad taste can no longer work as a harmless and liberating joke when taste itself has lost its force. (Denby; 12/23/96) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Lincoln Square.*

The Portrait of a Lady—See David Denby, p.45. (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

The Preacher’s Wife—In this remake of 1947’s *The Bishop’s Wife*, Denzel Washington plays an angel sent to intervene in the lives of a local preacher, his wife (Whitney Houston), and his downtrodden congregation. Directed by Penny Marshall. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza Twin; Plaza* .

Ransom—Mel Gibson stars as Tom Mullen, a self-made New York millionaire at the peak of his career who is domineering, unpleasant—a big bad boy used to having his own way. Out in Queens, his underworld counterpart, a violent cop (Gary Sinise), hatches a scheme to snatch Tom’s little boy and hold him for ransom. The movie has one effective sequence: Tom and his glamorous wife, Kate (Rene Russo), are doing a charity event at the Delacorte Fountain with their little boy (Brawley Nolte) in tow. They allow the boy to play with his kite a few feet away from them, they see him, and for an instant they take his eyes off him—and then he’s gone. It’s the ultimate fulfillment of New York paranoia, and it’s chilling. But that’s it. *Ransom* is monotonous and tiresome. What happened to director Ron Howard’s steady calm, which was so admirable in *Apollo 13*? This movie isn’t about a bank heist or a terrorist attack; it’s about the kidnapping of a child, and one wants more repose and reflection, a greater intimacy. The picture turns into a celebration of Tom’s toughness, and we get the unfortunate impression that Tom’s moral victory is more important than getting his child back. (Denby; 11/11/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

★**Ridicule**—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man’s insult finds him rewarded with the king’s favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be re-

rom Jane Campion, the Academy Award Winning Creator of "The Piano" Comes

A BOLD INTERPRETATION OF A CLASSIC.

Fascinating and alive with elements of imagination and surprise."

- Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"A TRULY MESMERIZING 'PORTRAIT.'

The Henry James novel has been superbly rendered by director Jane Campion. Nicole Kidman's startling intensity holds you in thrall and Barbara Hershey has the role of her career."

- Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

"SEXY, EDGY AND SUBLIMELY SATISFYING.

Nicole Kidman gives a career performance. John Malkovich and Barbara Hershey are note-perfect."

- Graham Fuller, INTERVIEW

"A MASTERWORK.

Far and away the best film of the year."

- Amy Taubin, THE VILLAGE VOICE

NICOLE KIDMAN **JOHN MALKOVICH** **BARBARA HERSHEY**

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A FILM BY
JANE CAMPION

GOLDEN GLOBE NOMINEE
BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS
Barbara Hershey

POLYGRAM FILMED ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A PROPAGANDA FILMS PRODUCTION A FILM BY JANE CAMPION NICOLE KIDMAN JOHN MALKOVICH BARBARA HERSHEY "THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY" MARY-LOUISE PARKER MARTIN DONOVAN SHELLEY WINTERS RICHARD E. GRANT SHELLEY DUVALL CHRISTIAN BALE VIGGO MORTENSEN VALENTINA CERVI AND JOHN GIELGUD AS MR. TOUCHETT DOLBY IN SELECTED THEATRES BASED ON THE NOVEL BY HENRY JAMES MUSIC BY WOJCIECH KILAR EDITED BY VERONIKA JENET PRODUCTION AND COSTUMES DESIGNED BY JANET PATTERSON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY STUART DRYBURGH CO-PRODUCER ANN WINGATE SCREENPLAY BY LAURA JONES

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13. PROPAGANDA FILMS PRODUCED BY MONTY MONTGOMERY AND STEVE GOLIN DIRECTED BY JANE CAMPION SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON LONDON COMPACT DISCS AND CASSETTES PolyGram FILMED ENTERTAINMENT GRAMERCY PICTURES a PolyGram Company

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quired to absent himself from France altogether. What makes the situation even more frightening is that the king himself does not possess wit and sometimes has trouble recognizing it. "It's not a pun, is it?" he asks anxiously after hearing something that pleases him. (Puns are considered unworthy). There is, perhaps, a certain fatuity and theatricalism that makes movies like this one irresistible. Wit, as it is conceived here, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. *Ridicule* is a rather preposterous movie, but, in grand style, it gives us the pleasures of malice. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Romeo and Juliet—Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio star in Baz Luhrman's bold adaptation, which transposes the tragedy to modern times, text intact. With Paul Sorvino, John Leguizamo, and Pete Postlethwaite. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, postmodern take on scary movies. With Drew Barrymore, Neve Campbell, and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum.*

Screwed—A documentary about the life and times of pornographer Al Goldstein. Directed by Alexander Crawford. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR). *Cinema Village.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. Leigh can be bitter and funny at the same time; in this movie, he takes the supreme risk of mixing pathos and comedy, and he gets away with it. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Set It Off—Four African-American women from the L.A. projects turn, in desperation, to a life of crime. With Jada Pinkett, Queen Latifah, Kimberly Elise, and Blair Underwood. Directed by Blair Underwood. (2 hrs. ; R) *Criterion Center.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech—what psychiatrists call "word salad"—into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. Rush, however, is almost giddy from excitement; his performance is the real triumph. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Some Mother's Son—Historical fiction about two women who are drawn into Ireland's political turmoil when their jailed sons go on a hunger strike. Directed by Terry George, who co-wrote with Jim Sheridan. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Space Jam—A vehicle for NBA all-stars, including Michael Jordan, and the Warner Bros. stable of Looney Tunes characters. Directed by Joe Pytka. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

Star Trek: First Contact—Captain Picard (Patrick Stewart) and the rest of the Enterprise-E crew battle some aliens for control of the earth. Directed by Jonathan Frakes. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sutton.*

Turbulence—A captured criminal (Ray Liotta) hijacks the plane transporting him to prison. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Les Voleurs—A detective investigating his brother's death becomes ensnared in a web of familial sexual intrigue. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Andre Téchiné. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Whole Wide World—The true story of the unlikely romance between a young schoolteacher (Renee Zellweger) and the hermetic writer who created "Conan the Barbarian" (Vincent D'Onofrio). Directed by Dan Ireland. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves; Citizen Ruth; Shine; Sling Blade; Some Mother's Son; The Crucible.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Daylight; The Evening Star.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Opening 1/10: *Screwed.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Message To Love.* Opening 1/8: *The Jew; Microcosmos.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *La Cérémonie; Les Voleurs; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis; The Whole Wide World.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Swingers.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *101 Dalmatians; Jerry Maguire; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; Ransom; The English Patient; The Preacher's Wife.*

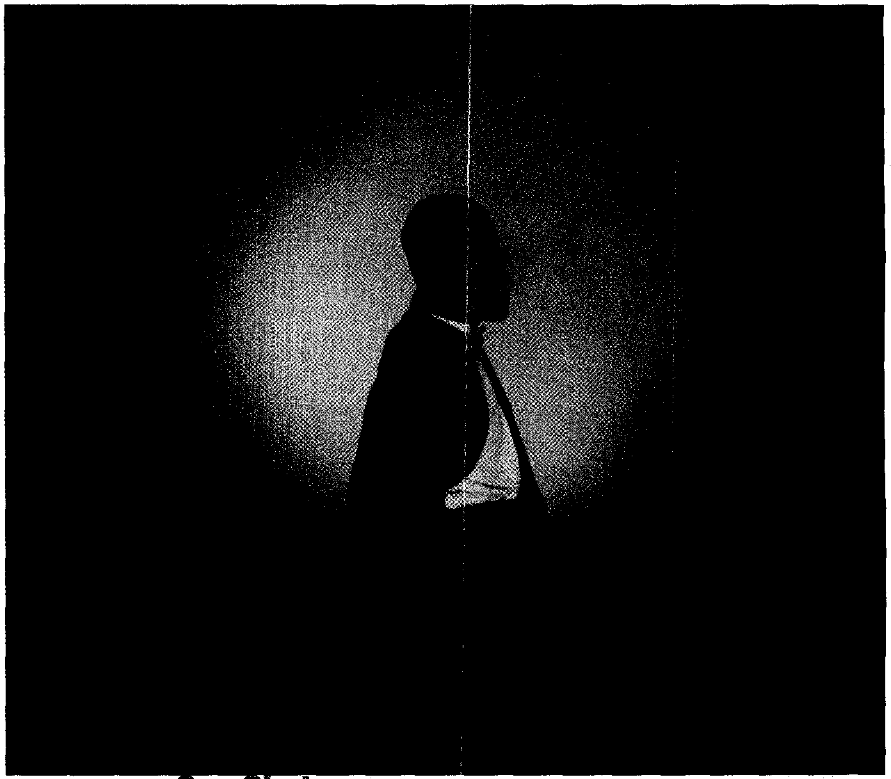
Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Ghosts of Mississippi; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Portrait of a Lady; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Jingle All the Way; Scream.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *101 Dalmatians; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Michael; My Fellow Americans; The Evening Star.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *One Fine Day.*



One Shot In the Spotlight

An experimental director obsessed with race, art, sex, twentieth-century psychiatry, and pop music, Isaac Julien has quickly made a name for himself as a Brit visionary nonpareil. The American Museum of the Moving Image salutes the 36-year-old hipster with a retrospective this weekend that includes his unconventional documentary about Langston Hughes (1989's *Looking for Langston,* with Ben Ellison, above). See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.

Photograph by W. H. Schilling.

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; The Evening Star; The Preacher's Wife.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Mars Attacks!; Mother; One Fine Day; Scream; Shine; The Crucible; The English Patient.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Preacher's Wife; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *101 Dalmatians; Mars Attacks!; Michael; The English Patient.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *First Wives Club.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Beautiful Girls; Flirting With Disaster; The Substance of Fire; Trainspotting; Unhook the Stars.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Scream.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *One Fine Day; The Crucible.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Swingers; The Whole Wide World.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Preacher's Wife; Shine.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Michael; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *101 Dalmatians.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Preacher's Wife.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Ransom; The English Patient; The Preacher's Wife.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *101 Dalmatians.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *One Fine Day; Daylight.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Mars Attacks!; My Fellow Americans; The Evening Star.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Looking for Richard; Ransom; Swingers.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bound; First Wives Club; Maximum Risk; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Funeral.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Ghosts of Mississippi.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Ridicule.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Daylight; Scream.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Daylight; Michael Collins; Portrait of a Lady; Scream; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Evening Star.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Jerry Maguire; My Fellow Americans.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Mars Attacks!; The English Patient.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Michael; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; The Preacher's Wife.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mother.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Evening Star.*

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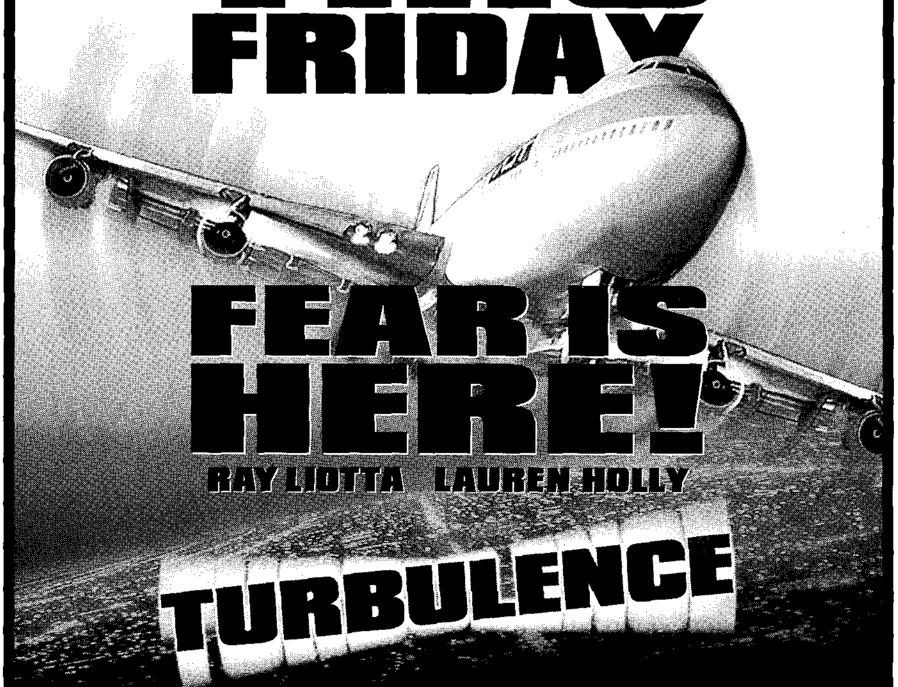

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61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Scream.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Michael; My Fellow Americans; Ransom; The Evening Star; The Preacher's Wife.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; La Cérémonie; Ridicule; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Evita; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Marvin's Room; Mother; One Fine Day; Portrait of a Lady; Shine; Some Mother's Son; The Crucible; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *101 Dalmatians; My Fellow Americans; Space Jam.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; The Preacher's Wife.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Mars Attacks!.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *I'm Not Rappaport.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; Ransom; Scream; Set It Off; Space Jam; The Preacher's Wife.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Scream; Space Jam; The Preacher's Wife.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *My Fellow Americans; The Evening Star.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Ransom; Scream; Set It Off; Space Jam; The Evening Star; The Preacher's Wife.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *101 Dalmatians; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; One Fine Day; Ransom; Space Jam; The Evening Star.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *One Fine Day; The Crucible.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; The Preacher's Wife.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *101 Dalmatians; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; The English Patient; The Preacher's Wife.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Michael; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Mars Attacks!; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; The Evening Star; The Preacher's Wife.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Mars Attacks!; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Jerry Maguire; Michael; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; Space Jam.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Jerry Maguire; One Fine Day; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Jingle All the Way; The Preacher's Wife.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Jerry Maguire; The Preacher's Wife.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Mars Attacks!; The Preacher's Wife.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; Michael; The Crucible; The Evening Star.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; One Fine Day; Ransom; Scream.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Mars Attacks!; My Fellow Americans; Ransom; Space Jam; The Preacher's Wife.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *101 Dalmatians; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Mars Attacks!; One Fine Day; Shine; Space Jam.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Daylight; Scream; Space Jam; The Preacher's Wife.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; Michael; One Fine Day; Ransom.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; The Preacher's Wife.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Crucible; The English Patient.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Jerry Maguire; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; Space Jam; The Crucible; The Evening Star.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Daylight; Mars Attacks!; The Preacher's Wife.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Daylight; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; My Fellow Americans; Scream.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Michael; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; The English Patient.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *My Fellow Americans.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Jerry Maguire; The Preacher's Wife.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Ghosts of Mississippi; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; The Evening Star.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Ransom.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Michael; One Fine Day; Space Jam.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Jingle All the Way; Mars Attacks!; Michael; My Fellow Americans; One Fine Day; Ransom; Scream; Shine; Space Jam; The Evening Star; The Preacher's Wife.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Pinewood Dialogue: A Discussion with Isaac Julien and B. Ruby Rich." 1/11: *Frantz Fanon: Black Skin, White Mask* (1996), *Young Soul Rebels* (1991), *The Attendant* (1992), and *This Is Not an AIDS Advertisement* (1987). 1/12: *Looking for Langston* (1989), *The Passion of Remembrance* (1986), *Shaking the Tree* (1989), *The Darker Side of Black* (1994), and *That Rush!* (1995). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—1/6: *Grown Ups* (1980). 1/6-1/9: *Out of the Present* (1995). 1/7: *Les Dames Du Bois de Boulogne* (1942) and *Four Days in July* (1985). 1/8: *A Day in the Country* (1936), *La Régle et L'Exception—Jean Renoir* (1967), and *Hard Labour* (1973). 1/9: *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976). 1/10: "Films by Harry Smith I" and *Nuts in May* (1976). 1/10 and 1/11: *La Poison* (1951). 1/10-1/12: *Through the Olive Trees* (1994). 1/11: *Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania* (1971) and *Landscape in the Mist* (1988). 1/11 and 1/12: *A Personal Journey with Martin Scorsese Through the Movies* (1995). 1/12: "Films by Harry Smith II," *The Story of a Cheat* (1936), and *Who's Who?* (1979). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Cinema Village 12th St—Through 1/9: "Screw the Mouse: Rip-Offs, Parodies, and Deviant Versions of Disney Cartoons and Characters." 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—1/12: *A Summer Place* (1959). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—1/8: *Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1909) and *Tol'able David* (1921). 1/19: *Directed by John Ford* (1973) and award-winning film and video from the thirtieth annual New York Expo of Film and Video. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 1/10: Nicholas Roeg's *Walkabout* (1971). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Serious Comedy by Mario Monicelli." 1/6: *The Organizer* (1963) and *Brancaleone's Army* (1970). 1/7: *The Great War* (1959). 1/8: *My Friends* (1975). 1/8 and 1/9: *Dear Michael* (1976). 1/9: *We Want the Colonels* (1972). 1/10 and 1/11: *A Very Little Man* (1977) and *Let's Hope It's a Girl* (1985). "Movies for Kids." 1/11: *The Time Machine* (1960). "Remembering Marcello." 1/7: *Big Deal on Madonna Street* (1958) and *The Organizer* (1963). 'The Sixth Annual New York Jewish Film/Video Festival." 1/12: *Everlasting Joy* (1996), *Benya Kirk* (1927), and *Intimate Stranger* (1991). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—1/7: *Les Misérables* (1995). "Comics, Features, and Cartoons." 1/10: *Bunker Palace Hotel* (1989). 1/11: *Astérix et Cléopatre* (1968), *Les Maîtres du Temps* (1981), and *Diva* (1980). 1/12: *Tintin et Le Mystére de la Toison D'Or* (1961) and *Barbarella* (1967). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"A Tribute to Kiyoshi Atsumi." 1/10: *Tora-San Confesses* (1991). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Left, Right, and Center: American Non Fiction." 1/6: "The March of Time," program A. 1/7: "The March of Time," programs B and C. 1/10: "The March of Time," programs D and E. 1/11: "The March of Time," program F. "Five Melodramas." 1/6: *The Woman on the Beach* (1946) and *The Spiral Staircase* (1946). 1/7: *Hurry Sundown* (1967). 1/7 and 1/9: *Jassy* (1947). "All the Boys and Girls of Their Age." 1/10: *U.S. Go Home* (1994) and *Les Roseaux Sauvages (Wild Reeds)* (1994). 1/11: *Portrait d'une Jeune Fille de la Fin des Années 60, à Bruxelles (Portrait of a Young Woman at the End of the Sixties, in Brussels)* (1994) and *L'eau Froide (Cold Water)* (1994). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

theater

Flirting With Shakespeare...Escape From L.A.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Shakespeare's early comedy about infidelity and friendly deception, in a production direct from Shakespeare's Globe, London. Starring Mark Rylance, Anastasia Hille, Jim Bywater, and Lennie James. Directed by Rylance. $10–$25. 1/9–1/11 at 7, 1/12 at 2 and 7:30, 1/17 at 7, 1/18 at 2 and 7, 1/19 at 3, 1/24 at 7, 1/25 at 2 and 7, 1/26 at 1. In previews for a 1/12 opening. *New Victory Theatre, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96) $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Opening
Dark Side of the Moon

Devoted to reviving new and neglected plays, the Drama Dept. now turns to *June Moon*, a neglected Depression-era musical by Broadway legends George S. Kaufman and Ring Lardner. A pop love story about a country-bumpkin songwriter and a sophisticated lady, the show plays the odd-couple romance against the grimmer days to come.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Sheena Easton as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nicky Henson. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heart-throb Lou Diamond Phillips (unbald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broad-*

Photograph by Yoon Kim.

way Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Rehearsal—As so often in Anouilh, this play's story is that of a pure young girl threatened or destroyed, of virtue betrayed by vice, and of vice getting it in the neck as well. The play is both a comedy full of witty lines and a drama bearing grave truths. So much turns on perfect direction, which Nicolas Martin doesn't manage here. Everything about this production misfires, starting with the performances of Roger Rees and David Threlfall. Then take Robert Brill's design, which turns a French chateau into a stable, and the miscasting of five actors out of seven. The play's French subtitle, "Love Punished," might seem to refer to the Roundabout's enthusiasm being punished by fate. (Simon: 12/2/96) $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 11/21/96. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and Camelot—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, *isn't*—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) Liza Minnelli stars from 1/7 to 2/2/97. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Cloud Tectonics—A romantic urban fairy tale about a beautiful, pregnant hitchhiker in an L.A. flood. Written by José Rivera and directed by Tina Landau. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/5/97. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Concert Pianist—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. $35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 1/19 opening. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Do Lord Remember Me—Esther Rolle stars in the New Federal Theatre's production of James de Jongh's oral history of slavery. $20. Starts 1/15. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

Minutes from the Blue Route—A family dismantles their house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 1/30 opening. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bently/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory through March 28. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/19. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Neat—Charlayne Woodard's portrait of coming of age in the civil-rights era. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 1/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opening 1/13. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Moliere's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opening 1/9. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Second-Hand Smoke—A new play by Obie winner Mac Wellman, set in an apocalyptic landscape near the riverside town of Gradual. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Open-

Previews
Ladies and Gents

Mark Rylance (Proteus) woos Anastasia Hille's Silvia.

'The Elizabethan pantomimes used to cross the Thames at Christmastime and play in Whitehall for the queen," says Mark Rylance. "It seemed a fitting idea to cross the Atlantic in January." Rylance, the artistic director of Shakespeare's Globe, London, is bringing the Globe's summer production of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* across the pond, under the auspices of Theatre for a New Audience. He has worked with TFANA before, acting in and directing *As You Like It* and starring in *Henry V*. In his version of *Two Gents*, the classic battle between good and evil, male and female, man and dog, is played in modern dress, with some audience members sitting onstage. "The audience was much more liberated in Shakespeare's original theater. There was much more interaction between the players and the audience, a shared creation of the event," Rylance says. "Now when the lights go out, they expect you to be quiet and say something clever afterward." *Two Gentlemen*, one of the Bard's first plays, comments on the battle-of-the-sexes theme more simply than most, as the two gents of the title woo, win, and discard two lovely ladies. To increase the topicality and further dramatize Shakespeare's prescient thinking about the lovelorn human condition, Rylance ends his production with a historically accurate jig that includes music, dancing, and a brief narrative. In the English production, the jig was about unrequited love. "For the American version we've written one about flirting. It's based on two books—have you heard of them?—called *The Rules* and *The Code*," Rylance asks. We have.

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Photograph by Jamey O'Quinn.

ing 1/16. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Vilna's Got a Golem—A new play by Ernest Joselovitz about a turn-of-the-century eastern European theater group determined to flout convention. With musical accompaniment by the Klezmer Conservatory Band. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/2. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $20–$25. 12/18–1/12: Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 5 and 9:30, Sun. at 5. Thereafter: Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

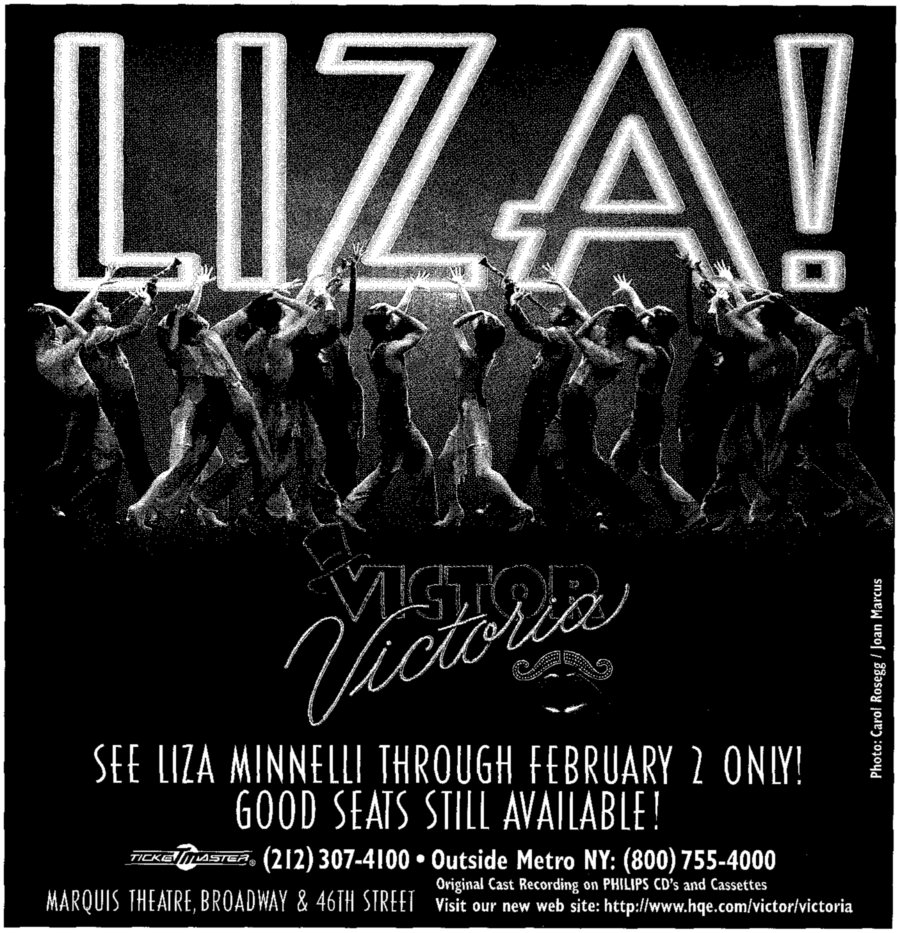
The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's mid-life breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Flipping My Wig—Charles Busch's latest. $28. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue.* A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled monstre sacrée in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass cunning judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French secretary, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 12/13/96. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. Thanksgiving week: Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Lucky Chance—Jean Cocteau Rep performs Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, twisting marriage and commerce into a seemingly hopeless tangle. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

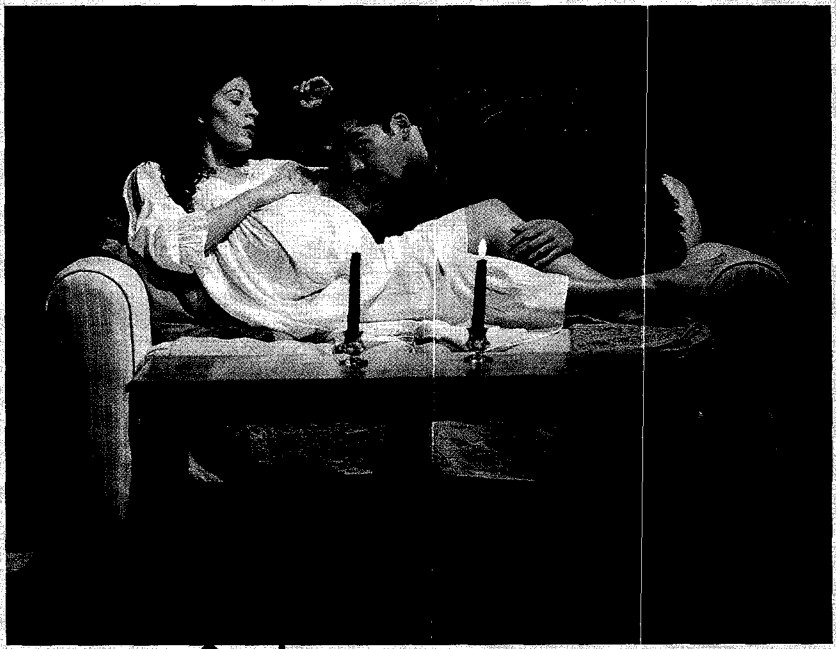
Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Nine Armenians—An intimate portrait of three generations of an Armenian family by Leslie Ayvazian. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Through 1/12. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

No Way to Treat a Lady—The York Theatre Company presents Douglas J. Cohen's sixties musical thriller about a publicity-crazed actor and the cat-and-mouse game he plays with the law and the ladies. $30–$35. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (580-1313).*

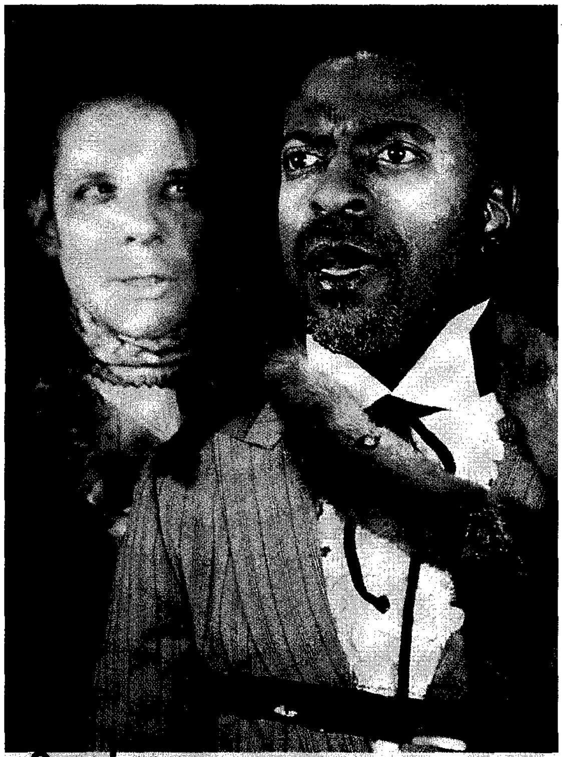
Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8,



Opening Waterworld

In José Rivera's 'Cloud Tectonics,' a beautiful, pregnant hitchhiker searches for the father of her child in the midst of a modern-day flood. Two brothers aid her in a search fraught with biblical overtones. At Playwrights Horizons through January 19.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Opening

Southern Discomfort

Written in 1955, expatriate American Julian Green's *South* has its American premiere at HERE January 7. Set just before the Civil War, the controversial tale parallels the outsider status of a young homosexual officer with that of slaves and oncoming carpetbaggers.

Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Six Characters in Search of an Author—Pirandello's revolutionary work, revived by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 33 Bowery (677-0060).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tooth of Crime (Second Dance)—Vincent D'Onofrio stars in this revamped version of Sam Shepard's 1972 *The Tooth of Crime,* taking on Shepard's leather-clad rock recluse for the nineties. Music by T-Bone Burnett. $37.50–$45. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 12/22/96. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Balaganchik—Alexander Blok's Russian avant-garde-dance-theater work. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 1/12. *LaMaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Bound To Rise—A Gilded Age musical about the difference between rich and poor. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/26. *Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. (262-4216).*

Cravings/My Heinous Life—Two new gay musicals. $15, or $25 for the Sunday double-feature. Call for schedule info. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (332-9909).*

Desire Under the Elves—A new comedy of forbidden love in Santa's Workshop. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/19. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (206-1764).*

Faith Healer—Brian Friel's 1979 play. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *John Montgomery Theatre, 134 W. 26th St. (627-7076).*

Marking—Pure Orange's second production, a new play by Patrick Breen about two couples and an infidelity. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Message to Michael—A quest for love through the pick-up scenes of modern gay culture, by Tim Pinckney. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place (627-2556).*

Mock Trial—Theater for the New City presents Romulus Linney's people's court play, directed by the author. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Starts 1/16. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Mr. Pim Passes By—A. A. Milne's pre-*Pooh* comedy. $12. Wed. at 7, Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Mint Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St., 5th floor (315-9434).*

A Not So Quiet Nocturne—The Onyx Theatre Company, devoted to deaf artists in professional theater, performs Jaye Austin-Williams's 1989 play. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 10, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *The Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (353-3874 or 633-9618).*

Permanent Brain Damage: (Risk It! Risk It!)—Richard Foreman's new comedy. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Ontological Theater, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Richard III—An adaptation by Carol Katendieck, and starring Austin Pendelton, that tells Shakespeare's villainous tale entirely from Richard's perspective. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 10. *New Perspectives Theatre Company, 750 Eighth Ave. (730-2030).*

Sleep—An updated version of Jack Gelbar's anxiety-dream show, presented as a cabaret. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

South—Julian Green's 1955 pre–Civil War drama. $12–$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

Virtual Souls—Myths and music of the Buryat Mongolians. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Starts 1/16. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Volpone—Ben Jonson's classic greedy comedy. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/2. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

A Waltz With Tennessee—An evening of Tennessee Williams's early plays, including *This Property Is Condemned* and *Talk to Me Like the Rain.* $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Starts 1/15. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (544-1745).*

Whiplash—Shelly Mars's "Tale of a Tomboy." $15. Wed., Thurs., and Sun. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. *Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (631-1000).*

You Say What I Mean but What You Mean Is Not What I Said—A new Hot Mouth show, performed a cappella, mixing folk songs, new music, and minstrel show style. $13–$18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Starts 1/15. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (777-1441).*

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Simon *continued from page 47*

is now a faceless, mumbling creature, his head hidden in a black hood—an unsight gag that palls quickly. The caged Nightingale supposed to sing Winnifred to sleep should look dainty, then sound comically garish; cast her as unappetizingly squat, and the joke is lost. And Gerald Gutierrez, the director, introduces that hoary platitude, a cellist ex machina, that adds little. But there are two good performances—David Aaron Baker as Dauntless and Lewis Cleale as Sir Harry.

The designers—John Lee Beatty, Jane Greenwood, and Pat Collins—have tried for an unpretentious, low-budget fairy-tale look, and have more or less succeeded. But Liza Gennaro's choreography is of no period and no consequence. Gutierrez, who has directed other things well, seems here to have relinquished the reins to his Yorkie, which (whom?) he brings to all rehearsals. I imagine one bark was for yes, two for no. My verdict is two barks.

THEATER

SAM SHEPARD HAS REWRITTEN **The Tooth of Crime** and provided it with a subtitle, "Second Dance." When an author rewrites a work, he often makes it worse, a danger that did not threaten here: There was no way to make this play worse than it was.

A consistently characterful actor, Shepard is a curious phenomenon as a dramatist. Three plays of his come off well (*True West, Fool for Love, Buried Child*), and a couple hold intermittent interest. But there are many more that are preposterous and opaque, beyond the grasp of audiences not trendy enough to consider inscrutability synonymous with art. The new *Tooth*, spoiling for the Tooth Fairy to whisk it away, takes place in a visual and verbal no man's land that smells more of grime than of crime.

What can be deduced from the new version as well as from the old is a battle between a leading rock musician, Hoss, and a contender, the upstart Crow, primed to take over as numero uno. The crux of the play is a singing and mudslinging contest between the two, though the rules of that duel—like much of the dialogue, in a hipsterish argot full of topical references—remain needlessly arcane. Throughout the prolix evening, the suspicion mounts that this ultimately toothless *Tooth* is really about nothing.

Accordingly, the relationship between Hoss and his girlfriend, Becky, never comes into focus (she was given more to do in the first version), and the others, presumably members of Hoss's band, are of interest neither in themselves nor in their interaction with Hoss. Why even the animal-fable names? Crow makes some sense, but what is equine about Hoss? His language is merely weird; Crow's is beyond the pale: "Got the molar chomps. Eyes stitched. You can vision what's sittin'. Very razor to cop z's sussin' me to be on the far end of the spectrum." This may have been the lingo of an enclave somewhere, sometime, but won't play here and now without subtitles.

At one point in the uncleaned-up version of 1972, the supporting cast tromped downstage, about-faced, and mooned the audience. I was rather looking forward to this, as the play's one moment of truth, but, like references to "fags," it has been excised. So, too, has been the original music to the many songs, composed by Shepard himself. The new music, by T Bone Burnett, proved initially useful in drowning out much of the wordmongering, but soon I was waiting in vain for something to drown out the music.

Vincent D'Onofrio is a reputable actor, but he seems miscast as Hoss, whom Shepard described as looking "like a mean Rip Torn." (Is there any other kind?) D'Onofrio, however, has a wholesome, babyish look and comes across as a kid using obscenity to appear grown-up. As Becky, Rebecca Wisocky speaks in a prissy voice aspiring to toughness, and acts, with some justification, unsure of what she is about. Kirk Acevedo's Crow is at least a verifiable weirdo; the others fail to register. Bill Hart's direction shuttles between the overassertive and the lackadaisical. Wild Kind Productions has contributed projections it calls videography that are distracting, but perhaps not quite distracting enough. One of the three musicians, Jagoda, describes himself in the program as "still banging on pots and pans," just as "when he was . . . a tot." This may be fine as today's music goes, but Sam Shepard might consider going a little beyond.

THEATER CROPS UP IN UNEXPECTED LOCATIONS. The very best the pre-Christmas season had to offer took place not in a playhouse but at the New York Philharmonic. There Leonard Slatkin thrice conducted a fine concert that climaxed with William Walton's **Henry V—A Shakespeare Scenario,** the late Christopher Palmer's arrangement of the score for Olivier's film of *Henry V.* The music proved even more impressive in the concert hall, although the important choruses were regrettably omitted. The ultimate dramatic thrill was provided by Christopher Plummer, narrating the connecting text made up of speeches by Henry and several other characters. With ringing dignity or melting affection, always with rich vocal coloring, this heroic actor, backed up only by music, accomplished almost as much as Olivier with an entire movie. If you missed the event, you can at least get a near-replica on CD: Plummer performing with Neville Marriner, who commissioned the adaptation—and here *with* choruses—on Chandos 8892. ■

Norris *continued from page 48*

cultivating the thrill of some forbidden grotesquerie perceived out of the corner of one's eye, under the sideshow tent flap. He also got some quite compelling vocal performances from Manson, who flits from cartoon falsetto to guttural roar, sings of fascism, scabs, and assorted excrescences, all toward telling this concept album's tale of a corrupted rock star (or, er, "wormboy") and his rise to fame.

Like his obvious ghoul-metal predecessor Alice Cooper, Manson renders his world with the loving detail of a confessed former Dungeons & Dragons player, grouping the album into narrative sections that move with Wagnerian import from "Cycle I: The Heirophant" on to "Cycle III: Disintegrator Rising." For all of Reznor's techno bells and whistles, *Superstar* is the work of a heavy-metal classicist. Manson likes to tell interviewers about his probing research into the Kabbalah, numerology, and Nietzsche, but *Superstar's* real primary texts are those learned in tract homes and parking lots. Black Sabbath, for instance, found the domination, obedience, sin, and death in heavy guitars and did it with a lot fewer footnotes. And nearly all of *Superstar's* key motifs—the fascism, the cartoonishly debauched rock star, the worm imagery, even Manson's shaved eyebrows—are straight out of Pink Floyd's *The Wall.* Fifteen years has brought us from "Hey, teacher, leave those kids alone" to a preferred concert T-shirt of Manson fans: KILL YOUR PARENTS. The record even ends with some good old-fashioned backward messages, though they're rendered impenetrable by the compact disc.

POP MUSIC

Still, the record is ready-made for late-nineties teen howl. Since Alice Cooper's "School's Out" doesn't really cut it in a world that has metal detectors in junior high, we have "Irresponsible Hate Anthem," beginning "I am so all-American, I'd sell you suicide," a sentiment that flies quite well between Joe Camel ads. In the same season in which Indiana's local KKK erects a town-square Christmas display comes "1996," a litany of real-life political platforms—"anti-choice," "anti-white," "anti-black"—that accrete ad absurdum. The songs ends with an indication of where particularist hate groups lead: "Anti people now you've gone too far / Here's your Antichrist Superstar," the bats coming home to roost. Behind all the dystopia, will-to-power, and cuss words, *Superstar* is downright p.c., yet another bugaboo for sometime tenured-radical hunter William Bennett. And parent groups might be relieved to hear that "Mister Superstar" actually refutes imitative hero worship, as Manson sneers, "Hey Mr. Big Rock Star, / 'I wanna grow up just like you,' " mocking personality-cultists of all denominations.

(continued on page 79)

art

Rafael Montañez Ortiz...Gary Brotmeyer

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Varujan Boghosian—Collages and constructions from the past five years; through 1/18. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Tony Fitzpatrick—Recent drawings that reflect the artist's views on drugs and drug culture, and etchings on the subject of magic; through 1/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Suzan Frecon—Recent abstract watercolors; through 1/11. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Ilka Gedo—Self-portraits, in paintings, drawings, and pastels; through 1/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Jörg Immendorff—"The Rake's Progress," a series of paintings begun by the artist in 1994 following a commission to design the sets for the Igor Stravinsky opera in Salzburg, in which he depicts himself as William Hogarth's parody of John Bunyan's exemplary Christian; through 1/11. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Chris Pfister—Paintings of city freeways and country highways based on the artist's photographs taken during his travels around the country; through 1/18. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

Horace Pippin—A selection of paintings by the self-taught African-American artist who died in 1946; through 1/9. Dintenfass at Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

William Trost Richards—Marine and landscape oils, drawings, and watercolors; through 1/11. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

57th Street Area

Richard Baker—Small-scale paintings of recognizable objects in improbable settings; through 1/11. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

George Bayliss—Landscape paintings of a Civil War–battle site in Sharpsburg, Maryland; 1/9–2/1. M B Modern, 41 E. 57th St. (371-3444).

David Dewey—Watercolors that depict the effects of light on the traditional clapboard houses and lighthouses of New England; through 1/30. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Jim Dine—Nine large mixed-media paintings from the series "North" that depict crows, hearts, owls, and skulls; through 1/11. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Mark Francis—Monochromatic paintings whose fields of repeating organic forms are based on microphotographs of cells and chromosomes; through 2/22. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Jasper Johns—A retrospective of the artist's prints; through 1/25. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Alfonso Ossorio/Federico Castellon—The artist's Surrealist paintings and works on paper from 1939 to 1949/Surrealist drawings from the thirties. Through 1/18. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from the nineties that continue the artist's exploration of line and color; through 1/31. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Patti Smith—A selection of the musician's drawings from the past three decades, many of them made during her relationship with the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe; 1/8–2/8. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Susana Solano—Recent large-scale steel sculptures by a Spanish artist; though 1/14. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

George Wexler/Ana Maria Nicholson—Realist paintings of landscapes in and around the artist's home in New Paltz, New York/Holographic portraits of Philip Johnson, Philippe de Montebello, Keith Haring, and others. Through 2/1. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Zao Wou-Ki—An exhibition of the artist's abstract ink paintings from 1982 to the present, honoring his friendship with the art dealer Pierre Matisse; through 1/20. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Jimmy Wright/Jack Bush—Expressionistic paintings and pastel drawings of flowers, from the past eight years/The Canadian artist's abstract paintings from the fifties and early sixties. Through 2/1. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave.. (247-2111).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Peter Acheson—Small-scale paintings of images that suggest a Jungian symbolism; through 2/8. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

William W. Adkins—Drawings of patents for the artist's own inventions; through 2/1. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Cristian Alexa/Nina Katchadourian—Photographs documenting the artist's recent work, *The Purloined Letter*, in which he covered U. S. Mail postal boxes with brown paper wrappings and an installation utilizing the main staircase and an elevator in the gallery/A 40-foot replica of the World Trade Center constructed from postcards, and other works. Through 1/11. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Stephen Antonson/Cannon Hudson—Drawings and a site-specific ceiling piece/Large-scale paintings of workstations; 1/10–2/15. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

John Beerman/Stephen Greene—Paintings that draw on the nineteenth-century Romantic landscape tradition and his own surroundings in the Hudson River valley/Abstract paintings inspired by Gustave Moreau's French Symbolist imagery. Through 2/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Alan Belcher—Soft sculptures made from acrylic plush stuffed with polyester fiberfill; through 2/8. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Bridget Busutil—Recent landscape paintings of the South Carolina low country; through 1/23. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

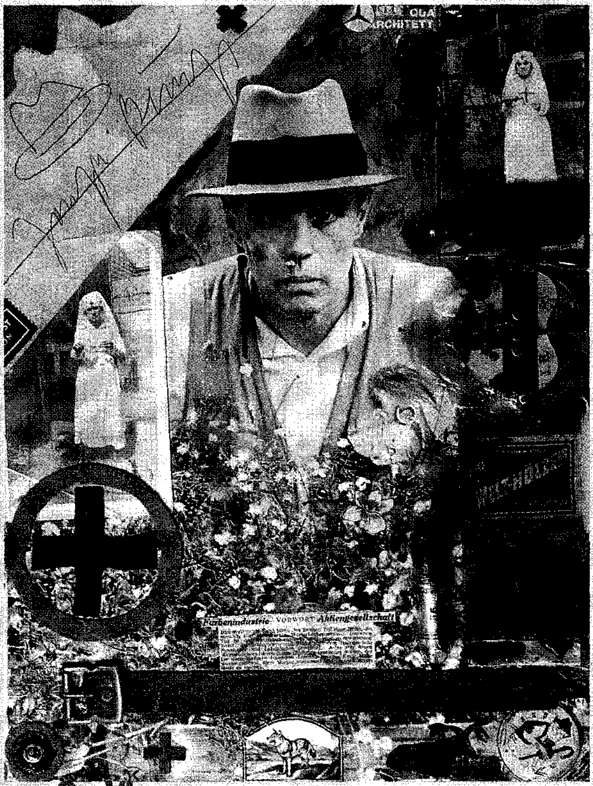
Deborah Butterfield—Recent life-size sculptures of horses in unique bronze or found metal; through 1/18. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

McWillie Chambers/Eric Rhein—Paintings that depict young, mostly nude men posing in the bucolic outdoors or engaged in intimate activity indoors/Delicately woven sculptures of bronze, silver, and gold-filled steel wire; 1/4–25. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Nancy Chunn—A work that comprises 365 New York *Times* front pages with the artist's additions, com-

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



On View
A Cut Above

While collage often allows for the arbitrary or accidental, Gary Brotmeyer's works are calculated to the point of obsession. To make his collage honoring Joseph Beuys (above), he incorporated the sculptor's own signature as well as his favorite materials: fur, fat, honey, and felt. At Ubu Gallery, 16 East 78th Street; January 11 through March 1.

Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery.

ments, and eradications; 1/11–2/15. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Mat Collishaw—An installation that explores human interference in natural life through the use of a mirror and two video projections inspired by scientific experiments on animals; through 1/11. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Gordon Cook—Paintings and sculptures based on stick figures the artist made for his daughter a year before his death in 1985; through 2/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Stan Douglas—Black-and-white photographs from the projects *TV Spots* (1988), *Monodramas* (1991), and *Subject to a Film: Marnie* (1989/96), and two early installations; through 1/25. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Helen Frank—New York City views in oil on paper and etchings; through 1/11. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Suzan Frecon—Recent paintings that continue the artist's exploration of the basic properties of ancient pigments; through 1/11. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—The first New York showing of a large-scale curtain work made a year and a half before the artist's death in 1994; through 1/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Paddy Hamilton—Paintings from the artist's "Global Skin Tone" series whose manufactured hues represent the skin colors of different races; through 1/25. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Brian Yoshimi Isobe—Landscape paintings on screens and works on paper; through 1/30. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Christopher Lea—Monochromatic paintings on paper; through 2/1. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Jason Martin/Ligorano-Reese—Paintings by a London-based artist that are created from one continuous brushstroke/A video installation titled *Steel Nipples* that addresses the politics of care and compassion in American society. Through 1/11. Cristinerose, 395 Broadway (431-1862).

Justin McCarthy—New paintings by the self-taught artist that draw on Hollywood, fashion, nature, pornography, and other sources; 1/9–2/8. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Nabil Nahas—New abstract paintings; 1/11–2/15. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Claes Oldenberg—Drawings and notebook page studies executed between 1961 and 1996; 1/9–2/22. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

John Olsen—Large-scale sculptures based on natural forms, such as an armadillo's shell, and charcoal drawings made in the sauna; through 1/11. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Rafael Montañez Ortiz—An installation piece, new relief sculptures, and a recent video by this artist whose "destruction" works of the fifties and sixties are the subject of an exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 1/18. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758),.

Charles Parness—Paintings that feature a self-portrait of the artist surrounded by narratives relating to his life; 1/9–2/1. Einstein, 591 Broadway (226-1414).

Peter Plagens—Recent abstract paintings and collages from the seventies to the present; through 1/11. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Liisa Roberts—A film installation titled *Trap Door* that uses four 16 millimeter film projectors and four large screens to explore the structure of images and the way in which they define experience; through 2/1. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Kenny Scharf/Charles Arnoldi—New sculpture/New monotypes. Through 1/25. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Kenny Scharf—New paintings; through 1/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Robert Thiele—Monochromatic abstract paintings on shaped canvases that suggest ancient stone tablets; 1/9–2/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Sergio Vega—An installation titled *Holy Parrot* on the subject of parrots and their iconology; through 1/11. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Cristina Vergano—Paintings of classical figures set against vivid monochromatic backgrounds; through 1/11. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Frank Wimberley—Recent abstract paintings; 1/10–2/5. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Betty Woodman/Thomas Nozkowski—Recent ceramic balustrade reliefs that refer to Picasso, Matisse, and Japanese textiles/Nonrepresentational drawings of biomorphic forms inspired by a trip to Los Angeles; 1/9–2/8. Protech, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Other

Adrian Schiess and Beat Streuli—Installations of projected images by both; through 2/2. New York Kunsthalle, 210 E. 5th St. (529-5691), Wed.–Sat. 12–6.

Ellen Cantor—A large, site-specific wall drawing and a video work; through 1/12. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Julia D'Amario—Mixed-media paintings that depict animals on the Endangered Species list within abstracted renderings of their environments; through 1/18. McKinney, 526 E. 11th St. (677-7807).

Stephen DiCillo/Julie Langsam—Paintings in which images of furniture are set against fabric-inspired patterns/Images of women from popular magazines of the fifties collaged into dreamlike painted scenarios. Through 1/26. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven new paintings on shaped canvases by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through 1/19. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

KK Kozik—Paintings of figures in surreal interiors and landscapes; through 1/12. Maynes, 535 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Cathleen Lewis—Large-scale installations that explore issues of race, gender, and identity through abstraction and language; through 1/15. Lehman College Art Gallery, Bedford Park Blvd. West and Goulden Ave., Bronx (718-960-8731), Tues.–Sat. 10–4.

Helmut Middendorf—Paintings whose appropriated images from illustrations, prints, photographs, and journals create conglomerations of metaphors alluding to Surrealism, Dada, and the Bauhaus; through 1/10. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Jeff Nelson—A sculptural installation that incorporates the gallery's architecture to suggest structures involved in the trafficking of movement, among them a figure eight-race track that embraces the gallery's column and a revolving door squeezed into a corner; through 2/2. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Robert Overby—A survey of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by this Los Angeles artist who died in 1993 and was best known for his graphic design work; through 1/12. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Ulf Rollof/John Schabel—A sculpture in which a Swedish pine log is coated in sap-derived soap and mechanically rotated on a steel pipe so that the runoff sap and soap gather on paper positioned beneath the log/Photographs that depict people traveling in airplanes as seen through windows from the outside; through 1/12. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

William Wood—Black-and-white paintings whose grisaille effects evoke early photographs; through 1/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930), Wed.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

CDS—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). Works by first generation Latin American artists such as Torres-Garcia, Rivera, Vargas, others; through 1/31.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). "The Rise of the Art World in America: Knoedler at 150," with works by Braque, Cezanne, Manet, others; through 1/12.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Works by four emerging sculptors: Boroson, Caldwell, Cape, and Jensen; through 1/28.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). Furniture designed by Antonio Gaudi and Joan Busquets; expressionistic paintings by Philip Sherrod; through 1/31.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Projects by Baechler, Bolande, Byron, Vital; through 1/18.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St (752-0124). Recent works by Al Held, Jules Olitski, and Judy Pfaff; through 1/18.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). Ten African-American women sculptors, including Catlett-Mora, Chase-Riboud, and Lewis; through 1/11.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). Works on paper by Bastidas, Waid, others; through 2/8.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-8888). Small works by Lichtenstein, O'Keeffe, Yamamoto, others; through 1/25.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Condeso/Lawler—524 Broadway (219-1283). Curated by Margaret Thatcher, "Peeling a Grape" includes works by Hutchinson, Siegel, Welish, others; through 2/1.

DevenGolden—16 Mercer St. (334-3124). Works on paper by Craven, Reisman, others; through 1/18.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). Installation performances every Saturday, 2 P.M.–6 P.M.; through 1/25.

Gorney—100 Greene St. (966-4480). Works by McCarthy, Noble, Ruppersberg; through 1/11.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). Painting, sculpture, and photography that uses and critiques toys; through 1/25.

Lombard/Fried—470 Broome St. (334-5060). "The Experimenters," with works that have a scientific bent by Acconci, Antoni, Lewandowsky, Schumann, Roth, Thek, others; through 1/18.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works by Butter, Conner, Connor, Ess, François, Larmon, and other gallery artists; through 2/1.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "A Living Testament to the Blood Fairies, Part II," including text-based artwork by artists living with or having died of HIV/AIDS; through 3/1.

Puck Building—295 Lafayette St. "The Boat: Object and Metaphor," with works by Asher, Butter, Goodheart, others; through 2/25.

Radix—462 Broome St. (431-7738). Twenty abstract painters, including works by Greaves, Walker, others; through 1/25.

Senior—375 West Broadway (941-0960). Works on paper by Deutsch, Fischl, Shaefer, others; through 2/15.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Abstract Expressionist works by Evelyn, Hecker, Kirk, others; through 2/22.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). European comics from the fifties to the present, and new paintings by Ed Rath; through 2/1.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Five young British artists, including works by Fairhurst, Ofili, Quinn, others; through 1/11.

Other

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St (727-7366). Paintings, sculpture, ceramics, and furniture by Baines, Heilmann, and Keister; through 1/12.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), open daily until dusk. Part II of Socrates Sculpture Park's Tenth Anniversary show, with outdoor sculptures by Abakanowicz, Averbuch, Benglis, Chase, di Suvero, Ferrara, Highstein, Masters, Temkin, Zimmerman, others; through 4/1.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Vintage prints; through 1/11. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Juan Carlos Alom—Photographs of human hands, heads, and bodies, which symbolize the Cuban-born photographer's search for human value within the superstitious and ritualistic subject matter of Cuban culture; through 2/1. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Jill Freedman— Black-and-white photographs of the circus, police, and Ireland; through 1/11.

Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Lynn Geesaman—Landscapes taken in the South of France, Southern California, and the southeastern U.S.; through 1/11. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

John Gruen—Forty black-and-white portraits of contemporary artists; 1/11–2/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777). Works by Clarence White's students, including Bourke-White, Lange, Gilpin, others; photographs of Hong Kong by Masahiko Yamashita; through 1/12.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9.

Jean Kallina—Photographs of interiors; through 1/19. Benrubi. 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Klagsbrun—80 Mercer St. (925-5157). Part two of a survey of women photographers from the past twenty years, with works by Antin, Barney, Charlesworth, Goldin, Kruger, Lemieux, Reicheck, Simpson, Weems; through 1/18.

Lino Mannocci—Postcards of tourist sights, from Italian resorts to New York City; through 1/14. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Duane Michals—Black-and-white photographs and accompanying texts that pay homage to Walt Whitman; through 2/1. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. The gallery's inaugural exhibition features vintage and contemporary photographs, among them abstractions, photograms, light drawings, X-rays, and chance oddities; through 1/12.

Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe—A retrospective of the artist's work, including images of her late husband Arthur and African-Americans throughout the country; through 1/22. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Newseum/New York—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596); Mon.–Fri. 8:30–5:30 and Sat. 10-5; free. "60 Years of *Life*: Photographs That Changed the World," with works by 62 photographers; through 2/15/97.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs by Lisette Model and Diane Arbus; through 1/11.

Fawn Potash—Photographs of old books and magazines; through 1/18. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Herb Ritts—A mid-career retrospective of fashion studies, nudes, and portraits; through 2/22. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

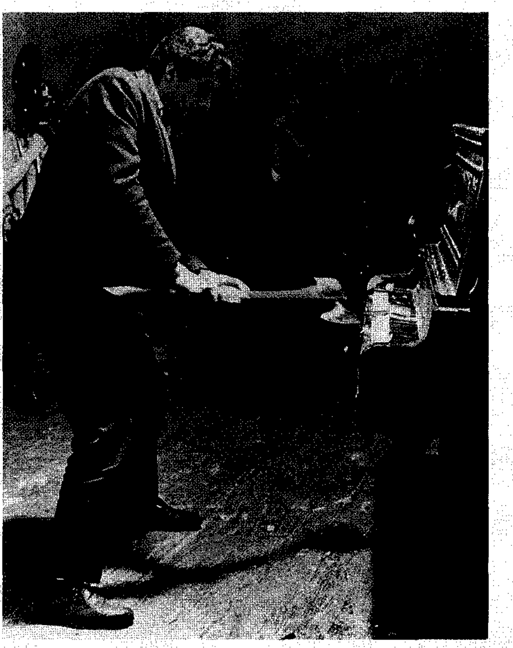
Walter Rosenblum—A retrospective, including photographs of city neighborhoods; through 3/1. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Nineteenth-century photographs made as studies to aid painters; through 1/11.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Portraits of women, with works by Fowler, Gaskell, Shafir, others; through 1/12.

On View
Cutting Edge

"Am I missing something?" asks a man in the Whitney's lobby gallery. "Isn't this just a man beating up a piano?" Never mind; soon enough, the 45-minute video of a man methodically hacking away at a piano to a woman's atonal singing has attracted a gaggle of bemused viewers. Whether or not any of them have heard of the short-lived Destruction Art movement of the sixties is beside the point.



First performed in his studio in 1967 (right), Rafael Montañez Ortiz's *Humpty Dumpty: Piano Destruction Concert* was avant-garde, but so accessibly bizarre that Ortiz was invited to perform it on *The Tonight Show* in 1968. Destruction Art, as Ortiz described it, was a process that would release the creative energy "buried in each of us." A recent filmed reenactment by the 62-year-old Ortiz produced the video and the destroyed piano that are the focal points of the Whitney Museum's exhibition "Rafael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." (Also included are such Destruction works as a randomly reassembled film, toasted marshmallows nailed to a wood panel, and a burned bed.) The show only hints at the extreme nature of Ortiz's work at that time—ritualistic performances that involved the sacrifice of chickens, or, in the case of his play *Self-Destruction,* which inspired Arthur Janov's pop-psychology best-seller *Primal Scream,* regurgitating milk. Later, Ortiz moved away from Destruction Art; founded New York's El Museo del Barrio, the first museum of Hispanic art in the United States; and took part in antiwar protests. Forgotten for most of the seventies and eighties, Ortiz made a comeback in the nineties, using digital imaging and video as his media. His recent video and relief sculptures, currently on view at Mitchell Algus Gallery (25 Thompson Street; through January 18), mark the return of one of America's most experimental artists.

Edith Newhall

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"The Luminous Image: An Exhibition of Illuminated Photography." Works by 21 photographers, among them Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Alfredo Jaar, Doug and Mike Starn, and Ted Victoria; through 1/18. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16/97. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28/97. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"The Grand Tour: Photographs by Guy Weill"; through 1/26/97. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry." A survey focusing on the leading artists of the period between the world wars and the aesthetic and technical innovations that established the Swedish glass industry; through 2/2/97. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16/97. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16/97. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"In the Light of Italy: Corot and Open-Air Painting." An exhibition of landscape paintings by 48 European artists who worked in Italy between 1780 and 1840, among them nineteen paintings by Jean-Baptiste Corot (1796–1875) made during his first visit to Italy; through 1/12/97. . . ."Mine: Grand Lobby Installation by Rona Pondick"; through 1/4/98. . . . "Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19/97. . . . "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9/97. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16/97. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Jean-Léon Gérome and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15/97. . . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum"; through 2/15/97. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad.*" An installation of a street-like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29/97. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29/97. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29/97. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loves ones to AIDS; through 4/13/97. . . . "The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics"; through 1/12/97. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective." The most comprehensive survey ever presented of the artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 1/15/97. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"1996: The Hugo Boss Prize." Works by the six artists nominated for the Hugo Boss Prize, among them Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Matthew Barney, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 1/19/97. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19/97. . . . "From Court Jews to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19/97. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . . "Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868–1928); through 2/16/97. . . . "Corot." The first American retrospective of the French artist's work in 35 years gathers some 150 paintings from public and private collections; through 1/19/97. . . . "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot." A selection of prints by this French photographer who made studies of the Forest of Fontainebleau in the late 1850s and early 1860s in close association with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and other painters of the Barbizon school; through 1/12/97. . . . "No Ordinary Mortals: The Human (and Not-So-Human) Figure in Japanese Art"; through 10/5/97. . . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23/97. . . ."Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2/97. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2/97. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30/97. . . . "Artists for Victory." A commemoration of the historic juried exhibition of contemporary art "Artists for Victory," held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1942–43"; through 1/12/97. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum at F.I.T.—"From Printed Line to Woven Flower, Exploring Textile Patterns"; through 1/11/97. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (760-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art— 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art— 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jasper Johns: A Retrospective." The first in-depth survey of the artist's work in nearly twenty years; through 1/21/97. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4/97. . . . "Jasper Johns: Process and Printmaking." A selection of proofs and editioned prints drawn almost entirely from the artist's personal collection; through 1/21/97. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23/97. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6/97. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29/97. . . . 'Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Talent In her hypnotic installation *Trap Door,* Liisa Roberts displays four 16-mm. film projections on freestanding screens (one of them Cinemascope) to create a three-dimensional film experience. At Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene Street; through February 1.

National Academy of Design—"Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." A survey of paintings by the American Impressionist (1847–1926); 1/11–3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution— George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Carolee Schneeman: Up To and Including Her Limits." The first museum exhibit in the United States devoted to the work of this artist, a key figure since the sixties in the development of performance and body-based art; through 1/26. . . . "Enclosures: New Site-Specific Installations by Nedko Solakov, Teresita Fernandez, and Hale Tenger; through 1/26. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library— "The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825"; through 1/11/97. . . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29/97. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A retrospective of works by the designer; through 1/5/97. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library— 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29/97. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5; Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23/97. . . . "Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Beverly Semmes: She Moves." An installation by this artist who uses monumental scale to comment on clothing as a form of cultural and personal expression; through 1/4/97. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). Next auction on 1/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next auction on 1/15.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/9 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade 19th-Century Paintings." On view from 1/4.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/9 at 1:30: "Boxing." On view from 1/4.

Photograph courtesy of Lehmann Maupin.

restaurants

Gray Goes Green...Double Dairy...Pó

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Cambio Restaurant—Fish is done particularly well at this downtown Northern Italian spot. Try the salmon with artichokes or the black fettucine with squid, the homemade pastas, and desserts. *108 John St. (608-6500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.lli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

I'm still on a holiday binge and out of control.

Don't fight it. Give in to a seductive communion of two classic temptations—ice cream and cheesecake. I didn't really need Mike's Original Cheesecake Ice Cream in my already richer-than-Croesus existence, but there's no resisting. Fewer calories than Häagen-Dazs, the label claims. Strawberry is my favorite—tangy and rich but not cloying. And the berry-sorbet-wrapped cheesecake-ice-cream bar-on-a-stick goes rather well in bed with the eleven-o'clock news. Only 6 grams of fat per 70-gram bar. I feel thinner already. At supermarkets.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées, with live music on Friday nights. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España— Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

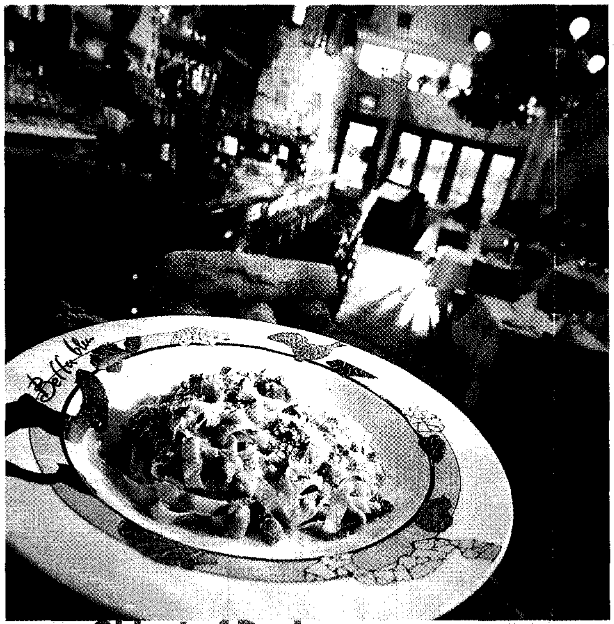
An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



Object of Desire

Being Boarish

Fresh from California and a stint with pasta perfectionist Wolfgang Puck, chef Marc Vetri has revved up the menu at uptown's boisterous Bella Blu with uncommon creations like this chewy chestnut fettucine in a beefy wild-boar ragú. (967 Lexington Avenue, near 70th Street.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. *75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Intermezzo—This colorful Chelsea Italian restaurant has local art—and a hand-painted mural—on the walls, and a menu offering mozzarella saporita, tagliolini al peperone, and pollo alla griglia. *202 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (929-3433). (I–M) AE.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Artos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. *307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Mangeoire—With a little imagination, you feel as if you're in the south of France in this rustic, countrified restaurant in midtown. The prix fixe is a smart way to take advantage of house specials like caramelized-thyme-onion tart, roasted monkfish with cumin-eggplant caviar, and lavender-scented crème brûlée. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. *964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

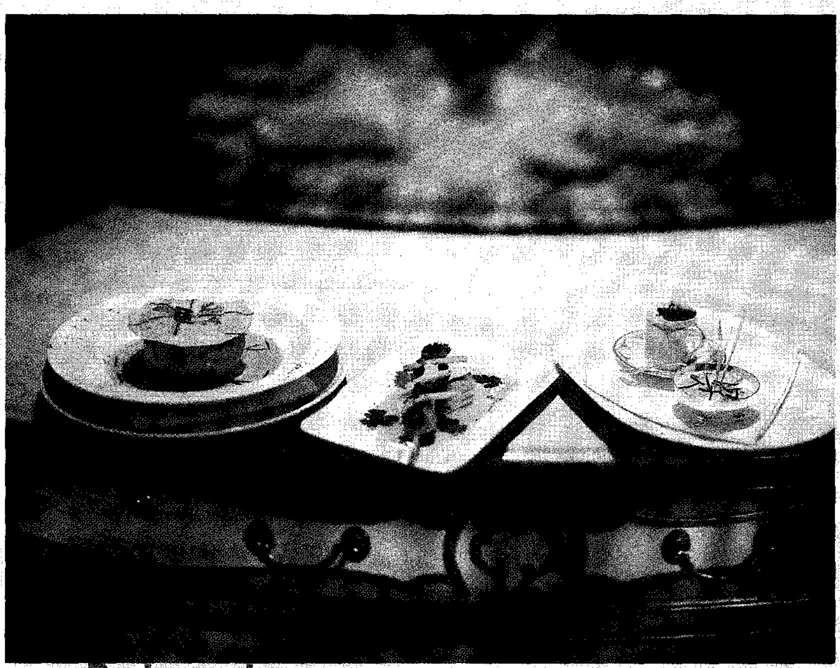
43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood



Restaurant

Meatless in Manhattan

In a sybaritic departure from the soybean burgers and gritty seaweed of the macrobiotic days of yore, a number of New York's best chefs now offer vegetarian dishes. Case in point is Gray Kunz, executive chef at Lespinasse. His winter menu features smoky and intense kabobs of beets, turnips, celery root, and daikon radish garnished with pickled daikon, ginger, and a sprinkling of brioche croutons; braised leeks and curry vinaigrette come alongside. Cumin-scented lentils and beans fill a baked butternut squash topped with a rice crêpe draped at an angle that would look great on a summer straw hat. A bell-pepper emulsion surrounding the squash gives this dish a nose-filling, slightly acid kick. New to the menu are truffles and fingerling potatoes with a chive-parsley vinaigrette. Also a substantial corn-and-pumpkin chowder with caramelized pumpkin seeds reminiscent of the toasty *pipian* of the Yucatán. Kunz is also trying his own version of celery-root ravioli filled with cèpes and spinach. A menu even a carnivore would love. **Peter Kaminsky**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix-fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz Wednesday nights. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Try the pretheater prix fixe at this midtown trattoria. The menu offers such staples as homemade pasta, brick-oven pizza, and a largish antipasto selection. *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One-Shot **This Thursday, cookbook author and would-be Italian Faith Willinger collaborates with Pó chef (and TV spitfire) Mario Batali on a Piedmontese supper. To start, crunchy fennel, kohlrabi, and cardoons accompany *bagna cauda*, a sort of anchovy-and-garlic fondue. Then come scrambled eggs, cooked in the garlicky remains and topped with shaved truffles, followed by cheese and *cugna*—a grape-must fruit preserve. And for dessert: homemade mascarpone, zabaglione gelato, and blood oranges. (31 Cornelia Street; $60.)**

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Central Park South—A newcomer to the Central Park South strip of hotels and restaurants, specializing in globally inspired American food like tuna tartare with curry oil, lotus-root chips, grilled veal chops, and Arctic char with sautéed vegetables. Jacket required, unless you eat in the bar, which has its own, more casual menu. *150 Central Park So. (765-1444). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. House specialties include the daube Provençale, the cassoulet, and steak frites. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Folie—An uptown spot with a downtown feel, serving eclectic French fare like bouillabaisse, tuna tartare, and fondue. Live jazz and a hopping bar scene. *1422 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (744-6327). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian trattoria near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Mendy's—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

nightlife

Cheap Trick Tribute...Tricky Trip-Hop

Concerts

American Composers Orchestra—Carnegie Hall's may be an odd stage on which to find Bill Frisell, but the avant-garde guitar hero, along with fellow soloists Stephen Drury (piano) and Joey Baron (drums), will indeed be there to premiere *Deal*, Steve Mackey's concerto for electric guitar, drum set, and orchestra, and John Zorn's suite *Aporias*. 1/12 at 3 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $9–$40.*

Beck—Though it's generally unsound to go around casually hailing pop musicians as geniuses, the G-word is among the first that come to mind to describe America's favorite folk-rap-rock-bluesman. Mixing high-spirited send-ups of rock and hip-hop conventions with pure, irony-free musical abandon, the multitalented slacker-saint is as entertaining to watch live as he is to listen to on disc. If anyone still needs proof that Beck is no phony, five minutes at this quasi matinee should do the trick. 1/12 at 5 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $15.*

David Bowie—Hard as it may be to believe, the Thin White Duke is celebrating a half-century on the earth he once fell to—and the impending release of his new, techno-tinged outing *Earthling*. Guest performers include former Pixie Frank Black, Foo Fighters, and Lou Reed. With Placebo. 1/9 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Jazz Talk: Early Chicago Jazz—Pianist James Dapogny hosts an enlightening look at the roots of the Windy City's jazz scene. 1/16 at 7 P.M. *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (721-6500). $10.*

Marian McPartland, Donald Brown, and Christian McBride—Three generations of jazz greats—from septuagenarian pianist McPartland to young-lion bassist McBride, with hard-bop keyboardist-producer Brown bridging the gap—provide a lively and engaging night of history made and in the making. 1/13 at 8 P.M., *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20.*

Billy Stritch/Claiborne Cary—The cabaret pianist and singer preview Stritch's Brazilian album, as well as his more straight jazz stylings. 1/11 at 7:30 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $25–$30.*

McCoy Tyner—As a sideman to John Coltrane in the mid sixties, collaborating with other post-bop giants like Tony Williams and Ron Carter, and on his own, Tyner has secured a place for himself in the jazz pantheon through his percussive, driving piano work. This solo performance promises to electrify. 1/10 at 8 P.M. *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (875-5299). $35.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

What Is Swing?—Indefatigable jazz proselytizer Wynton Marsalis, conducting the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, hosts Jazz for Young People's introduction to the big-band era. 1/11 at 12 noon and 2 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $8–$12.*

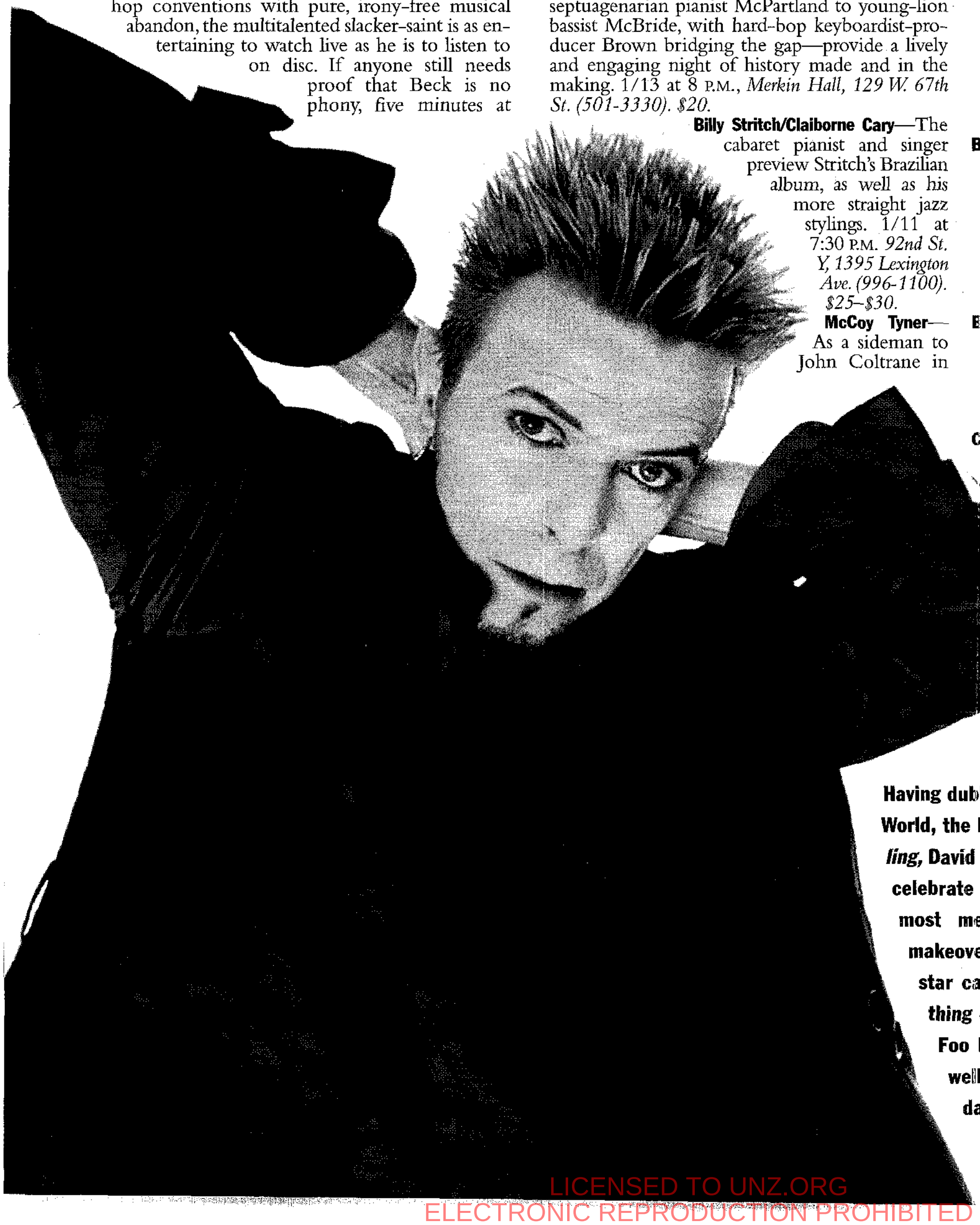
Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/10: Richard Barone and Jules Shear host "Writers in the Round," with Rosie Flores. 1/11: "Outside a Small Circle of Friends," a tribute to the life and music of the late, lamented folkie Phil Ochs, with John Flansburgh, Freedy Johnston, and other accomplished Ochs fans. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 1/15: Muse. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/10: Michael Hill's Blues Mob. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of



Performance
Happy 'Earth' Day

Having dubbed himself variously as the Man Who Sold the World, the Man Who Fell to Earth, and now, simply, *Earthling,* David Bowie has more than just his quinquagenary to celebrate at Madison Square Garden January 9. Pop's most mercurial male will fête his latest identity makeover—to technoid elder statesman—with an all-star cast that includes a few kids who've learned a *thing or two from the Bowie songbook* (Sonic Youth, Foo Fighters, Smashing Pumpkin Billy Corgan), as well as one of the few surviving rockers who predate the birthday boy, Lou Reed.

Photograph by Nina Schultz.

local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle-D.J. salon "Konkrete Jungle." ($20 cover). 9 P.M. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. 1/9: A Night of Cheap Trick, starring Shake Appeal (see essay). *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 1/10–1/11: Popfest '97: Pop Rocks—featuring Heartworms, Holiday, Nord Express, and Push Kings. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Another year has been successfully put to bed, putting us one notch closer to the millennium, and thus, presumably increasing the mysterious effect for which Tricky's newest album, *Pre-Millennium Tension,* is named. Even more brooding and somewhat harder than its predecessor, *Maxinquaye, Tension* bristles with the kind of *unheimlich* energy that most rock music today simply doesn't deliver. Live, the trip-hop maestro presides like a sullen king, using spare movement and a low-key vocal style to crank the aesthetic stakes even higher. He holds court 1/11–1/12. With Jeru the Damaja. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. 1/9–1/10: Larry McCray. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/11: The Upper Crust champion *ancien régime* values. 1/12: James House. 1/15: Jazz Mandolin. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 1/8: The Odds. 1/9: Dump; Containe; Air Traffic Controllers. 1/10: Babe the Blue Ox. 1/11: Very Pleasant Neighbor; Halcion. 1/15: Francis Dunnery. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 1/11: Little Buster & the Soul Brothers. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 1/7–1/8: Mark Murphy. 1/9–1/11: Lee Konitz Trio (with Don Friedman and Atilla Zoller). 1/12: Dave Stryker. 1/13: Leni Stern Trio. 1/14–1/16: Bobbar Watson & Horizon. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—The "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Add first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), and you've got to wonder why they're singing the blues. 1/7–1/12: Dr. John. 1/13: NYU Orchestra. 1/14–1/15: Sadao Watanabe/Monte Alexander. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 1/7–1/12: Gato Barbieri. 1/14–1/18: Ellis Marsalis Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 1/8–1/12: Free-jazz pioneer and saxist-composer-mystic-philosopher Anthony Braxton presents Ghost Trance Festival, with sets nightly at 9 and 11 P.M. Every Monday in January, Joe Gallant and the Illuminati Big Band Play the music of the Grateful Dead. 1/14: Emmanuel Ax and Pablo Ziegler play the music of tango maestro Astor Piazzolla. 1/10 in the Alterknit Theater, Joe Morris and William Parker play duet sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang is home to Peggy Cone and her Gentlemen Jazz Trio, every Sunday night. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. 1/7: Franck Amsallem Trio. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

St. Mark's Bar—Every Tuesday at 11 P.M., the Brian Madden trio. *132 First Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (505-0290).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars, and a scant $4 cover on Mondays. Also new to Mondays is a "Amanda on the Green," a series of performances by young singing, songwriting, and comedy talent presented by Amanda Green. 1/8–1/12: Singer Daryl Sherman with Don Barrett and Boots Malleson. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Thirteenth Street Theatre—Sundays at 3 P.M., pianist-singer Mark Birnbaum presents "Ragtime '96," a one-man tribute to Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, and other ragtime greats. *50 W. 13th St. (675-6677). $10–$12.50.*

Village Gate—Relocated to another historic jazz block, the legendary venue offers jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 1/7–1/11: Ken Peplowski Quartet. 1/14–1/18: Roy Gerson Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history,

Performance
'Trick or Treat?

Hail, Hail, Rock and Roll: Cheap Trick in their seventies heyday.

One night last August, two members of the downtown power-pop trio Shake Appeal were strolling home from a Kiss concert at Madison Square Garden, engaged in some heavy philosophizing. In brief, says guitarist-singer Tom Beaujour, "we were trying to figure out who the greatest American rock-and-roll band of all time is." Beaujour and his bandmate, bassist Marcelo Romero, had seen another seventies-rock quartet a few days earlier, and the debate came down, Romero recalls, to a simple option: Cheap Trick or Kiss? Superficially, at least, the question didn't seem open to much debate: Kiss, freshly reunited and triumphant in a sold-out tour of arenas worldwide, would appear to have the upper hand on 'Trick, whose stadium days are long gone, and who plug away in second-rate clubs and amusement parks. Nonetheless, notes Beaujour, "We had to admit that Cheap Trick kicks Kiss's ass. They've weathered it all." The discussion was the seed for An Evening of Cheap Trick, Starring Shake Appeal (Continental, January 9), an unabashed hero-worshipping session in which the hosts will accompany New York scenesters from bands large and small in musical salutes to the 1970s' largely unheralded kings. Beaujour has fifteen or so performers scheduled for the rock roast: "We've got D Generation, Ruth Ruth, Thin Lizard Dawn. Iggy Pop has given us a 'maybe,' if he's done with David Bowie's birthday concert in time." Naturally, as with any such undertaking, the "tribute" masks a kernel of self-interest in Shake Appeal's motives: "We're using Cheap Trick as a common thread between a lot of the bands, since the New York scene is normally so cutthroat and competitive," says Romero. "So it's bringing us all together, in a sense. All in the name of four drunken bastards from Rockford, Illinois." **ETHAN SMITH**

Photograph by A. Maielet.

this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. 1/7: Dechown Jenkins Group. 1/8–1/11: Ted Nash Quartet. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Monday: Open-mike night. Wednesday: "Women of Comedy Night." Thursday: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St. (244-3005).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 1/6–1/12: Wayne Smith; Rob Magnottie; Rich Ramirez. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri.–Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every other Tuesday, it's gay and lesbian talent with "Stand Up & Queer." Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Mondays, it's Sunda Croonquist and the Femmes Fatales. 1/10–1/11: Kevin Brennan; Keith Robinson; Jeff Rose; Billy Jaye. Sun.–Thurs. at 7 P.M.; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 1/6: Andrea Marcovici. Starting 1/7, John Pizzarelli Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M. (dinner at 6:30); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 P.M. (supper at 10:30). $20; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—The fabulous Eartha Kitt (and original Cat Woman—as if anyone could forget) returns to open a two-month run, 1/7. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis continues to offer her romantic stylings. No cover; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Avenue at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Dance Theater Workshop—1/7–1/11: Drag artist John Kelly puts on *Paved Paradise*, his hilarious and affectionate Joni Mitchell homages. *219 W. 19th St. (924-0077).*

Danny's Skylight Room—1/9: Laurie Krauz and the Daryl Kojak Trio. 1/10–1/11: Blossom Dearie. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8133).*

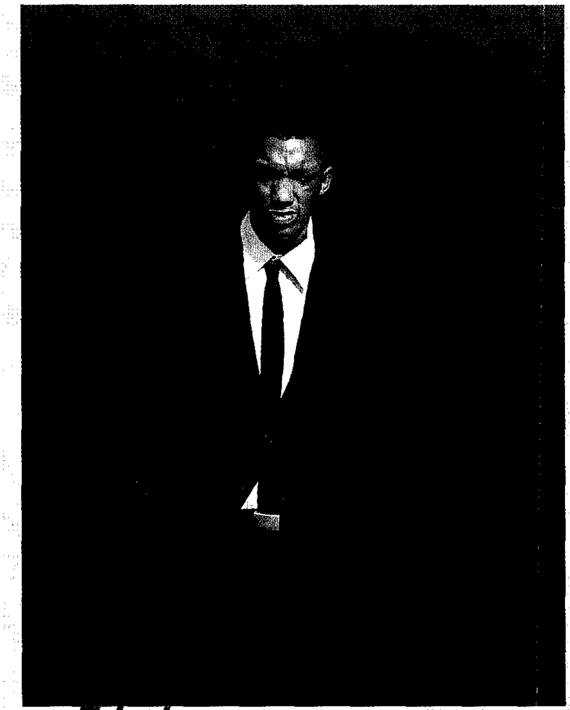
Don't Tell Mama—1/8 and 1/15: Caroline Durham's *Unzipped*. Thursdays at 10 P.M., it's Danna Call's one-woman multiple-personality fest *Off Her Axis*. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty-Eight's—1/7: David Campbell; Victoria Weston. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Dutch Weisman's Winter Follies—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family-values revue, complete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wed. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 11. $35 cover. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045).*

Rainbow and Stars—1/7–1/18: *Leading Men Don't Dance*, with unlikely cabaret dudes George Dvorsky, Scott Holmes, Byron Nease, and Richard Muenz. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, with guest vocalists weekly. Set at 10:30 P.M. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*



Talent

Mood Music

Trip-hop impresario Tricky brings his haunting, dark, and masterful sonic ruminations to Irving Plaza, January 11–12.

Photograph by Shawn Mortensen/Outline.

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in one of the finest bars in the city. *9 Stuyvesant Pl., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (no phone).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse-slumming downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

Howard Johnson's—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

Orchard—Having opened about two weeks ago, the place is too new to tell what kind of crowd will adopt it, but the futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new hang is novel without being just another irksome Lower East Side novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Dig the countersunk, rear-projection TV near the ceiling. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston St. (673-5350).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

The View Lounge—What can you say about a rotating bar hundreds of feet above Times Square? In spite of—or because of—its utterly impersonal ambience, it's a classic, and well worth the exorbitant prices. One of the rare venues where motion sickness may set in before you catch a cab home. *Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St., forty-eighth floor (398-1900).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

in concert

Modern Mandolins...20th-Century Beethoven

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 7

Concert Artists Guild—"The Intimate Brahms," the first in a series of three programs of the composer's complete chamber works performed by the Bachmann-Kilbonoff-Fridman Trio. This program, repeated on 1/11, features as guest artists violist Eufronsina Raileanu and clarinetist Alan R. Kay. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (333-5200), at 7; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—With violinist Midori, performs Bartok's *Violin Concerto No. 2* and Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 5*; Zubin Mehta, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Wednesday, January 8

PULSE Percussion Ensemble—Performs works by Wen Loong-Hsing, Carlos Stasi, and Charles Wuorinen. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.(501-3330), at 8; $10.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The first in a season-long series of concerts devoted to Schubert and Brahms is a master class in Schubert's lieder with Elisabeth Söderström. *Rose Studio, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, January 9

New York Philharmonic—With mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar and the American Boys Choir; Zubin Mehta, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Strings Attached—The Modern Mandolin Quartet premieres works by Tully Cathey, David Balakrishnan, and Richard Stone. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $17.50.*

Friday, January 10

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—An all-Schubert program with guest pianist André Watts and soprano Beverly Hoch. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 8; $22–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/9.

Saturday, January 11

Music for Mischa—"Schubert's Universe," with pianist Lukas Foss, violinists Laurie Smulker and Krista Bennion-Feeny, and violist Ira Weller, among others. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 7; $30.*

Concert Artists Guild—See 1/7.

New York Philharmonic—See 1/9.

Sunday, January 12

Sundays on the Island—Pianists Gilda Goldstein and Katia Grineva performs works by Schumann, Gershwin, and Chopin. *Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island, Bronx (721-7711), at noon; $12.*

Emerson String Quartet—Performs "Beethoven and the 20th Century," with violist Eric Shumsky and cellist Roberta Cooper. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

American Composers Orchestra—Performs the New York premieres of Steven Mackey's *Deal* and John Zorn's *Aporias;* Dennis Russell Davies, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $9–$40.*

Christian Zacharias, Pianist—Performs works by Scarlatti, Debussy, and Schubert. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $15–$35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Luciano Pavarotti, Tenor—A recital of arias and songs by Beethoven, Bononcini, and Guida, among others, with pianist Leone Magiera. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000), at 3; $23–$250.*

Guitar Among Others—Works by Gragnani, Kreutzer, Villa-Lobos, and Zenamon. *Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (718-788-1988), at 4; $10.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—See 1/10, at 5.

Monday, January 13

Christopher Taylor, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Bolcom, and Bartok. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel,* 1/7 at 7; Puccini's *La Bohème,* 1/8 at 8, 1/11 at 1:30; Puccini's *Tosca,* 1/9 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata,* 1/10 at 8; Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci,* 1/11 at 8; Bellini's *I Puritani,* 1/13 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—*The Pirates of Penzance,* 1/9–1/19. *Symphony Space, Broadway and 95th St. (864-5400); $20–$45.*

Dance

Altogether Different Festival—A series featuring seven up-and-coming dance companies over three weeks: Complexions—A Concept in Dance; Zvi Gotheiner and Dancers; Dance by Neil Greenberg; Sara Pearson Patrik Widrig & Company; Neta Pulvermacher and Dancers; Poppo & the GoGo Boys; and Shapiro & Smith Dance. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. 1/7–1/26. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $17.*

The New York City Ballet—Repertory, including *Concert Barocco, Kammermusik No. 2, Sonatine,* and *Symphony in Three Movements.* Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

Talent Something New

The Joyce Theater welcomes 1997 with a dance sampler, the eleventh annual 'Altogether Different' festival. Seven groups perform over three weeks, working in styles from jazz to ballet-Butoh fusion, and themes ranging from addiction to acquisition. Call 242-0800 for ticket and schedule information.

kids

Looking Glass...*Little Moon*

Children's Events

Puppet Shows—We are all in the know on *Al E. Gator's Surprise Party,* except, of course, Mr. Gator. The production is a wonderful excuse to pull out a whole cast of Bil Baird shadow puppets, bounce some balls, get partway through "Little Red Riding Hood," and have us all yell "Surprise!" Convenient after a trip to the Greenmarket. Weekends through April 20 at 1 and 3. **THE PUPPET COMPANY,** 31 Union Square West, Loft 2B (741-1646); $7.50. Reserve. **PUPPETWORKS'** exuberant marionette production of *Alice in Wonderland* has sets that are faithful to the Tenniel illustrations; original songs have been added. Jan. 18 and 19 at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Tickets $7, children $5. Reserve.

Cult Following—Silly Billy is, for reasons alluded to by his name, something of a legend on the 3- to 5-year-old party circuit, so if you haven't had the pleasure, check him out. Jan. 11 at 1. **THE KNITTING FACTORY,** 74 Leonard St. (877-6115); $8.50. ●

Tell Me Why—Storyteller Phyllis Stephens tells why the sky is far away and other tales about the beginning of the world. Jan. 11 at noon, followed by a patchwork-collage family art project from 1 to 4. Recommended for ages 3 and up. Kerlin Learning Center, **WAVE HILL,** 675 W. 252nd St. The Bronx (718-549-3200). Workshops are free; there is no admission charge to the grounds during winter months. ●

Three Wishes—**TADA!**'s *Little Moon Theater* is a musical about a group of traveling players who manage to grant wishes as they go—and tangle with a fairy godmother. Through January 26. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). $12 for adults, $6 for kids.

Surf City—Kids in grades 5 through 8 get a look at how our eyes trick us—so that moving pictures actually seem to re-create motion—and build animation devices called Phenakistoscopes. Jan. 11 from 11 to 1. **SONYWONDER,** the extraordinarily frolicsome (and free) hands-on science-and-technology museum, recently added CYBERPLAY Online, an exhibit that lets you check out up-to-the-minute basketball action, music, and world news or tour the White House with Socks. (While you're there, you may also want to track a hurricane, remix a Celine Dion song, and help produce a television show.) Note new hours: Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. from 10 to 6, Thurs. from 10 to 9, and Sun. from noon to 6. 550 Madison Ave., at 56th St. (833-8100.)

Playback—The teddy bear that kept a nun company in a convent for 50 years, a pea shooter made by a Brooklyn boy, and Barbie in a Calvin Klein–designed outfit: "New York Toy Stories," the ultimate transgenerational outing, runs through 4/27. **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Hours are Wed. through Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5. Suggested contribution $5, $4 seniors, students, and children, $10 families.

Fairy Tales—*Hansel, Gretel, and the Jolly Gingerbread Man* opens this week at **THE GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE.** Weekends at 1:30, followed by *Snow White* at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

Wheelers and Dealers—Steering-wheel fetish? They've got seven of them at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN.** And that's all on one bus. Just Off Broadway is a New York City scenario where tots can rearrange the heights and locations of buildings, Donald Trump–style. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Fri.–Mon. 10–5, Wed. 1:30–5:30; $5, $2.50 seniors.

Big Top—**BIG APPLE CIRCUS'**s "The Medicine Show" is staged as a small-town 1890s folly. Little kids especially appreciate the fact that no seat is farther than 50 feet from the action, the better to see acts like the frenetic Muttville Comix (a troupe of performing dogs rescued from shelters worldwide). Performances through 1/12 are under the big top at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park (268-0055); $10–$49.●

Onstage—*Once Upon a Mattress* has a heroine (Sarah Jessica Parker) ten times as interesting as her prince. The 1959 "Princess and the Pea" revival is likely to attract girls over boys in equal ratio. Froufrou costumes, sets, songs, and silliness will endear the vintage confection to family audiences. But be prepared for a troublesome question or two. Why, for example, would an unmarried woman who gets pregnant want to go away and hide? Tell tots to keep one ear cocked for the prevailing sexism of another era—which never spoils the fun. **BROADHURST THEATER,** 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $40 to $75.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Cue

Kate O'Hara
Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Sports

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert
Theater

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

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Charles Runnette
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Ethan Smith
Nightlife
Popular Music
Cabaret

Opening Jabberwocky

A signing caterpillar speaks volumes (above) in *Curiouser and Curiouser,* a stage adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* performed by the Tony-award-winning National Theatre of the Deaf—for people that *can* hear and for those that can't. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College January 10 and 11. Tickets $24, students $10.

the mix

Diane Johnson in Paris...Antiques Season

John Leonard's TV Notes

Cronkite Remembers (Through 2/20; 10 to 11 P.M.; The Discovery Channel) is an eight-part series for those devotees of *That's the Way It Was* who would rather not read the amiable autobiography of the anchor emeritus—from his Texas boyhood through World War II, with United Press; to the Cold War, with Edward R. Murrow and CBS News; to Ike, JFK, Vietnam, civil rights, men on the moon, Agnew, Watergate, Three Mile Island, and his less-than-voluntary retirement from a network that still misses him.

Thomas Hampson: I Hear America Singing (1/8; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) listens to the baritone and his pitch-perfect friends (Frederica von Stade, Marilyn Horne, Dawn Upshaw, Harolyn Blackwell, Jerry Hadley) sing Stephen Foster, Edward MacDowell, Leonard Bernstein, Samuel Barber, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Ned Rorem, etc., for "Great Performances" at Town Hall and (!) Walden Pond.

A Royal Scandal (1/12; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is for those watchers of public television who would probably be ashamed of paying too much attention to Charles and Di but can slum some instead with Richard Grant as George IV, who must marry Susan Lynch as Princess Caroline of Brunswick to produce an heir and get out of debt, after which he scandalizes the nineteenth century by trying to divorce. Maybe Mobil, and maybe Theatre, but a long way from being Masterpiece.

Going Places (1/13 through 3/3; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) asks us to follow avuncular weather-guy Al Roker to eight of the world's most popular vacation spots—from London to Las Vegas to New Orleans to the Caribbean to the Wild West to the Black Hills to Tuscany and then, of course, Australia. One can see why Roker would want this gig, but why on earth should public television do the same thing as the Discovery and Travel channels, only worse?

La Femme Nikita (Mondays, starting 1/13; 10 to 11 P.M.; USA), with Peta Wilson as the street junkie trained to be a clandestine government assassin, is the best of the several new USA shows, if only because the popular culture can always use another killer blonde, especially if she takes orders—a sort of chop-socky version of *My Fair Lady.*

Betting on the Market (1/14; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a skeptical *Frontline* look at a stock-exchange mania that has nothing whatever to do with a better product or a better service, and our surprising "dependency" on what seems, from this anthropological point of view, a kind of superstitious magic. It's absolutely amazing what these people will say on camera.

The Land Is Ours (1/14; 10 to 11 P.M.; check local listings) is the far-from-edifying story of what happened to the aboriginal Tlingit and Haida Indians after the Russian czar sold Alaska to Washington, D.C., in 1867 without bothering to consult its indigenous peoples.

Bill T. Jones: Still/Here With Bill Moyers (1/15; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) lets the dancer-choreographer tell us what he's been up to during the past year—traveling all over the United States to encourage people with life-threatening illnesses to express themselves in dance workshops—in spite of his own HIV-positive status and anything Arlene Croce has to say in *The New Yorker.*

Last Stand at Saber River (1/19; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) stars Tom Selleck in an Elmore Leonard Western. And if you actually need anything else, there is also Suzy Amis, Keith and David Carradine, David Dukes, and Harry Carey Jr., all of whom feel lousy after the Civil War.

Ellis Island (1/19; 8 to 11 P.M.; The History Channel) lets Mandy Patinkin show us what we used to be all about as a country when, between 1892 and 1954, more than 12 million men, women, and children came through the immigration gates. While they weren't exactly welcomed with the open arms we like to remember, at least they weren't treated like alien invaders.

The Richest Man in the World (1/20; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) reminds us that Andrew Carnegie brought us the Homestead Strike as well as the music hall. David McCullough, again the host of *The American Experience,* turns out himself to have come from Pittsburgh and brings to his narration a little more edginess than usual.

Radio Highlights

Shawn Colvin in the Spotlight—1/15: A day celebrating the singer-songwriter's music from *Steady On* to *A Few Small Repairs.* 6 A.M. to 9P.M. WQXR, 90.7 FM.

City Folk—1/9: Les Paul's birthday will be celebrated by a day of guitar music from Doc Watson, Richard Thompson, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Patty Larkin, Leo Kottke, and Robert Fripp. Six A.M. to 9 P.M. WQXR, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—1/11 at 10 P.M.: Maurine Christopher, widow of renowned magician Milbourne Christopher, has updated the *Illustrated History of Magic.* She will discuss it with 14-year-old magician Micah Lascher. Joe Giordano, co-author of *Ethnicity and Family Therapy,* discusses the effect of ethnic tradition on our lives. Scott McLaren, president of the Explorers' Club, talks about its activities. Mel Gussow, drama critic for the New York *Times,* discusses his books *Conversa-*

Shopping **Most antiques shows are held in spaces made for sweaty athletes or the storage of arms. Not so the five-year-old Convent of the Sacred Heart Antiques Show, whose setting is as grand as its wares. Previously held in the Otto Kahn mansion, it has been expanded into the James Burden mansion just next door. See listings.**

tions With Pinter, Conversations on Beckett, and *Conversations With Stoppard.* WOR, 710 A.M.

New York & Company—1/8: David Brudnoy on *Life Is Not a Rehearsal,* and grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper analyzes English; 1/9: Rick Moody discusses *The Ring of Brightest Angels Around Heaven;* 1/13: Saxophonist Benny Waters shares his life and music, celebrating his 95th birthday; 1/14: Margaret Moorman on *Waiting to Forget,* Alexis Pate discussing *Finding Makeba,* and the Persuasions sing a cappella. WNYC,93.9FM.

Amsterdam Mahler—1/12: Mahler: selections from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra with Riccardo Chailly, conductor. Sundays at 1. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

The Written Word

Actor Michael Laswell Reading Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*—1/12 and 1/19 at 2: A dramatic reading of the stories of immigrant life on the Lower East Side. This is the first of a series of readings on this topic. The Lower East Side Tenement Museum Gallery at 90 Orchard St. (431-0233).

Juanita Torrence-Thompson—1/15 at 6:30: Reading from her poetry collection *Spanning the Years.* Logos Bookstore, 1575 York Ave., at 84th St. (645-2599); free.

David Brudnoy—1/8 at 7: The conservative radio-talk-show host reads from his memoir of coming out on the air as a person with AIDS. At A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Roddy Doyle—1/10 at 7:30: Reading from *The Woman Who Walked Into Doors.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free

Rosario Ferre and Bob Shacochis—1/13 at 8: Reading from their recent work. Unterberg Poetry Center at the 92nd St. Y., 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Philip Graham—1/15 at 7: Reading from *How to Read an Unwritten Language.* Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave. (522-3322); free.

Ian Grey and Al Dekker—1/16 at 7: Reading from their recent work and work in progress. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (292-0900); free.

Lectures and Panels

Going for the Gold: Creating Award-Winning Ads—1/9 at 6: A panel of prestigious ad execs and directors discuss their award-winning ads. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $8, $6 for members.

The Best Bulbs for the Urban Garden—1/13 at 6: A look at bulbs and their preferences. The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave. at 51st St. (838-9410); $10 for Parks Council non-members.

The Only Child—1/14 at 5:30: A panel discussion offering professional and personal perspectives on the societal myths surrounding only children. Park Avenue Synagogue, 50 E. 87th St. (737-7385).

"Chinese Herbology: Facts and Myths"—1/7: A look at this much-misunderstood medicine. The New York Center for Pain Management, 340 E. 49th St. (759-7400).

Simone Young—1/8 at 6:15: A discussion with F. Paul Driscoll, writer, director, and contributor to *Opera News,* about the conductor's first performances and career at the Metropolitan. Kaplan Penthouse, tenth Floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza. (769-7028); $15 in advance or $17 at the door.

La Bohème—1/11 at 11:30: An interpretation of the Puccini opera now at the Met. Kaplan Penthouse, 10th Floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza. (769-7028); $15 in advance or $17 at the door.

About Women—1/16 at 8P.M.: Reverend Bernice A. King, daughter of Martin Luther King Jr., will discuss themes from her book, *For Each Living Soul: Speeches and Sermons.* The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.; for further information please call 996-1100.

Tours

Rockefeller Center—1/13 at 12:30: A tour of this landmark district exploring the history, art, and architecture of Rockefeller Center. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Call 935-3960 to register; $10 adults, $8 members, students, and seniors.

Jazz Ma-Tazz—1/12 at 4:45: Enjoy dining to the sounds of jazz and latin music at Visiones. The tour is organized by the 92nd St. Y. Call 996-1100 to register; the $30 admission includes an early dinner.

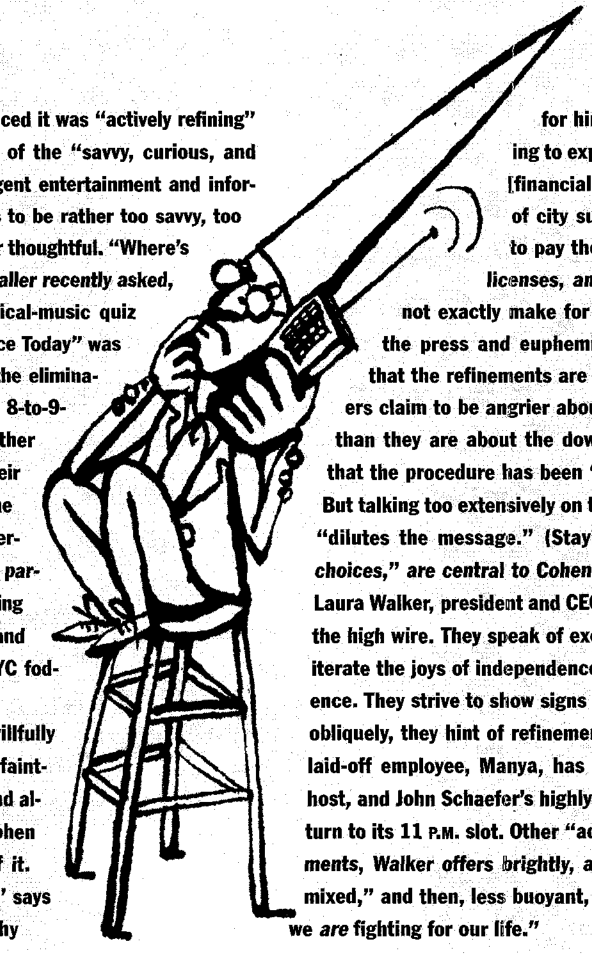
Night Court—1/17 at 7 P.M: Visit night court and see the system in action. Meet the judges and other staff of the court system, police, district attorneys, and their clients. The tour is led by a justice of the Supreme Court of New York, Jerome Hornblass. The tour is organized by the 92nd St. Y. Call 996-1100 to register; $30.

Events

NY Sacred Heart Antiques Show— 1/17-19: Now in its sixth year, this show of fine antiques from 55 dealers is expanding into the 75-year-old James Burden Mansion. Ticket sales benefit the Sacred Heart's Building Fund. The show takes place at the Otto Kahn Mansion, 1 E. 91st St., and the

On Air

Static Quo



In the month or so since WNYC announced it was "actively refining" 93.9 FM and 820 AM in recognition of the "savvy, curious, and thoughtful people who demand intelligent entertainment and information," listeners have shown themselves to be rather too savvy, too curious, too demanding, and not altogether thoughtful. "Where's 'Performance Today,' motherfuckers?" a caller recently asked, on the air, instead of answering a classical-music quiz question. The rescheduling of "Performance Today" was one of the station's refinements, as was the elimination of well-loved personality Steve Post's 8-to-9-A.M. slot, as were the cancellations of other programs (and concomitant layoffs of their hosts). "As-tro-*nom*-ical" was how someone working the member-services line characterized the negative response. Management, particularly a new vice-president of programming named Arthur Cohen, was hotly blamed, and reports of staff demoralization made WNYC fodder for "Page Six."

And yet charges that management is willfully opposed to what WNYC represents have a faintly ridiculous ring: Most people do not spend almost two decades in public radio, as Cohen has, because they are contemptuous of it. "While I've been *very* critical of Arthur," says Steve Post, "I have tremendous sympathy for him. He's in a difficult situation—having to expand the audience while cutting back [financially]." Indeed, the well-publicized end of city support for WNYC, the station's need to pay the city $20 million for its AM and FM licenses, and a decrease in federal funding do not exactly make for unlimited possibilities. Explicitly to the press and euphemistically to listeners, Cohen admits that the refinements are in large part cutbacks. Many listeners claim to be angrier about the way the changes were framed than they are about the downsizing itself, and Cohen concedes that the procedure has been "a little uncomfortable and sloppy." But talking too extensively on the air about financial woes, he says, "dilutes the message." (Staying on message, as well as "hard choices," are central to Cohen's rhetoric.) Even off the air, he and Laura Walker, president and CEO of the WNYC Foundation, negotiate the high wire. They speak of exciting times for public radio, and reiterate the joys of independence. They speak of gaining a new audience. They strive to show signs of remembering the old one; quietly, obliquely, they hint of refinements on the refinements. At least one laid-off employee, Manya, has been brought back as a substitute host, and John Schaefer's highly popular "New Sounds" will soon return to its 11 P.M. slot. Other "adjustments" are likely. Listener comments, Walker offers brightly, are now "overwhelmingly positive or mixed," and then, less buoyant, she brushes reality: "In many ways, we *are* fighting for our life." **LINDA HALL**

Illustration by Scott Menchin

James Burden Mansion, 7 E. 91st St.; $10. Call 722-4745 for further information.

East Side House Settlement's Winter Antiques Show—1/17-26: The forty-third annual Winter Antiques Show to benefit the largest multi-service organization in the Mott Haven section of the South Bronx. At the Seventh Regiment Armory at Park Ave. and 66th St.; call 265-9150 for further information.

St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration—1/14 through 3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. The World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

Exhibitions

The Treasures of the *San Diego*—Through 2/28. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, and helmets. The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St. (922-3019); $4, $2 children.

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—1/13 through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

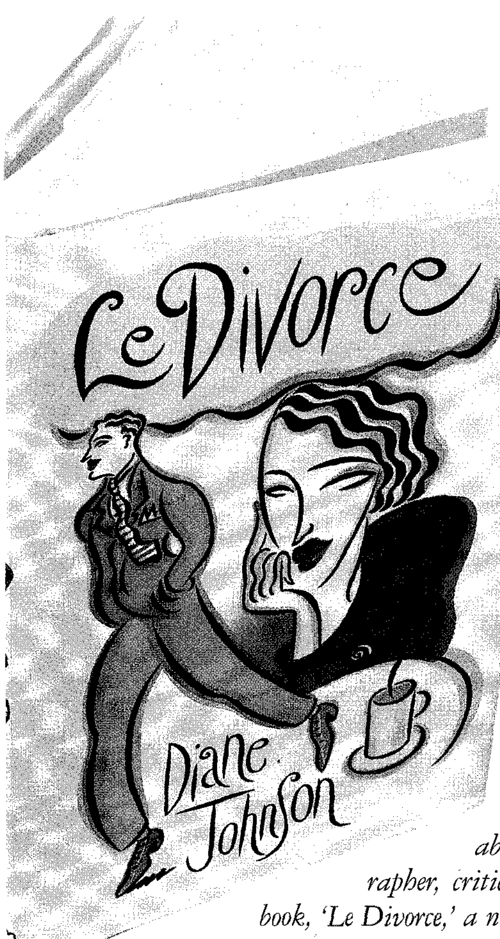
***Interview* Magazine Cover Illustrations by Richard Bernstein**—Through 1/10. A look at the work of Bernstein, a leading figure in international illustration. Main Gallery at Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (229-8987).

Sports

Sixteenth Annual Frostbite 10 Miler—1/11 at 10 A.M. Last year's race was downgraded to the suspect status of "fun-run" due to that crazy blizzard. This time, the two-loop course (one is four miles; the other six) in Central Park promises no less than more of the same. Dress very warmly. *Sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club; start/finish line at Engineer's Gate, inside Central Park at Fifth Avenue and E. 90th St.; $13 for members, $20 for non-members. Call 860-4455 for information.*

Hockey—1/8: Devils vs. Colorado Avalanche at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 1/8: Rangers vs. Tampa Bay Lightning at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 1/10: Devils vs. Chicago Blackhawks at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 1/12: Rangers vs. Devils at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (ESPN); 1/13: Rangers vs. Islanders at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

Basketball—1/11: Nets vs. Toronto Raptors at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 1/13: Nets vs. Orlando Magic at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).



In Print
An American In Paris

Diane Johnson is equally comfortable (and competent) as a novelist, biographer, critic, and travel writer. With her new book, 'Le Divorce,' a novel of manners set in Paris, she's revealed as a comedian, too. (Dutton, $23.95.)

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Online

Gilda, Mia Gilda—The In-Style Works Awards will, in addition to lauding the contributions of Todd Oldham to western civilization, spotlight the genuinely important work of Gilda's Club, a support network for people with cancer and their families. The group was founded by Gene Wilder in memory of his late wife, Gilda Radner, and provides a "clubhouse" atmosphere in which people struggling with the disease can connect with one another, and learn from survivors. (www.instyleworks.com) 1/6 at 7:30 P.M.

Whatever Happened to the Contract with America?—In a discourse that will consist mainly of hurling the words "Chappaquidick!" and "Iran-Contra!" at one another, talking heads Mark Shields and Robert Novak will debate whether Newt Gingrich should be allowed to continue as House Speaker. One America Online: 1/6 at 9 P.M.

Lead Singer Wanted—Aspiring musicians take note: The two remaining members of Sublime will be talking about the unexpected new opening in the band. They'll also explain how the hype surrounding Brad Nowell's death doesn't amount to exploitation in selling the group's new album, but rather may serve the higher good of giving "financial security" to his buddies. On America Online: 1/7 at 9 P.M.

Do the White Thing—Louis Farrakhan hagiographer Spike Lee will appear on Prodigy 1/8 at 10 P.M., perhaps to discuss whether his hero, Malcolm X, would have consented to appear in the "Where's Your Milk Moustache?" campaign.

Breaking The Code—This week's atavistic throwback to Eisenhower-era sexual politics: The authors of *The Code: Time-Tested Secrets For Getting What You Want From Women Without Marrying Them* will be in conference on America Online. Nate Penn and Lawrence LaRose (would you take romantic advice from guys with names like that?) will be recounting the many, many women from whom they've gotten what they wanted. Expect a lot of observations along the lines of "why buy the cow when the milk is free?" and "she wants it." 1/8 at 11:00 P.M.

Norris *continued from page 62*

Need we make the point here that Wal-Mart and its customers are not necessarily reliable adjudicators of artistic merit, or even basic sense? That Wal-Mart banned Sheryl Crow's new record over the singer's criticism of Wal-Mart's gun sales? That it also banned Nirvana records? That it also allegedly banned a record by the tuneful alt-rock group the Goo Goo Dolls over its scandalous photo of a toddler covered in blackberry juice because customers complained the juice looked like blood? (Wal-Mart says the CD was pulled because of poor sales.) Are these the best people to serve as custodians of pop culture's fragile art-commerce relationship?

Manson's shtick had always seemed pathetic to me. But as a grand media spectacle—powered by Reznor, big money, and rightish hysteria—he's a lot more appealing. I have to admit it's a rare and wonderful thing to see MTV play the video to "The Beautiful People"—with its heavy riff, jittering film speeds, and flailing prostheses—in between Toni Braxton and *Singled Out.* Something jarring, gross, and a little scary is long overdue in that mostly slick and joyless wasteland.

Mainstream rock *needs* the dangerous and maybe even the disgusting. Tupac, Death Row, and "gangsta rap" in general have long ceased to be a truly threatening music. It may offend C. Delores Tucker, but it is not humming with the same energy of N.W.A's Ur-gangsta "Fuck the Police," a bona fide underground battle cry. That vitriol has long ceded to big-budget "playa" chuckles and Dr. Dre's depressing "Been There, Done That," a song that sniffily dismisses all the outrage and anger of a music once connected to the streets in favor of getting old with his millions. (I'll bet *that* really strikes a chord with a ghetto kid.)

If sunshine is the best disinfectant, it's also the best guarantee of turnover. No number of parental-advisory stickers will prevent Manson's soon-to-come concession into mainstream toothlessness, a fate that befalls every threatening new stranger from the Rolling Stones to Snoop Doggy Dogg. But in the meantime, the panic continues. Manson told a reporter that people want to be afraid. "The name itself, Marilyn Manson," he said, "is not unlike the sign you'd see at an amusement park that says RIDE AT YOUR OWN RISK." So goes the faithful rock rebuttal, updated to cover everything from Manson to Barney: If it's too gross, you're too old. Or, to put it in terms Bennett might understand, if rock is outlawed, only outlaws will rock. ■

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Address: 2 Park Avenue, 11th Fl
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Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9am to 5pm.

Ad Close: Tuesday for the issue on sale the following Monday.

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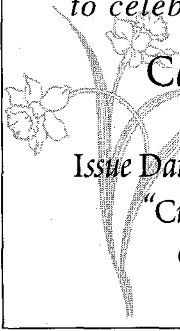

Call: 212-779-7500

Issue Date: 2/10 *On Sale: 2/3*
"City Wedding" Deadline: 1/6
Classified Ad Close: 1/28

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GIFTS FROM THE HEART
Our special Valentine's Day gift section will appear in the February 10th issue, on sale February 3rd. To advertise or for more information, call Debbie Horowitz: **212-545-3683** or fax: **212-779-2449**

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new york kids
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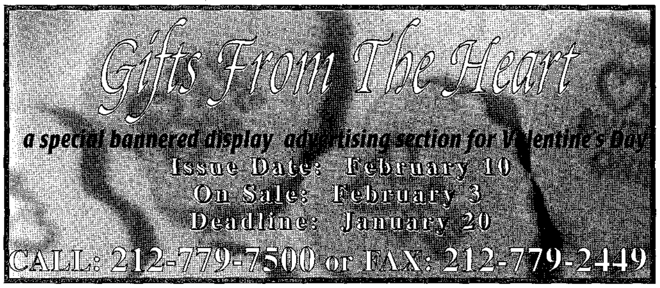

Gifts From The Heart
a special bannered display advertising section for Valentine's Day
Issue Date: February 10
On Sale: February 3
Deadline: January 20
CALL: 212-779-7500 or FAX: 212-779-2449

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Interiors and Exteriors

ART

Gifts From The Heart

New York Magazine's Valentine's Day Gift section will be appearing in the February 10th issue, on sale February 3rd. Advertising deadline is January 17th. **For further info on this and other special sections in the coming year, call Michelle Krell Kydd at: 212-545-3672**

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Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets. Lic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. 212-677-5555

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

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TOWN & COUNTRY ads are $43.50 per line (flat rate).
TRAVEL ads are $43.50 per line for 1X.
SERVICES & SALES ads are $61.25 per line for 1X.
ENTERTAINING ads are $60.50 per line for 1X.
ASSORTMENTS ads are $58.00 per line (flat rate).

STRICTLY PERSONALS ads are $37.00 per line (flat rate).
HEALTH & FITNESS ads are $61.25 per line for 1X.
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NEW YORK KIDS ads are $43.50 per line for 1X.
INNS & LODGES ads are $49.25 per line for 1X.

Frequency and Display Rates Available

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City ____________________ State ____________________ Zip ____________________

Day Phone (for our records only) ____________________

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Continued on next page.

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Unbelievably Lovely—With unusual depth, calmness and empathy. This very pretty, sultry, svelte, brown hair/eyes, Jewish professional with exquisite style, seeks a refined, solvent, sensual, relationship-minded man, 42-55. Note/photo. 4353 ☒

Gay "Pretty Woman"—(Nonsmoker). Seeks same (37 plus), who is also smart and sensuous; feminine, fit and fun; centered and caring. If you love music, theater, movies and sunsets, let's meet! Photo please. 4304 ☒

Good Heart—Inside a multifaceted top surgeon with good looks and humor, 5'11" - muscular, 43. Dreams of warm, smart, fun lady under 37, for best friend, lover for life. Phone/photo a must. 4352 ☒ ☎

Available Guy—Spiritually evolved. Same age as Beatty and Redford, with similar Waspy good looks. Athletic, successful East Side professional, inspired by the ocean, theater, ballet, Mozart and Dylan. Seeks similar woman, 40s. Object: relationship. Note/photo, please. 4345 ☒

CEO, GQ Type, Green-Eyed—44, 6', very fit, quick-witted, world traveled, secure and kind. Seeks spirited and stunning soul mate, 27-37, who's career-oriented, long-legged, slim and fit. Dark hair and light eyes a plus. Photo a must - will exchange. 4327 ☒

Let's Work Out Together—Good-looking, athletically-built male, 32, 6', 190, successful, sensitive, big heart and sense of humor, seeks professional female, 25-40, athletic, sexy, sensitive, reflective, conscience to enjoy NYC activities - football to symphonies. Photo/note. 4392 ☒

Looking For A Woman Who Wishes—To be treated like a lady, and is vivacious, intelligent, attractive, 38 plus, affectionate, with a warm heart, for friendship, romance and committed relationship for the rest of our lives. I'm a fun, handsome, athletic, upbeat, youthful 52 - generous, adventurous, honorable, flexible, Jewish (nonreligious). Interests: tennis, travel, fine dining, theater, movies and conversation. Note/photo/phone, please. 4324 ☒

Futurewife@aol.com—Sexy and successful blond Web entrepreneur with pentium-speed mind and beautifully curved monitors, seeks smart, successful and romantic Jewish prince, 35-45, with big hard drive and room for expansion. Respond only if you want a secure lifetime connection and possibility of creating little laptops. Floppies need not apply. E-mail to Futurewife@aol.com - or note. 4321 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Dashing European Man—Living in England and loving American women. Since all of the fabulous single ladies are in New York, what better place to look than New York magazine? I am a 34 year old Jewish man who would like to meet a Jewish woman who loves to travel (to England preferably!). I love movies, theatre and great dining (yes, restaurants are getting better and better here). OK, I may not be geographically desirable, but the world isn't that big anymore, and I'm just a hop, skip and a jump from you, and you from me. Please write, include photo. 4406 ☒

Bright, Successful Man—36, Jewish (not religious), never-married, sincere, funny, unpretentious, likes non-Hollywood movies, theater, fine dining, traveling to Europe. Seeks affectionate woman with intelligence and humor, for commitment. 4393 ☒

Luxurious Lifestyle—Available for sharing with generous middle-aged male. Please be 18-35, bright, pretty and interested in sun and foreign travel. Send photo and note to: 4318 ☒

Handsome, Athletic—42-year-old attorney has a good friend who put an ad in New York Magazine... He met a beautiful, intelligent woman - they fell in love and got married. If you're a beautiful, intelligent woman, please answer this with photo and note. 4320 ☒

Start The Year—With a unique, pretty, cool, special lady who seeks a secure, cool guy. Must love pets; 45-55. Photo. 4336 ☒

RN, Jewish—Warm, attractive, bright, lover of life, family-oriented, early 30s, seeks Jewish male professional with similar qualities. Phone/photo. 4334 ☒ ☎

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$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ☒ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700

He-Man Available—White male, 39, seeks physically fit, classy, intelligent lady, 28-38, to share life's adventures. I have a great sense of humor, with a real zest for life - hope you have the same. Animal lover a plus. Note/photo/phone. 4316 ☒ ☎

Ruggedly Handsome Writer—44, 6'1", fit, vigorous, erudite, funny, affectionate, seeks attractive, bright, vibrant female for passionate romance. 4375 ☒ ☎

Successful, Sexy Dentist—With knockout body and great face, 37, Jewish, seeks extraordinary, successful man, 32-45, Jewish. Note/photo a must. 4382 ☒☎

Handsome, Romantic MD—51, Jewish (nonreligious), warm and caring, seeks attractive, slim, classy, kindhearted lady, 37-47 (Jewish, Italian, Latin), to bring out the best in each other. Photo/phone. 4328☒

Cerebral Guy—Successful, good-ooking, prepossessing, high achiever. Seeks classy, career-directed female, 30s-early 40s, 5'5" or under, with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 4363 ☒

Attractive Professional Male—44, 5'10", 175, athletic, Catholic, romantic, rusting, outgoing, enjoys sports, theater, outdoors, seeks attractive, slim, outgoing professional female with or without kids for lasting relationship. 4395 ☒ ☎

South African Born—34, Jewish, successful financial professional, attractive, well-traveled, humorous and easygoing, ooking for a single Jewish female, 31-35, ntelligent, fun to be with, and balanced. Note/photo, please. 4307 ☒

Philosophically Cool—But not Platonic. ntelligent and very successful, athletic guy with a love of life, seeks comparable emale, age 25-32. Prefer athletic, artistic woman who is genuinely happy. Photo preferred. 4355 ☒

Beautiful Japanese—34, 5'2", grad tudent at NYU, seeks handsome man. Photo. 4385 ☒

Well-Traveled—Jewish man, 5'6", moved by Monet and Mozart, seeks rticulate woman under 60, with verve and wit, for partnered pleasures. Photo. 4314☒

No Skimpy Men!—Beautiful, full-figured rofessional woman, Jewish, mid 40s, nterested in classical music, movies, anines, theater, history, wishes to meet a ig guy, over 5'11", intelligent, with a great sense of humor, to ring in the New Year. Nonsmoker only. Note/photo. 4335 ☒☎

Chemistry And Companionship—ought by petite, perky, active, divorced, ewish professional woman, (201). Seeking male, 42-55, with sense of humor nd zest for life. No tattoos. Photo/note, lease. 4351 ☒

Attractive Female MD—26, Us-born Chinese, seeks conservative, US-educated Chinese male, MD or Ivy PhD, 26-32, or friendship. 4311 ☒ ☎

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uccessful, Smart, Jewish—North ersey lawyer, 40-something, 5'8", 150 bs, blue eyes, brown hair. Loves scuba iving, hiking, country inns and travel. eeks intelligent, attractive, slender, 0-something professional woman with ood sense of humor, who would be willing to lie about how we met. Note nd photo appreciated. 4330 ☒

Great Catch!—Successful Jewish man f 47, with no dependents, seeks ttractive, passionate, devoted woman. hoto/note/phone. 4374 ☒

Handsome, Successful, Confident—Male, 38, outdoors type with old-fashioned values. Seeks slender, attractive woman, 25-35, nonsmoker, to share everything from the great outdoors to great restaurants. Note/photo. 4313 ☒

Let's Begin '97 Together—45, 5'9", good-looking, good-hearted male seeks woman of substance who likes to laugh and can be a best friend and lover, to share what life has to offer. Photo please. 4372☒

Brainy Jewish Beauty—45 years old, seeks holiday package: every day Christmas - every night 4th of July! Qualifications: tall, handsome, major league man with sense of humor. Note/photo. 4322 ☒

NJ Businessman—58, successful, highly educated, very intelligent (interested in ideas, travel, walking, social issues), 5'10", 145 lbs, fit. Seeks similar lady, to age 54. Children okay. 4308 ☒

Tired Of Games—Anyone out there feel the same way? Above-average looks, Jewish male, 5'9", good build, 44, looks 34, who is a really nice guy, seeks meaningful relationship with a caring, sincere, sweet lady to be his friend, lover, wife. 4376☒☎

Blue-Eyed Beauty—36, brunette, single Jewish female, artistic, cultured, shapely, fit and feminine, seeks intelligent, successful, handsome man, Ivy educated. Note/photo. 4390 ☒

Jewish Male—38, lawyer/businessowner, really handsome, fit, fun and romantic - seeks slim, sweet female for laughter, love and forever. Note/photo. 4354 ☒ ☎

The Near-Perfect Match—Me: a good-looking, tall, slender professional, NJ widower, mid 60s. You: a beautiful, slender Jewish woman of appropriate age, wit and intelligence. I'm a composite of all the great ads ever written. My interests are varied and numerous. Love the esthetics. Note/photo/phone, please. 4329 ☒

Sensuous, Soft, Sophisticated—Silly, smart, sexy woman seeking counterpart who is ready for the challenge and is Jewish, 40-50. Photo a must. 4368 ☒ ☎

Westchester Woman—Attractive professional, white, Christian, 33, nonsmoker. Enjoys scuba, travel, blading, skiing, movies, romance. Seeks single, white professional male (32-40) as soul mate, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 4323☒

Nice Catch—Single white female, 35, 5'8", slim, pretty redhead, Midwesterner, very successful. Seeks successful, single white male, to enjoy each other's company and possible future. Note/photo. 4344 ☒

Got Brother/Uncle/Father/Friend?—Late 40s-early 60s...who's too busy to realize his life could be fuller with someone special to share it with? Looking for a professional male for our active, warm, wonderful, attractive, 50 plus, single Jewish mom. Make things happen for two deserving people. Note/photo. 4348 ☒☎

Attractive Male Professional—Slim, 5'8", 175 lbs, honest, funny, ponytail, beard - seeks pretty woman, 25-35, who enjoys the outdoors. Photo. 4370 ☒

Creative Professional Woman—40, fit, pretty, shapely, with dry sense of humor, passionate. Enjoys lively conversation, movies of all kinds, Off-Broadway theater. Seeks serious relationship with like-minded man, early 40s. Single dads welcome. Note/photo. 4319 ☒

This New Year you're going to meet many interesting people.

But then again, that's what you said last year.

Directors:

Andrea McGinty Nancy Kirsch Anne Dingman Lynelle Herstedt

Dating For Busy Professionals

New York 212.644.0022 New Jersey 201.461.2399

IT'S just LUNCH!

life, love & dessert.

Washington, DC•Baltimore•Philadelphia•Chicago•Dallas•Houston

Character Over Notoriety Any Day—36, Jewish, PhD, long auburn hair, pretty and slim; bookworm; own rollerblades but crash a lot; single mom; love my family. Looking for Jewish man - smart, funny, kind - who'd rather laugh at himself than at other people. Note/photo please. 4347☒

I Am Determined—To prove my attractive girlfriend (43) wrong - there are still a few good men in NYC! You are 40-50, professional, fit, enjoy city living, country drives...and see the humor in meeting this way. Note/photo. 4350 ☒

Ivy-Educated—Divorced, 40-year-old male - handsome, athletic, financially and emotionally secure - seeks slim, attractive woman, 25-35, to share travel and romance. Photo/note. 4356 ☒

Adventurous, Fun, Semi-Sane—Nice guy - loves children, 40s, passionate, successful, easy to talk to, Italian roots. Looking for someone special to connect with. Photo and note, please. 4326 ☒

Kind, Handsome, Creative—Trim, 6' professional, Christian, youthful 46 (looks 36), loves water, outdoors, travel, NYC, the arts, music, entertaining, cooking, fine wines and dining. Seeks easygoing, slim, pretty woman, 30-40, for laughter, love, possible family. Dark hair a plus. Note/photo. 4331☒ ☎

Shapely, Smart, Slender—Sweet blond beauty, 48. Varied interests include world travel, country club golf, dancing, life's finer things. Seeks companionship/chemistry with handsome, fit gentleman, 50s, with similar interests/traits. 4315☒☎

Classic Woman/Binding Beautiful—Substance memorable, filled with imagination, spirit, history, intelligence. Seeks male counterpart, 60 plus. Do not miss this limited edition. 4383 ☒

Handsome, Sincere Surgeon—Harvard man, 29, 5'9", family-oriented, seeks Jewish woman, smart, personable, feminine, attractive, shapely, 5'4" plus. Photo/note. 4259 ☒

save the date

february 13, 1997

New York Strictly Personals

Pre-Valentines BASH!

Details in next week's Magazine..

Can't wait? Call

212-545-3676

"the single solution"
COCKTAILS for II™
2 1 2 . 3 3 3 . 8 7 1 7

Handsome Psychologist—Sincere, down-to-earth - looking for bright, attractive woman, 30-45. Photo. 4338 ✉

Attractive, Petite—Jewish female, 26, seeks mensch, 26-34. 4371 ✉☎

I Know I've Passed Her—In that sea of humanity. She reads these ads over another takeout dinner and laughs. She'd never answer one of these, and I'd never put one in. If you're between 25-32, never been married, and still believe there is magic in the midnight sky - go for it! Note/photo/phone. 4381 ✉

Dapper, Dashing, Delicious Dude—42, white male, 6', slim, trim, successful architect - searching for cozy, collected, cavorting babe, 30-38, stunner, smart, serious, serendipitous. Photo/note. 4332 ✉

Truly Beautiful Japanese—Model's figure, stylish, well-educated, well-bred, elegant and extremely attractive. Seeks 6' plus, physically fit, handsome, intelligent, polished and successful professional, 36-49. Note/photo. 4389 ✉

Lawyer, Widower—57, seeks petite woman to help him walk his two exuberant cocker spaniels on the leafy lanes of his lovely New Jersey neighborhood. 4222 ✉

One Kind Bodyguard—Seeking savvy, sophisticated woman for exclusive engagement. I'll pamper you if you spoil me. 6', 157 lbs, 30ish, slender Adonis with sexy teeth - just showered, shaved and combed my soft brown curls. How long do you expect me to wait for you? Call me. 4302 ✉☎

Bad Boy Seeks Perfect Girl—Handsome Alpha - is educated, bright, strong, well-off, passionate. Exchange photo/bio. 4349 ✉

Music, Travel, European Culture—Are a few of the passionate pursuits for which I have quit Wall Street at an early age, the better to enjoy life's banquet. Now I yearn for a "dining" companion and soul mate. She'll be warm, refined, sensitive to beauty, in her 30s or thereabouts, with time and inclination for travel. I'm athletic, literate, musical, multilingual; of medium height and early 40s. Photo, thoughtfully detailed letter, please. 4325 ✉

save the date

february 13, 1997

New York Strictly Personals Pre-Valentines BASH!

Details in next week's Magazine..

Can't wait? Call 212-545-3676

AAA+ Woman—(Ardent, attractive, astute, plus looking for you). Passionate, intense yet accommodating, focused yet fun, Ivy-educated, cute plus petite, young widow (mid 40s but thinks and acts 30), searching for second love of a lifetime. Successful businesswoman and graduate student - seeks exceptional, sensitive, brilliant Jewish man, 35-60, to share Yankee games, concerts, museums, antiquing, hiking, the Bershires, and whatever new interests our intellectual curiosities create together. I have incredible gifts to share with the right man. Full/part-time dad welcome. Note/photo. 4359✉

Quality Asian Lady Of Substance Sought—By athletic, successful, single European male PhD in early 50s. 4362 ✉☎

Successful American Businessman—35, who does extensive traveling, seeks friendship with refined, intellectual woman (Asian preferred) between 25 and 40. Send note/photo if possible. 4379 ✉

Tall, Dark And Handsome MD—Early 50s, Jewish with wry humor, salt-and-pepper hair, athletic, trim and sensuous. Likes sailing, tennis, theater, travel and quiet evenings at home. Looking for lover and best friend. Possibly start a second family if thunderbolt strikes. You are a white female with engaging personality, but also a good listener, upbeat, with sense of humor, and possess a soul. Physically, you are extremely pretty, regal, rather well-built yet trim and lithesome. Also sensuous, a nonsmoker, age 34-46, English accent optional. Note/photo/phone. 4292 ✉

Single White Male—Professional, 40s, seeks female for relationship. 4366 ✉

Intelligent, Attractive—Retired, modest millionaire in early 60s, seeks passionate younger woman to enjoy the finer things in life. Photo/phone. 4306 ✉

'97 Could Be Lucky—Are you a gentleman over 49, unpretentious, successful, positive, energetic and fun-to-be-with? If so... this attractive, slim, blond, blue-eyed energetic woman wants to meet you. '97 plans: Pebble Beach/St. Andrews? Italy? Local hiking club? All lobster- rack of lamb- and filet mignon-eating men please don't hesitate to send photo/note. 4386 ✉

Lady Private Investor—Slim, savvy, sexy. Seeks same in 50ish man. 4340 ✉

Jewish MD—Entrepreneur, leader, 40, attractive, warm, very charismatic, has soulful blue eyes, great depth, seeks extraordinary Jewish woman. Note/photo a must. 4377 ✉

Beautiful, Bright Black Woman Sought—Who loves travel, adventure and the unexpected - by tall, very attractive, physically fit lawyer - for fun, romance and possible serious relationship. 4360 ✉☎

It's True Love Or Bust—Lithe writer, 33, with bodacious brain, seeks gorgeous, literate guy who's facile, insightful, urbane. Photo. 4367 ✉

Urban Cowgirl—Happy in cowboy boots or high heels, 36, Jewish professional, petite, fit, fun and attractive, honest, unplastic and cultured. Loves the outdoors for skiing, tennis, running and hiking... and the indoors for cooking, cuddling and crosswords. Seeks best friend/lover to be husband/father, to live happily ever after. Photo appreciated. 4339 ✉☎

IT HAPPENED THROUGH NEW YORK MAGAZINE STRICTLY PERSONALS

"WHO KNEW"

"WHO KNEW?" Those were the words my husband Gary used to begin his ad in New York Magazine back in 1994. On March 31, 1994, we had our first date to meet for drinks... which lead to dinner. I can remember that first date like it was yesterday, because even though we hadn't talked at length on the phone, I was looking forward to the date.

Gary called to confirm our meeting and he told me he was 6'1" and weighed 163 pounds. I got off the phone and said "Oh sh--, this guy is really thin! (I was never obese but I wasn't exactly petite, which accounts for my concern). I had made up my mind that this would be the last ad I would answer, and if it didn't work out I would place my own ad. I had done the singles parties, tennis, trips, etc., but even with previous opportunities to tie the knot, nothing ever said "yes" to me.

Three and a half months after we met, Gary took me to the Cayman Islands for a vacation, and a few months later we moved in together and got engaged. May 21, 1995, we were married - oth of us at the age of 37... (There is hope for everyone... The motto "good things come to those who wait" definitely held true for both of us).

A little over four weeks ago, Gary and I were blessed with the birth of our daughter, Sasha. At least once a week, we look at each other in amazement and ask, is this a dream? After living on our own for so many years, neither of us was looking for someone to take care of us. Instead, we were looking for a partner to share the ups and downs and to complement the foundations we had already built in our lives. We both met our match with the help of New York Magazine.

I am writing this to provide inspiration for anyone who hasn't yet found the right fit. Perseverance, patience and a good sense of humor helped me wade through the bucket-loads of frogs before I got to my prince.

Sincerely, Ellen and Gary Byck
Hartsdale, New York

MARY ANN MADDEN #870

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

The bull smiles on Asia; invest in Chinese junk bonds.

This tasty dessert brings good luck, brought to you by AAAXCO Foods, listed as AAAXC on NASDAQ.

You are Eurotrash.

Above, Fortune 500 Cookies. Competitors are invited to compose one suitable message for such a confection.

Results of Competition 867, in which you were asked for neology: the proper definition for one improper, invented word.

Report: And now, for the even more important outer face: **familhilarity**—fun but done; see: abdomination. abracadaver. brewhaha. nincompope. nincompoop. What amazes us—not the duplication of past entries or even of new ones but your abiding originality. Thank you for that and for brand loyalty. Blessings in the year to come.

Note: See our new e-mail address below.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

shush-kebab—silence of the lamb.
Rachel Shea, Cromwell, Conn.

polandrome—Warsaw was raw.
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

epoxymoron—nonstick glue.
Tanner Foust, Boulder, Col.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

non compass mentis—having no sense of direction.
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

féminence grise—the first woman cardinal.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

olfactory inscentives—perfumed magazine ads.
Terry Kehoe, Wilmette, Ill.

Byzanteen Empire—Constantinople 90210.
Joel Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

regimetal—army brass.
Harry Zucker, Far Rockaway, N.Y.

gastrognome—Wolfgang Puck.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

cocovintage—meal favored by Henri IV.
Marion R Hays, Milwaukee, Wisc.

pennantentiary—Yankee Stadium.
Rachel Silverman, White Plains, N.Y.

calabooze—drunk tank.
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

damninution—faint praise
James Damaskos, Bristol, R.I.

magnavox populi—TV poll.
Addison Brickey, Altadena, Calif.

cornucoppola—a surfeit of Godfathers.
Alfred Cavuoto, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

corndogcopia—overflowing basket of junk food.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

froggy bottom—the French Department of State.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

disceau—alcohol-free dance club.
Scott Warner, Pelham, N.Y.

concucombine—secondary wife trained to run farm equipment.
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn, N.Y.

infatutuation—balletomania.
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

philaunderer—washerwomanizer.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.
similarly: D. A. Keoleian, Coronado, Calif.

canastro—Cuban card player.
Mrs. Luis Briotta, West Palm Beach, Fla.
sp. ment.: L. C. McAneny, Princeton, N.J.

castroati—Cuban counter-tenor-revolutionaries.
Skip Hinnant, N.Y.C.

potterfamilias—head of one's kith and kiln.
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

puffin de siècle—tern of the century.
Terry Bussell, Henderson, N.Y.

neccophilia—obsession with candy wafers.
Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

DKNYPD—fashion police.
Pat Seeley, Silver Spring, Md.

NYPhD—Intelligent blue man group.
Steven Moskowitz, Boston, Mass.

fuzz budget—funding for the police department.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

nukular—Like, totally atomic.
Deirdre Stoelzle, Casper, Wyo.

Chiapetto—father of a wooden boy with grass hair.
Gail Fink, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

televersion—edited for the small screen.
Carol Hillman, Chicago, Ill.

barnmitzvah—Amish coming-of-age ritual.
Stacey Roy, Silver Spring, Md.

burgertory—hell for vegetarians.
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

trancesexuality—sleeping around.
Sukey Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

briefcake—the 1997 Chippendale's Attorney-a-Day calendar.
Brooke Minges, Battle Creek, Mich.

beastro—café frequented by boors; see: bar-and-gorilla.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

chunnel surf—to travel from England to France and back again.
Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

lowbottomy—fanny tuck.
Murray Bromberg, Bellmore, N.Y.

tinselectomy—untrimming the tree.
Joe Moore, White Haven, Pa.

being counter—census taker.
Joanne Dolan, Somerville, Mass.

beauvine—paramooer.
Laura Neal, Arlington, Va.

psychotrauma—lingering dread of motel showers.
Susan Gottlieb, Chapel Hill, N.C.

haemosexual—Dracula.
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

homopathetic medicine—treatment though repeated viewings of *Torch Song Trilogy.*
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

dragamuffin—cross-dressing urchin.
Tippi Gibson-Nash, Dedham, Mass.

transverstite—cross-dressing crossing guard.
Allison Lucas, Brooklyn, N.Y.

contradictionary—glossary of antonyms.
Melinda Kevis, Kansas City, Mo.

pubermensch—superboy.
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

doppelgangster—the ghost of Al Capone.
Joy Kilpper, Bordentown, N.J.

islammer—Baghdad prison; see: jailhouse Iraq.
Brendan Mahady, Chevy Chase, Md.

Murine Corps—American Association of Ophthalmologists.
Linnet Walker, Bradford, Vt.

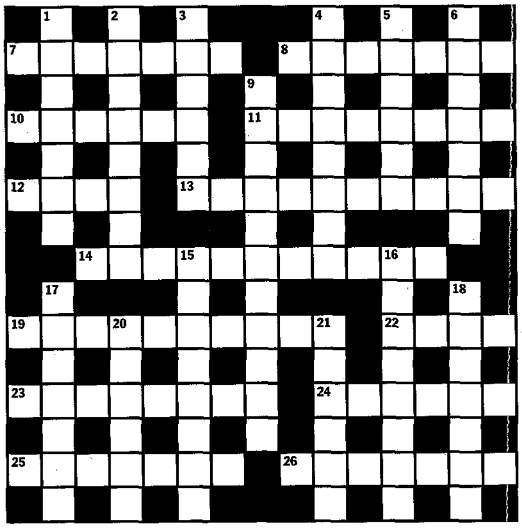
dissoir—one-star restroom.
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 870, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by January 17. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the February 10 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

7 Figure of 9 and 12 worn by horse. (7)
8 As father to son maybe told. (7)
10 Collie's boss-eyed eyes. (6)
11 Not making a profit? That's awkward. (8)
12 St. David's day cancelled? Cunning. (4)
13 Stunned—the result of a punch to the face? (10)
14 Firm pot-belly. (11)
19 Milk tooth came first—fresh but unnecessary. (10)
22 Raciness of what may be fast on the motorway, boot to bonnet. (4)
23 Group of four—please accept my bunch of fives! (4,4)
24 I'm going to be holding you near. (3-3)
25 Body of soldiers also included in scheme. (7)
26 Independent states attracting bird to reservoir. (7)



DOWN

1 Spooner's police smut—a cinema favourite! (3-4)
2 Noisy propaganda made by all—oh boy! (8)
3 Dull end of winter captured by the sound of spring. (6)
4 Orange got cooked with bream. (8)
5 Manx animal tortured and caught—one that's deranged. (6)
6 Soldiers worked steadily and fired back. (7)
9 Registration of dead—pre-raised dead. (6,5)
15 God! The working temple of the gods. (8)
16 Choose before getting involved with amateurs producing 'Die Fledermaus'? (8)
17 Flood left taxi upside-down in river. (7)
18 Rope hauling up fish in catch. (7)
20 Party abroad, a section of which Gaddafi established. (6)
21 Grass to discard for horse. (6)

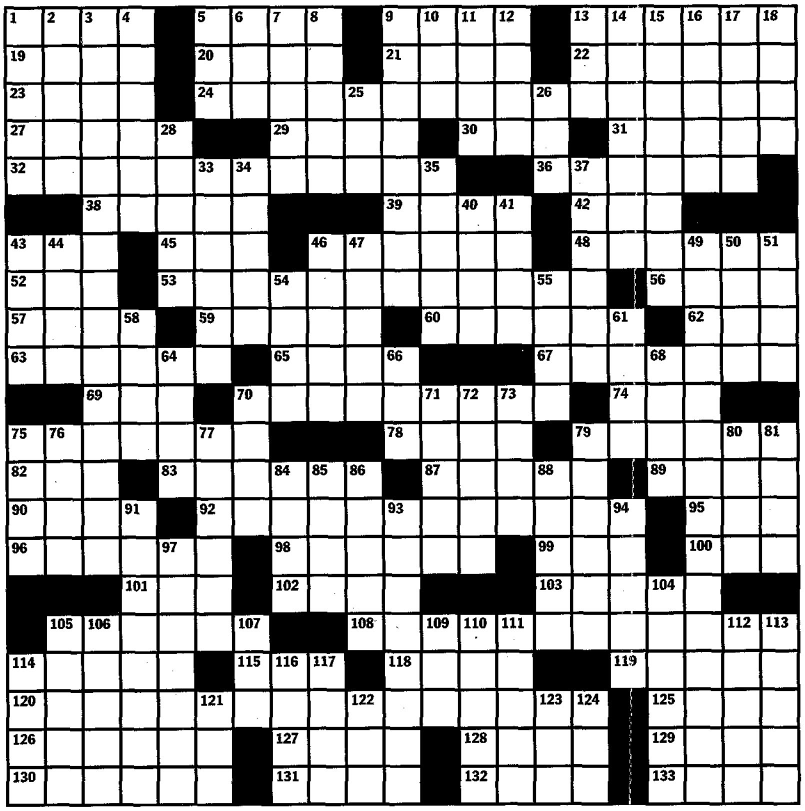
'Now You C It': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

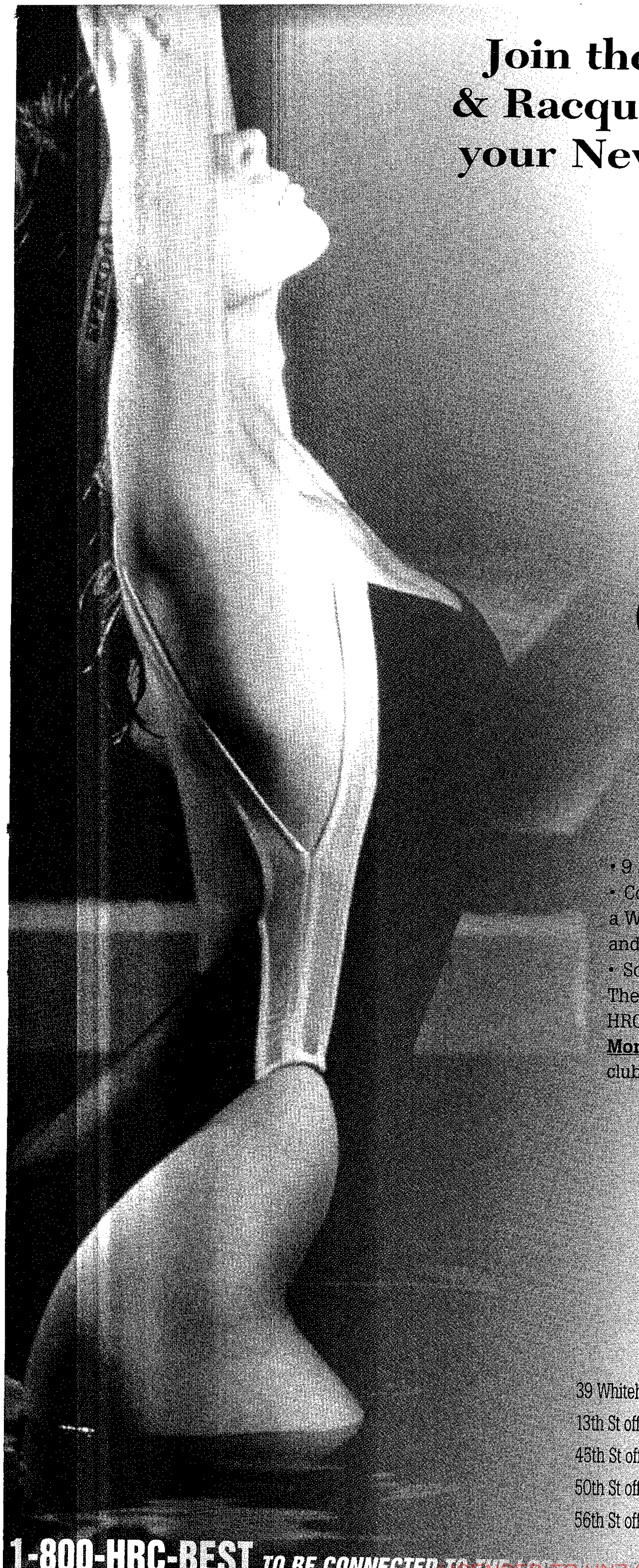
1 Men's partners in a Steinbeck title
5 Average standard
9 "Wizard of Oz" author
13 Countenance
19 Alias for Cupid
20 One grand
21 Brink
22 Catch in a sting
23 Notes following sol
24 Cost of running the furnace?
27 One of Chekhov's "Three Sisters"
29 Yugoslav nickname
30 "The best is —— to come"
31 Songstress Della
32 Pharaoh's grooming aid?
36 Uncomfortably cool
38 Slogan
39 "Casablanca" heroine
42 After an aitch
43 Like a glacier
45 Ending for cash or court
46 Technological acoustics
48 Potted
52 Watch chain
53 Rooster's ailment?
56 Missile housing
57 Imperfection
59 Utility consumption
60 Escargots
62 Standoff
63 Posh vessels
65 "Diary of —— Housewife"
67 Nor's correlative
69 Prefix for plop or plunk
70 Fellow weight-watcher?
74 Fond du ——, Wisconsin
75 Florida Beach
78 Scouring-powder brand
79 Coxswain's call
82 The Renaissance, e.g.
83 Former Chrysler car
87 Update the atlas
89 Branchlet
90 Taj Mahal city
92 Moralizing telegrams?
95 One —— time
96 Hay as for horses
98 Up-to-the-minute
99 Aloha gift
100 Composer Rorem
101 Memorable Gabor
102 Of lyric poems
103 Eightsome
105 Nabokov nymphet
108 Treatment for a cough?
114 Where La Scala is
115 British rule in India
118 Rubik of the cube craze
119 Hindu dress: var.
120 Cop-on-the-beat's uniform?
125 Lingerie items
126 Battery terminals
127 Jobless
128 Hosiery shade
129 Go down trying
130 Least addled
131 Parking lights
132 "Let —— eat cake"
133 Lambs' moms

DOWN

1 Soviet statesman Yakov
2 Japanese porcelain
3 Where I sleep on hot nights?
4 —— bragh
5 To the —— degree
6 Shout of surprise
7 Sends packing
8 Juilliard study
9 Looking good on
10 Trifling tumult
11 Worse than plain
12 Ancient Irani
13 Irk
14 Still available for readers
15 Kids' metal marbles
16 Kin of orlon
17 Full of hot air, as a braggart
18 Swordplay weapon
25 WW II arena
26 And more: abbr
28 Upstairs storeroom
33 Womb
34 Pamplona runners: Sp.
35 Radar-screen images
37 Slangy dispute
40 Read, as bar codes
41 East of the Urals
43 Uncertain
44 Cuba libre ingredient
46 Sophocles' initial
47 Basketball's Shaq
49 How to capture a bull?
50 Nobelist Wiesel
51 No mere talker
54 G.I. Jane of the '40s
55 Golf course half
58 Hone
61 Stream sediment
64 Walked on
66 Rookie socialite
68 Sharp-tasting
70 Enclosure with a ticket order: abbr.
71 Chagall and Antony
72 Not miss ——
73 Unknown Soldier's place
75 Unhearing
76 Ship of myth
77 —— hand (close by)
79 Oration
80 Flier on a string
81 Victorian oath
84 Sonja Henie's home town
85 Frog's acquaintance
86 Eye nerve
88 Portion out
91 Nathan Detroit's doll
93 Hides away
94 Land developers' interests
97 Elicits
104 Fit for planting
105 Tropical vine
106 Bobo of boxing
107 Part of MoMA
109 Scepter's go-with
110 Not rented
111 Sac
112 "—— porridge hot . . ."
113 Positive replies
114 Corp. execs' degrees
116 Lacking moisture
117 "Return of the ——," "Star Wars" sequel
121 Mach 2 plane
122 Endangered tree
123 Afore
124 Result of adding



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 78



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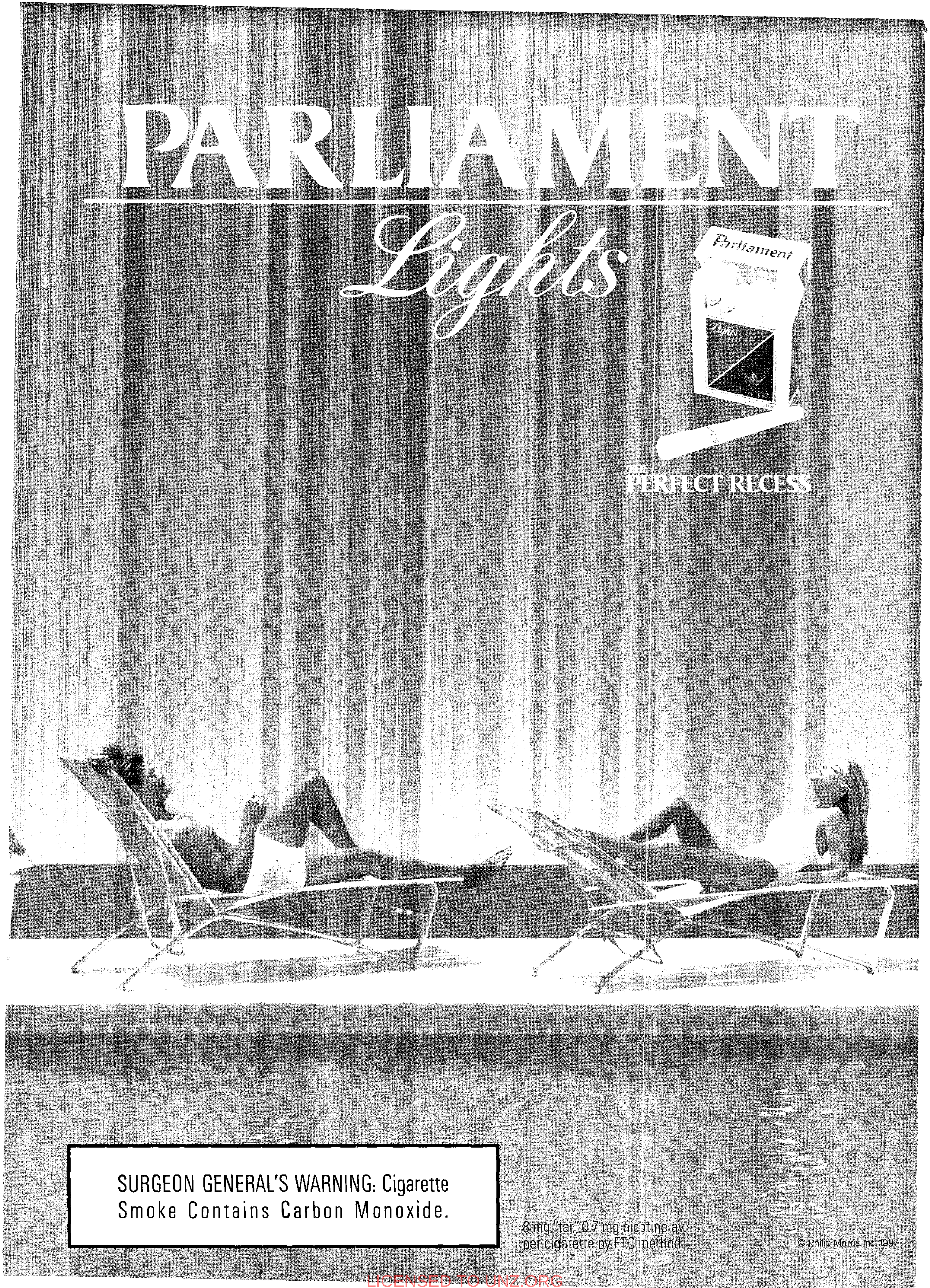
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